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MEN AND TIMES

OF

THE REVOLUTION;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF ELKANAH WATSON,

INCLUDING

Journals of Travels in Europe and America,

FROM 1777 TO 1842,

WITH

HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH PUBLIC MEN AND REMINISCENCES AND INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTION,

EDITED BY HIS SON,

WINSLOW C. WATSON.

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PREFACE.

My father, from the age of nineteen to near the close of his life, which was protracted to more than four-score of years, was in the habit of recording his observations of men and incidents, as the events occurrred to which they relate.

This period embraced the epoch of the War of Independence, and of those amazing mutations which have marked the transformation of dependent colonies into a mighty nation; and of a rude and sequestered wilderness into a territory teeming with beauty, cultivation and affluence.

In Europe and America he was in the midst of the scenes of this pregnant era, an intimate associate with many of the individuals who impelled or guided these changes, and a vigilant observer of the occurrences connected with their development.

The journals of my father form a large body of manuscript, which, in connection with a multiplicity of publications on various and most diversified subjects, and a highly extensive correspondence with some of the most eminent men of our annals, comprehend many volumes. These materials constitute the elements of the work I now respectfully submit to the public.

I have intended to compress it into as narrow space as practicable; although the mass of original documents in my possession, is far from having been exhausted by the contents of this publication. In my selections from the correspondence of my father, I have refrained, with a few and special exceptions,

from the introduction of any letters written by men who are still living.

In 1821, my father revised and compiled a considerable portion of his earlier journal, and arranged them in a consolidated form. Several years preceding his death, I had advanced in the preparation of this work, to nearly the period of his return from Europe. This part of it received his careful revision. My labors were, at that point, arrested by feeble health; but, at his decease, all of his literary papers were confided to me, as his literary executor.

In arranging the narrative of personal incidents, and the correspondence, for publication, I have felt constrained to withhold much of a private and confidential character, although it possesses peculiar intrinsic value and interest. I have been deeply solicitous to avoid not only all appearance, but to escape every suspicion of having violated, in any instance, the sanctity of friendship, or of exposing to the public eye the frank and unguarded communications of confidential intercourse.

A remarkable prescience will be often observed in the writings of my father, when results and effects will appear to have been anticipated with singular sagacity, from existing causes. Many other coincidences of a still more striking character, I have omitted, from an apprehension that the idea might be excited, that the speculations had been recorded after the events occurred, which they profess to foreshadow.

The extraordinary and perilous journey of my father, in the crisis of the Revolution, from Massachusetts to Georgia; his subsequent expedition from New-England to North Carolina, soon after its termination; his travels, at a later period, in newly occupied territories; and his explorations of districts, almost in their primeval condition, opened to him capacious fields of observation and reflection. His journals reflect, during these events, his daily impressions, formed by occurrences as they transpired. They contain a critical exhibition of the state of the country, the aspect of society, the modes of intercourse, the existing prospects, the population and condition of cities and villages, the industrial pursuits, the commerce and

internal communications of the country, recorded at the time, and from personal inspection. I think no similar memorial of that period exists.

Presuming that these features of his works would be regarded with interest by the American people, I have preserved them with considerable minuteness.

I venture to hope, that the account he presents of the incidents of his travels; his descriptions of the various districts of America he explored, and his illustrations of the appearance and state of the country, and the varied phases of its society, will be found of value, and instructive. They will, I trust, be esteemed an important acquisition to our sources of national history, as they afford data by which the vast progress of the Republic, in its prosperity and power, may be best realized and most adequately appreciated

These views will explain to the reader the object of my presenting, with so much occasional particularity, notices of places, geographical observations, descriptions of the means of travelling—of the exposures and inconveniences to which he was subjected, and the absence of facilities and accommodations which he encountered in his extended American wanderings. The facts, thus exhibited, will portray more vividly to the mind, than any elaborate comments, the magic changes and the unparalleled advance, which, in three-fourths of a century, have signalized the career of our country.

While sojourning in Europe, during the Revolution, for the term of about five years, my father travelled extensively in France, England, Flanders and Holland.

The patronage and friendship of Doctor Franklin and Mr. Adams, introduced him into the refined circles of French society, and to an intercourse with the eminent statesmen and philosophers of England. He was the bearer of despatches from Paris to London, connected with the preliminary negotiations which resulted in the treaty of peace; and, among a very limited number of Americans, was present in the House of Peers, when the King of Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the American colonies. His journals embrace

ample details of these events, and descriptions of the countries he visited—their scenery, resources and conditions, and the manners and peculiarities of their people, with reminiscences of the distinguished persons with whom he associated.

In my anxiety to secure brevity, I may have too much contracted this portion of my materials.

The portion of this work devoted to an account of the origin, history and influence of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, and my father's labors in the cause of agriculture, may not have interest to the mere politician or student, but to that large and growing class of intelligent readers, who are connected with husbandry, either in its practical pursuits, or as promoters of its scientific progress, the views and facts contained in that department, will possess, I think, more than ordinary value. It will be enriched by the voluminous correspondence of John Adams, Chancellor Livingston, Colonel Humphreys, Richard Peters, and other eminent rural and political economists on agriculture and its kindred topics.

The influence of my father's New-England education, will be discovered in incidental remarks on subjects of local peculiarities and domestic interest; revealed, however, without bitterness or intolerance: the fervor of the whig sentiment of '76 is exhibited in severe strictures upon the character and policy of England; the prejudices of his puritan birth are occasionally betrayed—excited, however, by the abuses, as he regarded them, of some of its institutions, rather than the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church.

These I have deemed it expedient to preserve, as the expression of opinions and sentiments which were cherished at that remote period, without assuming either their defence or repudiation.

It has not been my design to present a minute detail of the life of a private citizen, but merely to trace an outline of it, in order to form a tissue upon which I may interweave, with some symmetry and system, his journals, his observations and reflections; the projects he initiated, the speculations he advanced; his notices of men and incidents, and the public events with

which he was connected, or had contemplated as a close and attentive observer.

It is proper I should state, in conclusion, that I have not introduced into this work any portion of the correspondence of my father with many eminent persons, which I have in my possession; and that, generally, I have selected only a part of the letters from the writers, whose correspondence I have used.

These materials form a large volume of documents, which I contemplate publishing at some future period.

W. C. Watson.

Port Kent, *Essex Co., N. Y.*,
August, 1855.

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MEN AND TIMES

OF

THE REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

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I was born on the 22d day of January, 1758, in Plymouth, Mass., within rifle-shot of that consecrated rock, where, in New-England, the first European foot was pressed. Among the pious and devoted pilgrims of the May-Flower, Edward Winslow, the third governor of the infant colony, was an energetic and conspicuous leader. From him I am descended in the sixth generation on my mother's side. Born and nurtured among the descendants of the Puritans, I was early imbued with their high sentiments of religious and political liberty. My father and all my relatives, with a few exceptions, were zealous and active Whigs, aiding with their hands and purses the glorious struggle for Independence. I remained at the ordinary common-school until the age of fourteen. This school was kept by Alexander Scammel and Peleg Wadsworth,

both afterwards distinguished officers in the revolutionary army. In common with the other patriotic spirits of the age, they evidently saw the approach of the coming tempest. I remember them as early as 1771, intently studying military tactics, and have often seen them engaged in a garden adjoining my father's, drilling each other. They formed the boys into a military company, and our school soon had the air of a miniature arsenal, with our wooden guns and tin bayonets suspended around the walls. At twelve o'clock, the word was given, "to arms," and each boy seized his gun; then, led by either Scammel or Wadsworth, we were taught military evolutions, and marched over hills, through swamps, often in the rain, in the performance of these embryo military duties. A sad and impressive commentary upon the effect of these early influences, is afforded by the fact that half this company perished in the conflicts of the Revolution. Scammel was tall in person, exceeding six feet, slender and active. He was kind and benevolent in his feelings, and deeply beloved by his pupils. He was eminently distinguished during the Revolution for his conduct and bravery. In 1777, he was very conspicuous at the battle of Saratoga, leading his regiment of the New-Hampshire troops, in a desperate charge upon Burgoyne's lines. At the siege of Yorktown, he held the important station of Adjutant-General to Washington's army, and there fell in a reconnoisance upon the British works.

In the month of September, 1773, at the age of fifteen, I left my native place, and proceeded to Providence, Rhode Island, to engage in my apprenticeship with John Brown, the founder of Brown University, and then one of the most extensive and energetic merchants of America.

In the December of that year, the tea was destoyed at Boston, and our disputes with the mother country began to assume a serious aspect. The public mind was gradually ripening to the fearful appeal to arms. During the summer of this year the youth of Providence formed themselves into military associations. We often met to drill, were well equipped, and in uniform dresses. I enrolled myself in the cadet company

commanded by Col. Nightingale, consisting of seventy-five youths, the flower of Providence. The uniform of this company was scarlet coats, faced with yellow. These companies, five in number, were reviewed by the distinguished Gen. Lee, in the autumn of 1774, and received from him the highest encomiums. In a letter to the Duke of ——, October 29th, 1774, after speaking of the preparations in progress in the different colonies to resist oppression, he adds, "I was present at a review of some of their companies in Providence, R. I. I really never saw anything more perfect."

The storm now thickened in our political horizon—some acts of hostility had already been committed near Salem. The whole country was agitated as if passing over a threatening volcano. Liberty companies in every community were organizing. The intelligence of the march upon Lexington reached Providence in the afternoon of the 19th of April, 1775. Our five companies flew to arms. The whole population was convulsed by the most vehement excitement. We were unprovided with cartridges, and were compelled to defer our march until morning. I spent the most of that agitated night with many of our company, in running bullets and preparing ammunition. We mustered early the next morning, and marched for the scene of action. The royal governor, Wanton, issued a proclamation, which was little regarded, interdicting our passing the colony line, under the penalty of open rebellion. Capt. Green, afterwards the celebrated Gen. Green, with his company of Warwick Greens, and Capt. Varnam, afterwards a revolutionary general, with his company of Greenwich Volunteers, marched with us at the same time towards Lexington.

We had advanced six miles amid the cries and tears of women, every road we passed enveloped in a cloud of dust from the march of armed men, hastening onward, when an express met us, with the information that the regulars had been driven back into Boston.

These exhilarating, though tragic scenes, began to unsettle my mind, and incapacitate it for the dull drudgery of a store.

Many of my acquaintances had determined to enter the army; anxious to pursue the same course, I applied to my father and Mr. Brown, but in vain, to be released from my indentures.

On the 3d of July, 1775, Gen. Washington assumed the command of the forces then besieging Boston. He found an army animated with zeal and patriotism, but nearly destitute of every munition of war, and of powder in particular. Mr. Brown, anticipating the war, had instructed the captains of his vessels to freight on their return voyages with that article. At this crisis, when the army before Boston had not four rounds to a man, most fortunately one of Mr. Brown's ships brought in one-and-a-half tons of powder. It was immediately forwarded, under my charge, to head-quarters at Cambridge. I took with me six or eight recruits to guard it. I delivered my letter to Gen. Washington in person, and was deeply impressed with an awe I cannot describe in contemplating that great man, his august person, his majestic mien, his dignified and commanding deportment, more conspicuous perhaps at that moment from the fact that he was in the act of admonishing a militia colonel with some animation. He directed a young officer to accompany me and superintend the delivery of the powder at Mystic, two miles distant. Whilst delivering it at the powder-house, I observed to the officer, "Sir, I am happy to see so many barrels of powder here." He whispered a secret in my ear, with an indiscretion that marked the novice in military affairs. "These barrels are filled with sand." "And wherefore?" I inquired. "To deceive the enemy," he replied, "should any spy by chance look in." Such was the wretched appointment of that army upon which rested the hopes of American liberty.

Soon after this occurrence, Mr. Brown, having contracted to supply the army of Washington with flour, sailed for Providence with a cargo from Newport. The British not having seized any American vessels, he apprehended no danger, although Commodore Wallis, with two twenty-gun ships, lay in the harbor. His vessel was, however, seized, and himself sent a prisoner to Boston in irons, charged with heading a party in

1772, disguised as Indians, which burnt his Majesty's schooner Gaspee in Providence river. The charge was true, although the British government could never obtain any evidence of the fact. That bold and successful enterprise was one of the prominent events which accelerated the impending revolution.*

Mr. Brown had occupied a father's place to me; I felt grateful, and in common with the whole community, indignant and exasperated at his seizure. A consultation was immediately held, and it was decided to send an express to Plymouth,

* The following narrative of that occurrence was written by Colonel Ephraim Bowen, a prominent and highly respectable citizen of Providence, Rhode Island, who was a youthful actor in the scene, and a member of our cadet company. It is due to history, and the memory of the daring spirits who accomplished the deed, that a narrative of it so authentic and reliable, should be perpetuated. "In the year 1772, the British government had stationed at Newport, Rhode Island, a sloop-of-war, with her tender, the schooner called the Gaspee, of eight guns, commanded by William Duddingston, a lieutenant in the British Navy, for the purpose of preventing the clandestine landing of articles subject to the payment of duty. The captain of this schooner made it his practice to stop and board all vessels entering or leaving the ports of Rhode Island, or leaving Newport for Providence.

On the 17th of June, 1772, Captain Thomas Lindsey left Newport, in his packet, for Providence, about noon, with the wind at north, and soon after the Gaspee was under sail, in pursuit of Lindsey, and continued the chase as far as Namcut Point. Lindsey was standing easterly, with the tide on ebb, about two hours, when he hove about at the end of Namcut Point, and stood to the westward; and Duddingston in close chase, changed his course and ran on the point near its end and grounded. Lindsey continued in his course up the river, and arrived at Providence about sunset, when he immediately informed Mr. John Brown, one of our first and most respectable merchants, of the situation of the Gaspee. Mr. Brown immediately resolved on her destruction, and he forthwith directed one of his trusty shipmasters to collect eight of the largest long boats in the harbor, with five oars to each, to have the oar locks well muffled to prevent noise, and to place them at Fenner's wharf, directly opposite to the dwelling of Mr. James Sabin. Soon after sunset, a man passed along the main street, beating a drum, and informing the inhabitants that the Gaspee was aground on Namcut Point, and inviting those persons who felt a disposition to go and destroy that troublesome vessel, to repair in the evening to Mr. James Sabin's house. About nine o'clock I took my father's gun, and my powder-horn and bullets, and went to Mr. Sabin's, and found it full of people, where I loaded my gun, and all remained there till ten o'clock, *some casting* bullets in the kitchen, and others making arrangements for departure, when orders were given to cross the street to Fenner's wharf and embark, which soon took place, and a sea-captain acted

in order to fit out two armed schooners to intercept, if possible, the captured flour-vessel, in her circuitous passage around Cape Cod, and release Mr. Brown. In the service of Mr. Brown, and a native of Plymouth, I was entrusted with the important mission. With my musket at my back, I mounted a fleet horse, and arrived in Plymouth by two o'clock in the morning, alarmed the town by the cry of fire, and roused up the Committee of Safety. At sunrise I was awakened by the beat of the drum to muster volunteers for the enterprise, and without hesitation fell into the ranks. By two o'clock the same

as steersman of each boat, of whom I recollect Captain Abraham Whipple, Captain John B. Hopkins, (with whom I embarked) and Captain Benjamin Dunn. A line from right to left was soon formed, with Captain Whipple on the right, and Captain Hopkins on the right of the left wing. The party thus proceeded till within about sixty yards of the Gaspee, when a sentinel hailed, "Who comes there?" No answer. He hailed again, and no answer. In about a minute Duddingston mounted the starboard gunwale, in his shirt, and hailed, "Who comes there?" No answer. He hailed again, when Captain Whipple answered as follows: "I am the Sheriff of the County of Kent; I have got a warrant to apprehend you; so surrender, d—n you."

I took my seat on the thwart, near the larboard row-lock, with my gun by my right side, and facing forward. As soon as Duddingston began to hail, Joseph Bucklin, who was standing on the main thwart by my right side, said to me, "Ephe, reach me your gun, and I can kill that fellow." I reached it to him accordingly, when, during Captain Whipple's replying, Bucklin fired, and Duddingston fell; and Bucklin exclaimed, "I have killed the rascal!" In less time than a minute after Captain Whipple's answer, the boats were alongside the Gaspee, and boarded without opposition. The men on deck retreated below as Duddingston entered the cabin.

As it was discovered that he was wounded, John Mawney, who had, for two or three years, been studying medicine and surgery, was ordered to go into the cabin and dress Duddingston's wound, and I was directed to assist him. On examination it was found the ball took effect directly below the navel. Duddingston called for Mr. Dickinson to produce bandages and other necessaries for the dressing of the wound, and, when finished, orders were given to the schooner's company to collect their clothing and everything belonging to them, and to put them into the boats, as all of them were to be sent on shore. All were soon collected and put on board of the boats, including one of our boats.

They departed and landed Duddingston at the old still-house wharf at Pautuxet, and put the chief into the house of Joseph Rhodes. Soon after, all the party were ordered to depart, leaving one boat for the leaders of the expedition, who soon set the vessel on fire, which consumed her to the water's edge.

The names of the most conspicuous actors are as follows, viz:—Mr. John

afternoon, we embarked on board of two dilapidated fishing schooners, equipped with two old cannon each, with powder loose in barrels, and between thirty and forty men to a vessel, black and white, all officers and all men. Thus equipped, we plunged into the ocean, reckless of every consequence, determined to rescue Mr. Brown. We had no commission, and had we been captured, would, in all probability, been hung as pirates, with little formality. We cruised ten days east of Cape Cod, without success, and being pursued by a twenty-gun ship, escaped into the harbor of Plymouth. Thus it fell to my singular destiny, to sail from the place of my nativity, at the age of seventeen, in probably the first American vessel that opposed the British flag. We embarked, on this occasion, within a few rods of the rock upon which, one hundred and fifty-five years before, the Pilgrims had landed, in the assertion of that liberty of which they implanted the earliest seeds, and which was now endangered in the hands of their descendants.

Mr. Brown was carried into Boston, and soon after released by the interposition of his brother Moses Brown, a conspicuous and influential quaker, and truly a great man.

In the month of December following, Gen. Lee arrived at Providence, under orders to inspect the position at Newport harbor, then in possession of the British. He solicited and received an escort of our company. We embarked on board of two vessels, and landed on the north end of the island. On the ensuing day, we marched and counter-marched through the streets of Newport, without annoyance, although the British fleet were moored in the harbor in full view. Thus undefined and equivocal was our posture towards England at that period.

Soon after I was inoculated for the small-pox, in com-

Brown, Captain Abraham Whipple, John B. Hopkins, Benjamin Dunn, and five others whose names I have forgotten, and John Mawney, Benjamin Page, Joseph Bucklin, and Toupin Smith, my youthful companions, all of whom are dead—I believe every man of the party, excepting myself; and my age is ighty-six years this twenty-ninth day of August, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine.

pany with one hundred and one persons, and confined in a large barrack, in a secluded position. The weather was intensely cold, and although reduced to almost starvation by our severe regimen, we were not permitted to approach the only fireplace the barrack contained. Our sufferings were severe, in passing through this then established process of inoculation.

About the time we left the hospital, Major Thomas, of the army, arrived at Plymouth, from head-quarters. He had left Washington retreating through New-Jersey. I spent the evening with him, in company with many devoted Whigs. We looked upon the contest as near its close, and considered ourselves a vanquished people. The young men present determined to emigrate, and seek some spot where liberty dwelt, and where the arm of British tyranny could not reach us. Major Thomas animated our desponding spirits by the assurance that Washington was not dismayed, but evinced the same serenity and confidence as ever. Upon him rested all our hopes.

On the ensuing Sunday morning, as the people were on their way to church, I suddenly witnessed a great commotion in the street, and a general rush to the back door of Mrs. H——'s dwelling. Supposing the house to be on fire, I darted into the crowd, and on entering the house, heard the good woman's voice above the rest, exclaiming, with an egg in her hand—"There, there, see for yourselves." I seized the magic egg, and to my utter astonishment read upon it, in legible characters formed by the shell itself, "*Oh, America, America, Howe shall be thy conqueror!*" The agitation and despondency produced, will hardly be appreciated by those unacquainted with the deep excitability of the public mind at that period. We were soon relieved from our gloom and apprehension, by ascertaining from an ingenious painter, who happily came in, that the supernatural intimation was the effect of a simple chemical process. We were convinced it was a device of some Tory to operate on the public feeling. In the afternoon, an express arrived from Boston; a hand-bill was sent into the pulpit, and at the close of the service our venera-

ble Whig Parson Robins, read from his desk the heart-thrilling news of the capture of the Hessians at Trenton—a happy retort upon the Tories.

In the following February, a British army then being in the occupation of Rhode Island, our company was detached on duty to Pawtucket. The standing sentinel in the severity of winter weather, and the performance of other actual military duties, were severe trials to our patriotism.

In the early part of 1777, great preparations were made in the Northern States to close the struggle with Great Britain, by an energetic and united effort, in the campaign of that year. I was deeply anxious to unite with many of my associates, who were again embarking in the cause of liberty, and renewed in the most earnest spirit my solicitations to join the army; but my father interdicted the measure, and my indentures held me enchained.

The commerce of Providence was at this time prostrated,—all business in a measure paralyzed. I was languishing, comparatively, without employment for my hands, or occupation to my mind, when in the latter part of August, I was aroused from my lethargy by an unexpected proposition from Mr. Brown and his brother Nicholas, for me to proceed to South Carolina and Georgia, in trust of a large sum of money, about $50,000, to be placed in the hands of their agents in the Southern States, to be invested in cargoes for the European markets.

The responsibility was a heavy one, and appalling to an inexperienced youth of nineteen. It was in the crisis of the Revolution, Burgoyne bearing down with a veteran army upon Albany, Howe approaching Philadelphia with a powerful armament, the royalists in every section of the Union convulsing the country, and the negroes in some of the Southern States in partial insurrection. All these circumstances conspired to render the enterprise hazardous, and difficult to be achieved.

My anxiety for change, and desire of seeing the world, preponderated; and notwithstanding these obstacles, I embraced

the proposition with avidity. During my trying and protracted journey, I was most assiduous in keeping a daily journal. It became quite voluminous—containing a great fund of matter of interest only to myself and my immediate friends, but I feel assured that it also embraced notices of incidents and of men, as well as statistical facts, which will tend to illustrate the manners and customs of the people at that period, and shed some new light upon the events and characters of the Revolution. That portion of my journal having, as I imagine, this interest to the general reader, I have very considerably condensed.

CHAPTER II.

Journey to South Carolina—Connecticut Suffering Patriot—New-Jersey—Capt. Hoogland—La Fayette—Moravian Brethren—Rope Ferry—German Population—Reading, Penn, Dunkers, Lancaster—Enter Virginia—Slaves.

On the 4th of September, 1777, I left Providence, on my way to South Carolina. With a good horse under me, a hanger at my side, and a pair of pistols in my holster, I crossed the great bridge at Providence, and on the fourth day reached Fairfield, Connecticut. From Providence to Windham the country, though broken and hilly, was thickly inhabited by a hardy and independent race of farmers. In approaching the Connecticut River, the land becomes more level, and the soil good and well tilled. I found Hartford a respectable and wealthy place, of about three hundred houses, with a State House and other public edifices. New Haven is a delightful village, containing about four hundred dwellings. Many of its inhabitants are wealthy. The place has owed much of its support to its literary institution, Yale College—its commerce having been very limited. Whilst at Fairfield I was not a little agitated by a discharge of alarum guns in the dead of night. A marauding party of British and Tories had landed near the village, and the inhabitants were aroused to repel them.

I travelled over the road to Danbury, pursued by the British the spring before, in their successful attempt upon the public stores collected at that place. Gen. Wooster was here killed, and Arnold on this occasion evinced his usual fearless intrepidity. He had a horse shot under him, and killed with his pistol a soldier who attempted to transfix him with a bayonet as he lay entangled beneath his dead horse.

On approaching Danbury, I noticed a venerable old man looking intently at the ruins of a small house, which had re-

cently been burnt. His appearance excited my sympathy, and I inquired the cause of his evident distress. He replied, that he was cast upon the world, at the age of seventy-eight, without a home or property. "There," continued he, pointing at the ruins, "I resided with my aged wife for fifty years, in contentment and comfort; our little all was in that dwelling collected. When the British approached, although warned to flee, we decided to remain. A British officer promised us protection, and continued with us for some time. When he left it, my own nephew entered the house, fired it, and dragged me away a prisoner." He added, that he was carried to Long Island, and had just returned.

From Danbury I proceeded to Peekskill, through a country infested by Tories and outlaws. The following morning after my arrival here, Col. Talbot came express, bearing the desponding news of the defeat of Washington at Brandywine. I crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry, and proceeded to Morristown, in New-Jersey. To this place Gen. Washington retired after his glorious exploits at Trenton and Princeton. The country is principally settled by the Dutch and Germans.

I was amused and impressed (being only conversant with the customs of New-England) with the manners and habits I witnessed among this people. Their table customs struck me forcibly. Instead of our elaborate grace before meat, the master of the house, bare-headed, holding his hat before his face, remained for some time in silence. The good woman, instead of the generous New-England supply of sugar, placed a lump near the cup, to be bitten off as occasion required. The farm-houses, generally of stone, were neat and well built. At Morristown I met Capt. Hoogland, an intimate old friend, whom I knew at Newport in 1774. He had been taken prisoner at the battle of Long Island, and was now escorting some British officers prisoners to New-England.*

* The history of poor Hoogland, his self-sacrificing, devoted patriotism, and illy requited services, had many a parallel in the lives of the officers of the Revolution. It found them buoyant in hope, rich in the promises of youth, or the vigor of manhood—it left many of those who survived maimed in person,

I associated myself at Morristown with two gentlemen journeying towards South Carolina. On the 23d of September, I resumed my journey in company with my new companions, and here relinquished my saddle, and pursued the residue of my long route in a sulkey. At Princeton, we saw a large four-story college, which had been occupied by the British on the assault of Washington. The battle-ground of the preceding winter was pointed out to us. At Trenton we were shown the orchard in which the Hessians laid down their arms. If ever the fate of a nation hung upon the issue of an hour, it was on the 2d of January, 1777, when Washington held the south, and the British army the north part of this village, separated only by a narrow creek.

Trenton contains about seventy dwellings, situated principally on two narrow streets, running parallel.

On reaching Burlington, upon the Delaware, hoping to escape the British, we learned to our inexpressible chagrin, that their light dragoons had, two hours before, taken possession of Philadelphia. This event compelled us to change our plans, and take a circuitous route, about one hundred and fifty miles further, by way of Reading, Lancaster, York, &c. We crossed the Delaware at Cowles' Ferry, and were arrested under suspicion (which resulted from my minute inquiries) of being British spies. In the morning we were released. We passed over a wretched new country, occupied almost exclusively by the German's log hut, until we reached the Lehigh river. We forded this stream with extreme difficulty and danger, being in one place compelled to swim our horses. At Bethlehem we re-

broken in constitution, and inadequately remunerated by their country. When I first knew Hoogland in 1774, he was a handsome, facetious, high-spirited youth of eighteen. We mingled together in the gaieties of the beautiful island, then in the rich enjoyment of plenty and repose. Too soon it became the theatre of contending armies. Three years after I again met him, a sun-burnt veteran, who had already seen much hard service. In 1788, fourteen years afterwards, I again saw him, a merchant in Lansingburgh, N. Y. He was then, although young in years, old in suffering. He appeared like an old man hobbling on crutches. Thus he lingered a few years longer, and sank into a premature grave, a martyr in the cause of liberty. Posterity can never estimate the sacrices and sufferings of the patriots of the Revolution.

mained two days, enjoying the comforts of a spacious tavern. The Marquis de La Fayette,* and other officers wounded at the Brandywine battle, were quartered at the same house. This is an interesting place, fifty-four miles N. W. of Philadelphia, situated on a declivity facing the Lehigh. It contains about fifty stone houses, and was inhabited by a religious sect of Germans, called Moravians. The village was supplied with water, forced up the hill, in logs, from the river, by means of machinery. A conspicuous object in this village is a large stone edifice, occupying a romantic situation on the banks of the river, and appropriated to the education of young females of the sect. They are required to observe a strict seclusion, and are only permitted to leave its walls in the exercise of some religious duties at the church, and on formal occasions. We crossed the Lehigh by a rope ferry, a contrivance new to me, and which combines much economy with a saving of labor and machinery. A strong rope is attached to a post on each side of the river; along the rope a pulley or block runs, through which passes another rope. Each end of the latter rope is secured to the head and stern of the boat. The bow of the boat being directed up stream, the current strikes her

* He had just been brought on a litter from the battle-ground, where he held a distinguished command, and acquitted himself with high applause. I saw him a few years subsequent, on board of a frigate at Providence. He was then tall and slender, and of rather light complexion. After a lapse of forty-seven years, I again met him, the day after his landing at New-York, August 3d, 1824. It was with the utmost difficulty I could realize him to be the same man whom I had seen almost half a century before at Bethlehem. I could scarcely discover the slightest resemblance. Age, and wounds, and care, had completely metamorphosed him, in person and features. The last time I met him was in June, 1825, at Burlington, Vt. He spent the evening with a crowded party, at the house of Governor Van Ness, whence we conducted him at midnight to the steamboat. The wharf was thronged with men, women and children. Three steamboats were in waiting to join the escort, all brilliantly illuminated. with many a proud streamer waving in the breeze. He departed amid the pealing of cannon, the ringing of bells, the clangor of music, and the cheers of a thousand grateful hearts. The night was serene, the moon shone brightly; everything above and below seemed to give splendor and solemnity, and to communicate interest to the thrilling scene. He, some months after, embarked for France, to engage in new scenes of glory, of disinterested patriotism, and blood.

obliquely, producing a strong eddy under her stern. She is thus propelled with considerable velocity, the moment she is unmoored. We found the country but partially settled. The prevailing population is German. I first noticed here the German girls at work in the fields, a custom most strange and repulsive to the eye of an inhabitant of New-England.

Reading is situated near the Schuylkill river, in a well-cultivated wheat-growing district. It contained about four hundred houses. It was settled by Penn in 1700. His and his successors' ground-rents amounted to £500 sterling, previous to the Revolution. This system of quit rents, retained by Penn, prevailed extensively in the State, and reached to oppression in many cases. It was unceasingly assailed by Franklin, and with ultimate success.*

At Reamstown I was placed between two beds, without sheets or pillows. This, as I was told, was a prevailing German custom, but which, as far as my experience goes, tends little to promote either the sleep or comfort of a stranger.

Early on the morning of the 4th we entered the village of Euphrates, within sound of the thunder of Washington's artillery at Germantown. This village is inhabited by a most eccentric and remarkable sect of fanatics. They call themselves Dunkers. They own a large tract of land in this vicinity, and founded this village about 1724, in a romantic and sequestered position, well adapted to their professed abstraction from the rest of the human family. They profess to believe themselves unconnected with a sinful world, and that they move among ethereal spirits. Their community numbered about one hundred souls. They dressed in long tunics reaching to the heels, girded with a sash, and with woollen caps falling over their shoulders. They baptize by immersion. They believe in a future state, and that salvation is attained only by penance and

* The Patriots of Pennsylvania, by the influence of the Revolution, were enabled, I believe, to expunge this relic of feudal assumption from their system. It would have been wise if other States, overburthened by enormous manors, could have devised some equitable scheme, by which they might have extirpated this anti-republican fungus. [1821.]

the mortification of the flesh. They never shave. The sexes have no intercourse, living in separate habitations, and even occupying different places of public worship. They sleep in apartments of only sufficient size to hold them, occupied by a wooden bench, a little inclining, on which they sleep. In the place of pillows they rest the head on wooden blocks, so prepared as to receive it up to the ears. They carry on quite important manufactures, and amuse themselves in rudely painting scripture scenes, which are suspended in their chapel. They subsist exclusively on vegetables and roots, except at their occasional love-feasts. Rumor, with her thousand tongues, is, of course, not sparing of their reputation. As we were taking our departure, we heard the brethren chanting their melodious hymns in plaintive notes that thrilled our souls.

Lancaster was, at this period, the largest inland town in America, containing about one thousand houses, and 6,000 inhabitants, with a State house and five edifices for public worship. Many of the houses were large, and built with brick. It is situated in one of the most lovely and luxuriant regions in the country, delightfully diversified with waving hills, pleasant dales, adorned by lovely scenery, and highly cultivated farms—in a word, all that can invite to a pastoral life. Here existed extensive manufactures, especially of the rifles so fatal in the hands of our patriotic yeomanry.

At York the Congress was at that time assembled after its dispersion from Philadelphia. Protected by Washington, whose forces interposed between them and the British army, they held daily secret sessions. Here we procured passports for our Southern journey. We entered Maryland on the 5th of October, and passed through Hanover and Fredericks-town into Virginia, over the Potomac at Newland's ferry. We found the country, through a wilderness region, infested by a semi-barbarian population. We liberated an unfortunate traveller assailed by one of these wretches, who, in his technical language, swore he "would try the strength of his eye-ball strings." Soon after entering Virginia, and at a highly respectable house, I was shocked, beyond the power of language

to express, at seeing, for the first time, young negroes of both sexes, from twelve even to fifteen years old, not only running about the house, but absolutely tending table, as naked as they came into the world, not having even the poor apology of a fig leaf to save modesty a blush. What made the scene more extraordinary still, to my unpractised eye, was the fact that several young women were at table, who appeared totally unmoved at the scandalous violation of decency. I find custom will reconcile us to almost everything.

CHAPTER III.

Night Travelling—An Incident — Fredericksburgh — Williamsburgh—Jamestown — James River — Suffolk — Arrest — Dismal Swamp—Edenton—Hugh Williamson—Hutchinson Letters—Scenery—Pamlico Sound—Deer—Wild Turkeys—Turpentine Making—River Neuse —Newbern—A Night Bivouac — Wilmington—Deer Hunting — Opossum—The Ocean—Gen. McIntosh—Capture of Burgoyne—Southern Hospitality—Runaway Negroes—Wingan Bay—Georgetown —Charleston.

Proceeding on our journey from Leesburgh, night overtook us in the midst of a wild and secluded region. A wretched ordinary, filled with a throng of suspicious characters, afforded us the only refuge; but as the moon was just rising, we chose to press forward through the woods, rather than to encounter its hospitalities. We travelled thus until a late hour in the night, amid stately forests of tall, venerable pines, our three carriages in a line, and man Tom, our servant, in advance. Suddenly Tom came galloping back in a terrible fright. "What is the matter, Tom?" we cried. "Oh massa, I see the d—l just this minute flying in dem woods!" Mr. Scott being ahead, stopped, and exclaimed, "What can it be! Don't you see it moving in the air among those trees?" We distinctly saw the object of Tom's terror. "Well!" says Scott, "let it be the d—l, or a d—nd tory, or what, I'll find out!" He dismounted, pistol in hand, and dashed into the wood, calling upon Tom to follow. They had not proceeded far, when Tom whirled about, and was in full career towards us, applying whip and spur at a merciless rate, his hat off, and his naked head in a line with the horses' mane. Mr. Scott pressed forward with due caution towards the terrific object, which still seemed to float in the air. We were all impatience and anxiety for the fate of our gallant companion. In a moment more he made the old forest ring with his powerful voice. "I have got the

d—l, or some dead tory fast by the leg; a man in gibbets!" After this absurd scene, we advanced five miles further through the woods to a small tavern, where we found rest and comfort. Here we learned that the cause of our alarm was a negro hung in chains, for the murder of his master.

As we approached Fredericksburgh, we passed many elegant plantations, whose owners appeared to enjoy the splendor and affluence of nabobs. My New-England feelings were constantly aroused and agitated by the aspect of slavery in this land of freedom. About two miles from the town, on the north bank of the Rappahannock, we examined the extensive factory belonging to Colonel Hunter, for the manufacture of small arms, bar iron, steel, files, &c. Fredericksburgh is situated on the Rappahannock, and contains about eight hundred inhabitants. The river is navigable to the falls—a mile above the town. These falls are eminently beautiful and romantic—a series of several cascades following each other in rapid succession. From an eminence near this village the Blue Ridge is distinctly visible. At this place the mother of our Washington resides, and was pointed out to me. She is a majestic and venerable woman.

On the 17th of October we reached Williamsburgh. Here, I separated from my travelling companions. This city contains three hundred and twenty dwelling-houses, principally built of wood, on one street three-fourths of a mile in length. At one extremity is placed the old college of William and Mary, and at the other the State House is situated. It embraces the public offices of the State, and in it the Legislature has been accustomed to hold its sessions. Here I saw a marble statue, at full length, of Lord Boutetourt. A little retired from the street stands the palace of the infamous Lord Dunmore, the last royal Governor of Virginia, who makes a conspicuous figure in her annals, in the years 1774 and 1775. I learned with pleasure, from an intelligent gentleman of Richmond, that the first canal commenced in America was then constructing from Waltham to Richmond, a distance of seven miles. Its immediate object is to gain access to a coal mine

recently discovered on the estate of Mr. Divol. At Williamsburgh I associated myself with a Captain Harwood, who was proceeding also to Charleston. We passed the little village of Jamestown, on James river, interesting only from its early associations and venerable ruins. Here, in 1607, English adventurers first landed on the continent. Here Pocahontas, the noble daughter of Powhattan, shielded the remnant of the colony from famine and treachery. James river is one of the finest streams in America. It is two and a half miles wide at this place, and has thirty feet water in its channel.

From Cobham, until we approached Suffolk, the country is level, but covered with woods. Near Suffolk it becomes more cultivated. Suffolk is situated at the head of Nansemond river, a navigable, but winding, shallow stream. Here we found ourselves again in the hands of the civil authorities, on a complaint which had been lodged against us upon a suspicion of our being spies. My exact and curious inquiries had again excited jealousy of our character. We were compelled to go before a magistrate two miles out of town, exhibit our passports, take the oath of abjuration, and pay the fees of office.

Proceeding from Suffolk to Edenton, North Carolina, we passed over a spacious, level road, through a pine forest, which, beginning in this district, extends quite across North Carolina. We travelled near the North border of the great Dismal swamp, which, at this time, was infested by concealed royalists, and runaway negroes, who could not be approached with safety. They often attacked travellers, and had recently murdered a Mr. Williams.

We entered North Carolina late in the day, availing ourselves of that hospitality so characteristic of southern manners, and threw ourselves upon the kindness of Mr. Granby, a wealthy planter and merchant. From this gentleman I learned that the Dismal swamp extends about fifty miles north and south; that it is generally covered with water, and has in its centre, a lake called Drummond Lake, well stored with fish. He informed me that, previous to the Revolution, Washington and two other gentlemen had contemplated open-

ing a canal, for the purpose of drawing off the water and reclaiming the land for cultivation.*

Edenton is situated on the Albemarle Sound. It is defended by two forts, and contained one hundred and thirty-five dwellings and a brick court-house. The town was nearly overrun by the busy sons of commerce, from its being protected against the access of an enemy, by the difficult navigation of a shallow water. At Edenton I met the celebrated Dr. Williamson, then a resident at that place.†

At this place we crossed the sound, twelve miles, and entered a romantic creek, up which we sailed some distance before landing. We were delighted and soothed by the serenity of the close of the day, and the serenade of innumerable songsters of the forest, perched upon the bushes which overhung the boat as we ascended the creek, and formed in some places natural canopies over us. After landing, we travelled eleven miles to Colonel Blount's, where we arrived late at night in Egyptian darkness. We were attacked in his yard by a pack of hounds,

* A canal has recently (1821) been constructed through the swamp, connecting the Chesapeake with Albemarle Sound.

† This was the identical person who obtained possession of the celebrated letters of Governor Hutchinson to the British Ministry. Dr. Williamson having heard that the letters were deposited in London, at a place different from that in which they ought regularly to have been filed, and having understood that there was little exactness in the business of that office, he repaired to it, and stated that he had come for the last letters received from Governor Hutchinson and Mr. Oliver, mentioning at the same time the office in which they should have been placed. The letters were delivered to him, which he carried to Dr. Franklin, and left the next day for Holland. These treacherous and malignant letters were the approximate cause of the Revolution. They instigated the British Government to adopt those harsh measures, which goaded a brave people to a resistance, which resulted in their independence. The publication of the letters in Boston was a torch applied to the revolutionary train. They will consign the name of their author to the execration of posterity. Suspicion attached to Dr. Franklin, who was arraigned before the Privy Council, in January, 1775, and infamously abused by Wedderburn. Williamson guarded the secret with wonderful success. His achievement of the affair was not publicly disclosed until Dr. Hosack, in his memoirs, developed the interesting fact. The matter involved Sir John Temple in a duel with Mr. White. The fear of a recurrence of similar affairs induced Dr. Franklin publicly to avow his reception of the letters, but he denied all agency in the procuring of them.—*Editor.*

but, by the exertion of the half-clad negroes, who came flying from their huts to our aid, and the assistance of our own whips, escaped injury.

From Colonel Blount's we proceeded to Bath on Pamlico Sound. In the morning our ears were suddenly assailed by the sound of the very pack of hounds which attacked us before, in full cry after a panting deer. The deer, dogs, and huntsmen all darted across the road, just ahead of us. The face of the country being level, with here and there a straight, "cloud-capped" pine, and with no underwood, we hallooed and saw the chase with great delight, far away into the woods. The deer was soon in their gripe, and although the scene was at the moment most animating, when it closed, I could not suppress a sigh at the fate of the inoffensive hunted animal.

We arrived late in the day at Bath, after travelling over a most sterile and desolate sandy plain. The dreariness was scarcely relieved by the appearance of a house, except a few miserable tar burner's huts. We crossed Pamlico Sound in an open ferry-boat, a distance of five miles. After landing, we travelled the whole day amid a gloomy region of sands and pines. The road was spacious, and in a direct line. The majestic perpendicular pines, apparently towering to the clouds, imparted an imposing and solemn aspect to the scenery. The only relief from this monotony, and the cheerless and painful silence we found, was in noticing the watchful and timid deer grazing in the woods. The moment they perceived us approach, their long necks were arched, and their ears pricked up ready for a spring. Sometimes, however, they would gaze intently at us with a wild and anxious eye, and remain stationary until we passed. We gave chase to a wild Turkey who maintained his equal right to the road, like a true North Carolina republican, and in spite of our efforts he stretched away upon his long legs, far beyond our reach. The few inhabitants scattered here and there in the forest, subsist by the chase, burning tar, and collecting turpentine. In the latter process, they strip the trees, to a certain height, of the bark, by which means the turpentine is conducted into deep reser-

voirs cut in the trunk of the tree, whence it is collected. This is called blazing the trees.

It was nearly dark when we reached the river Neuse. It rained, and the wind began to blow, yet we determined, contrary to the advice of the owner of the boat, to risk the passage of a stream two miles wide. Harwood, a high-spirited, daring fellow, persisted in urging the attempt, but we soon had reason to deplore our indiscretion. Our boat was small and conducted by two stupid negroes, one of whom was a female. The wind rose to a side gale, and as we advanced the storm increased. Our horses became restive—the night was intensely dark, and the sea began to break over the boat's side. At this crisis (having been accustomed from my youth to water and boats) I seized upon a broken oar to steer with, and implored Harwood to bail the water out with his hat, and steady the horses. Happily I caught a glimpse of a light at the ferry-house, and by it was enabled to direct our course. But for this fortunate circumstance, we must have been bewildered on the river and almost inevitably perished, as the water had half filled the boat when we gained the shore, in despite of Harwood's efforts. Although my tongue was silent, my heart poured forth its thanks for preservation to that Eternal Father who had shielded us, and into whose hands I committed myself on mounting my horse at Providence. We rewarded the poor negroes, again mounted our horses, and proceeded on to Newbern, the capital of North Carolina, groping our way in the dark along unknown roads, and drenched by the heavy rains.

On our arrival, excessively wearied, and needing repose and shelter, we wandered in pursuit of quarters, from street to street, and were turned from tavern to tavern, every house being filled by French adventurers. At one of these taverns, kept by one T——, we were repulsed by the landlord with so much rudeness as to produce a severe quarrel in the piazza, where we stood soliciting quarters. Newbern was the metropolis of North Carolina, situated at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent rivers, and contained about one hundred and fifty dwellings. It was defended by a strong fort and an armed

ship. Previous to the war it exported corn, naval stores, beeswax, hams, and deer skins to a considerable amount.

The next morning Harwood proceeded to a barber's shop to be shaved. I soon after started in pursuit of the same barber. I had not gone far before I met Harwood, his pace somewhat quickened, and with one side only of his face shaved. He soon informed me that the barber had been impertinent, that he had knocked him down, and left him sprawling on the floor. We agreed that to avoid trouble he should push on, and that I should follow. He was soon on his way through the streets of the capital of North Carolina, in the ludicrous predicament I have described. I left Newbern soon after upon Harwood's track, and crossed the Trent by a rope ferry seventy feet wide. I journeyed the entire day alone, through a wilderness of pines, over a flat, sandy country, with scarcely an inhabitant to be seen. Towards the close of the day I found myself entangled among swamps amid an utter wilderness, and my horse almost exhausted in my efforts to overtake Harwood. As night closed upon me, I was totally bewildered, and without a vestige of a road to guide me. Knowing the impossibility of retracing my steps in the dark, through the mazes I had traversed, I felt the absolute necessity of passing the night in this solitary desert. Feeling no apprehension that my horse would wander far from me, I turned him to shift for himself. I then placed my box under the sulky, and with my pistols fresh primed on one side, and my hanger on the other, I drew around me my grego, and, prostrated on the ground along with these, my only companions, half asleep and half awake, I passed the night in no trifling apprehension of falling a prey to wild beasts before morning.

At length, to my inexpressible satisfaction, the eastern horizon began to kindle up, and gradually to brighten more and more into the full blaze of day. I found my faithful horse true to his allegiance, and within reach. I harnessed up, and pressed with as much speed as possible out of this dreary retreat of solitude and desolation. My movements were somewhat accelerated by observing a large bear stepping slowly along at a

little distance from me. After several miles travelling I regained the road, and in the course of the forenoon overtook Harwood.

We crossed Neuse river, and passed over a continuous pine barren to Wilmington, on Cape Fear river. This was a compact town, ten miles from the sea, and is surrounded by sand hills. It was defended by two forts, and two brigs of sixteen guns each.* It formerly exported large quantities of naval stores, pork, furs, &c., which it received by the river from the fertile country in the interior. The killing of deer by torch-light was a favorite amusement of the inhabitants of this region. A negro precedes the sportsmen, bearing a piece of burning pitch pine; the foolish animal, fascinated by the light, remains stationary, with his head erect, and his eyes steadily fixed on the blaze. The glare of his eyes expose him to the sportsman's aim, who approaches the deer as near as he pleases. Thus it often happens among men—that the unwary are allured by a deceptive glitter, are beguiled by false promises, and fall victims to their own credulity.

On leaving Wilmington we crossed the Cape Fear river, which is here two hundred yards wide, and navigable by vessels of twenty feet draught. At Brunswick nearly all the houses had been deserted from apprehension of the enemy. From this place to Lockwood's Folly, twenty-two miles, is an unbroken wilderness; not a house, not even a wild tar-burner's, was presented to our view the whole distance. Fortunately forewarned, we had prepared ourselves with supplies to encounter this desert. At night we encamped at a wretched hovel, without floor or furniture. We luckily ran down a fat opossum in the woods, which, with sweet potatoes, made a fine repast. Hunger supplied the want of dainties. The opossum has much the taste of a fat pig. Our poor horses fared badly. They were compelled to stand tied to a tree, with nothing to eat, after the fatigue of a hard day's journey. We slept on a bare ox hide, with no covering but our clothes.

The next day we crossed Little river, the country continu-

* In two or three years afterwards it was taken by the British, and occupied by Lord Cornwallis as a point of retreat.

ing to exhibit the same dreary and desolate aspect. The ensuing morning we passed a dangerous wash, at the north entrance of Long Bay. Suddenly the ocean and several ships burst upon our view. The contrast was a great relief to our minds and eyes after travelling so many days over a waste of sand.

We rode along this bay for sixteen miles on the edge of the surf, upon a hard, firm beach. The swell roared and curled upon the shore, and as we advanced, the variety of sea-birds starting on the wing, and a school of porpoises rolling up their black backs on the surface of the sea, amused us as we passed along this beautiful scene. Sand hillocks ran parallel with the shore on our right, over which land birds were continually hovering. We were alarmed and surprised as we entered on the circuit of this bay, to observe, as we thought for the moment, several men, with horses and carriages, at a distance, swimming in the sea. We were soon, however, relieved by noticing an exhalation in that direction, which had produced the mirage. About half way across the beach we met a group of travellers, who proved to be General McIntosh and suite going to the north to join the army.

We mutually stopped to exchange civilities and learn the news. Our minds had for several days been depressed in reflecting upon the critical condition of our national affairs. Gracious God! how were we astonished and transported with joy, on hearing from the General that Burgoyne and his whole army were prisoners of war. In confirmation of the intelligence, he presented us a handbill, printed at Charleston, containing the articles of capitulation. We involuntarily took off our hats and gave three hearty cheers in concert with the roaring of the surge. All considered this glorious event as deciding the question of our eventual Independence. In triumph we carried the joyous news to the hospitable seat of William Alston, Esq., one of the most respectable and affluent planters in South Carolina. We arrived at the close of the day, but were received with open arms, and entertained in the most sumptuous style. With music and his best madeira, we celebrated the great event we had announced, in high glee, to a late hour of the night.

We had been cautioned to be on our guard against the attacks of runaway negroes, in the passage of swamps near Wingan Bay. As we entered the second swamp, fourteen naked negroes armed with poles, presented themselves in the attitude of hostility, across the road. Harwood seized one of my pistols and charged them at full speed, making the wood resound with his thundering voice. I pressed forward close to his heels in my sulky, armed with the other pistol. They threw down their rails and dashed into the woods, and we passed on without further interruption.

As evening closed in, we embarked in a good ferry-boat, manned by four jolly, well-fed negroes, to cross Wingan Bay, a distance of four miles. The evening was serene, the stars shone brightly, and the poor fellows amused us the whole way by singing their plaintive African songs in cadence with the oars. We reached Georgetown in the evening. It stands on Wingan river, and is the second place of importance in the State. After leaving Georgetown we passed the Black river, and crossing a second ferry, travelled over Santee island.

At length, on the 18th of November, 1777, the city of Charleston presented itself to our view. We left our horses and crossed Cooper's river in a yawl. I was delighted with the view of this splendid city, and the shipping in its harbor. After a seventy days' journey from Providence, having travelled 1,243 miles, it was to me almost like the entrance of the Israelite into the promised land. I performed the whole route either on horseback or in a sulky.*

* At that day, and under the circumstances of the country, this was the most commodious and practicable way of travelling. A fact almost surpassing belief, in these days of stage-coach and railroad facilities.

CHAPTER IV.

Orange Orchard—Fire at Charleston—Governor Rutledge—Makes Tour in Georgia—Warmth of Season—Gouging Match—Amusing Scene—Indians—Little Carpenter—Port Royal Island—Cotton Picking by Hand—Eli Whitney's Cotton Gin—Beaufort—Dr. Zubley—Silk—Tea—Savannah.

On my arrival I delivered the funds which had been confided to me, and which I had carried the whole length of my journey, securely quilted in the lining of my coat, at their place of destination, and made the preliminary arrangement to carry out Mr. Brown's plans. I again crossed Cooper's river to the plantation of a Mr. Townsend, where we had left our horses. I here examined an orchard of eleven hundred orange trees, in full bearing. The fruit proved rather bitter to the taste, but exceedingly beautiful. In December one of Mr. Brown's brigs was burnt in sight of the town; several of his ships had, however, arrived.

In the intervals of business I mingled, with delight, in the elegant and gay society of this refined metropolis, under the wing of Mr. Russel, the consignee of Mr. Brown, a gentleman of New-England origin, but occupying a distinguished position in the mercantile community of Charleston. My prospects were brilliant and auspicious, when a deep public and private calamity cast a dark pall over the whole. I had passed the evening of the 15th of January, '78, with a brilliant party, at the splendid mansion of a wealthy merchant of the city. In two hours after we had left the scene of elegant refinement, the stately edifice, the rich furniture, and all its gorgeous appliances were wrapt in flames. In the mid hours of a cold and tempestuous night, I was aroused by the cry of fire, and by a loud knocking at the door, with the appalling intelligence—"The town's in flames." I pressed forward to the theatre of one of the most terrific conflagrations that probably ever visited Charleston. The devastation was frightful. The fire raged with unmitigated fury for seventeen

hours. Every vessel, shallop, and negro-boat was crowded with the distressed inhabitants. Many who, a few hours before, retired to their beds in affluence, were now reduced, by the all-devouring element, to indigence.

After laboring at the fire for many hours, I returned to my quarters to obtain a brief respite. I had scarcely seated myself before a man rushed in, exclaiming—"Your roof is on fire!" The mass of the conflagration was yet afar off, but it as it were, rained fire. When we had extinguished the flame on the roof, I thought it time to remove my trunk, containing funds to a large amount. Not being able to procure assistance, I was constrained to shoulder it myself. Staggering under my load, (a burden which, in ordinary times, I could scarcely have lifted) I proceeded along Main-street. The fire had extended far and wide, and was bearing down, in awful majesty, a sea of flame. Almost the whole of this spacious street exhibited, on one side, a continuous and glaring blaze. My heart sickened at beholding half-dressed matrons, delicate young ladies and children, wandering about unprotected, and in despair.

I soon found myself prostrated on the ground, alongside of my trunk, by the explosion of a large building. Fortunately being uninjured, I hastened on until I reached an elegant house in the suburbs of the city. Without hesitation I entered it, and, seeing no one, went into a splendid parlor, deposited my trunk in a closet, locked the door, and put the key in my pocket. Early the next morning I went in pursuit of my trunk. I everywhere saw heart-rending spectacles amid the smoking ruins, and the constant falling of walls and chimneys. I reached the house where I had left my trunk, which I then first discovered was the residence of Governor Rutledge. A young gentleman answered my knock, of whom I requested my trunk. He eyed me with attention, and casting a suspicious glance upon my person and clothes, replied, that not knowing me, he could not deliver it. My face and hand had been injured, and my clothes torn in the confusion of the fire. I was mortified; but conscious that my appearance justified his suspicion. I forthwith proceeded to a

friend, borrowed a clean shirt and decent clothes, (my own being locked up in the Governor's parlor) got shaved and powdered, and again proceeded after my trunk. I knocked with confidence, was politely received by the same young gentleman, who evidently did not recall my features. I was ushered into the presence of the Governor. I stated to him where I had placed my trunk, and was apologizing for the liberty, when he interrupted me, remarking that the fearful crisis justified me. He continued—"Sit down, sir—will you take a glass of wine? My secretary informed me that a person called for the trunk an hour or two ago, but not liking his appearance he had declined delivering it." The Governor was much amused at understanding that I was the person who had called. I record this incident to show the importance of external appearance to a man's success in the world, and more particularly, among strangers.

Having arranged my affairs in Charleston (for the occurrence of the fire had totally broken up and prostrated my business operations) I determined, in company with a Mr. Bloomfield, of Boston, and Mr. Clark, of New-Haven, to extend my tour to the south as far as prudence should warrant. In pursuance of this plan we left Charleston on the 29th of January, 1778. I transcribe a synopsis of my journal.

The road to Ashley river is delightful. We passed many elegant seats, with fine gardens and grounds. The road in some places is shaded by lofty trees, from which we were sweetly serenaded by the music of beautiful birds, offering up, we could believe, their evening praises to our common Benefactor. To a northern constitution the heat is rather uncomfortable, exceeding that usual to the month of May in New-England. Many of the early vegetables had already appeared. In this month garden seeds, with us, are ordinarily sown. A tranquil summer sky, fanning breezes from the south, the verdure of evergreens, the croaking of frogs and the chirping of birds, all indicated the advent of spring.

On this river are situated the choicest plantations, and the most elegant and numerous country-seats in the State. The

extensive marshes bordering upon this and other adjacent streams, had recently been converted into highly productive rice plantations, to which culture they are well adapted. In the evening of this day we were much annoyed by the quarrel of two overseers in an adjoining room, who soon gave us a fair (or rather foul) specimen of a genuine Georgia gouging-match. They rushed upon each other with the fury and ferocity of bull-dogs, and made every effort to gouge out each other's eyes. We at length succeeded in separating them. This house afforded us neither rest nor comfort. The sheets were smutty, the rooms filthy, and literally alive with fleas and bed-bugs. We turned in with all our clothes on, and yet the ravenous fleas penetrated to the skin.

In the morning, as we were about leaving the inn, an old French officer rode up and tied his horse to the post, and passing us with a profound bow, entered the house. He wore a three-cornered cocked hat, a laced coat, a long queue tied close to his head, with a ribbon in a large double bow, his hair powdered, and a long sword dangling by his side. He spoke only French. Immediately after him came up a negro riding on a mule, which, in despite of his rider's efforts, dashed in between the post and the horse. In the struggle the horse's bridle broke, and away went the horse into the woods, with a heavy portmanteau dancing at his side. The Frenchman, no doubt, thinking it all design, (for he did not seem to comprehend a word of the negro's explanation) drew his long sword, his eyes flashing fury. The moment the negro saw the sword, he sprang off his mule, and darted for the forest, with Monsieur in full chase after him, vociferating most vehemently. At first we were alarmed, but perceiving the negro to be too nimble for him, were exceedingly amused by the chase. Despairing of overtaking the lad, the Frenchman darted his sword after him, exclaiming—"Belitre—diable, &c.!" We soon after started, and saw the poor terrified black still scudding away, far off among the pines.

The next day we passed Pond Pond, and travelled over an interesting country, interspersed with fine plantations. The roads are as level as a bowling-green, and generally in a direct

line. We noticed peas in blossom. Near the Ashepoo we observed several Indians seated on a log. We ascertained that they were the celebrated warrior Little Carpenter, king of the Cherokees, with his queen and several councillors, on their way to Charleston, to "brighten and strengthen," as he told us, in good English, "the chain of union." They were alternately whiffing out of a great wooden pipe, which was passed from one to the other, whilst an elbow was rested on the knee, and the body a little projected forward. I seated myself by the king, and took my whiff in turn, and finding him of a social cast, did not fail to ply him pretty closely with my Yankee questions.

We passed Barnard Elliot's magnificent residence, and those of other planters, in the distance, on avenues cut through the woods, and surrounded by their little villages of negro huts. The 1st of February we had a succession of showers, with heavy thunder, similar to our northern April weather. The next day we crossed over to Port Royal island. At the ferry-house, where we stopped for the night, a party of the young folks of the lower order had assembled, and willing to contribute to their amusement, as well as my own, I took out my flute, and playing some jigs, set them dancing, shuffling, and capering in merry style.

This island is about ten miles square. The land is generally poor, affording but a few rice plantations. The staple is indigo, which grows on a light soil. Some cotton is cultivated here for domestic purposes; but as it is so difficult to disentangle the fibre from the seed, its extensive culture is not attempted, although it eminently flourishes in this climate, and is a most important article. Every evening we have noticed the negroes, old and young, clustered in their huts, around their pine-knot fires, plucking the obstinate seed from the cotton.*

* This, it is not necessary to add, was before the days of Eli Whitney, one of the great benefactors of the South. Mr. Whitney was a native of Connecticut, early distinguished for his mechanical genius, who visited Georgia in the prospect of securing a situation of private tutor. He was disappointed in the hope, and was received, almost in charity, under the benevolent roof of Mrs. Green, the widow of General Green. A party of gentlemen conversing incidentally on the

Deer and foxes abound on this island. Beaufort is handsomely situated, and contains about seventy houses, besides public buildings, and is defended by a respectable fort, two miles below the town. We retraced our steps, and again crossed the ferry. At noon, stopping at a very decent looking house, which we supposed to be a tavern, we ordered our dinner, wine, &c., with the utmost freedom. What was our amazement and mortification, when inquiring for the bill, our host replied—"Gentlemen, I keep no tavern, but am very much obliged to you for your visit." In the true spirit of southern liberality, he insisted upon our taking a bed with him on our return from Georgia. This incident exhibits the beautiful trait of hospitality, for which the south is so distinguished.

On the 6th of February we reached the Savannah river at Zubley's ferry. At the same time Dr. Zubley and his son crossed the river from the Georgia side. Dr. Zubley, a very learned and eminent man, is a Swiss by birth, and recently was a distinguished preacher in Savannah. Zealous in the cause of American liberty, he represented Georgia in the first Congress which assembled at Philadelphia, in September,

subject, were lamenting that there was no means of separating the seed from the cotton; and remarked, that until ingenuity could devise some machine to effect the purpose, it was vain to think of raising cotton to export. "Gentlemen," said Mrs. Green, "apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney, he can make anything." When the matter was proposed to Whitney, he replied that he had never seen cotton or cotton seed in his life. The subject was thus, however, suggested to his mind, and with tools most inadequate, and much of the materials made by himself, in the course of a few months, he perfected a machine which answered every desired purpose. Thus, by the force of intuitive genius, one man called into practical being the staple of an entire country, revolutionized its affairs, and added millions to its wealth. When the fact of such a discovery was known, the populace was so determined to possess the machine, that they broke open his house and seized it. Before Whitney was able to make his model and procure his patent, many machines were already in operation. This violent procedure robbed the inventor of much of the benefit of his discovery. It was emphatically stated by Whitney, in a subsequent application to Congress for remuneration (and in which, by singular ingratitude, he was defeated by the efforts of Southern members) "that his invention had been the source of opulence to thousands of the citizens of the United States, and that as a labor-saving machine, it would enable one man to perform the work of one thousand men."

1774. This measure tended to weaken the chain by which a mighty continent was held in colonization by a little island three thousand miles distant. Dr. Zubley informed us that he could not conscientiously sustain the cause of Independence, and in consequence, that he and his son were this day banished from Georgia, and his estate confiscated. He expressed strong indignation at the ingratitude and harshness he had experienced. Although much depressed and extremely agitated, his conversation was in the highest degree interesting and instructive. He concluded the evening with an eloquent and affecting appeal to the throne of grace to vindicate the rectitude of his intentions.

We had been constrained to stop the night before at a wretched hovel, kept by an old Irish ghole. We fared in the worst possible manner. The old woman was covered with filth and snuff, there was no light but pine-knots, and the room was filled with smoke, A decrepid, dirty wench was busy about the fire cooking our supper; but we saw enough to stay proceedings, and contented ourselves with a meal of sweet potatoes, peeled by our own hands, and pure water. Soon after we had finished our repast, the infuriated hag burst into our room, and seizing one of our whips, rushed into an adjoining bed-room, with a pine torch in her hands, an impersonation of fury. Here she applied her heavy strokes to the poor, helpless wench, who could scarcely crawl, with the most diabolical purpose. Knocking the negress down, she commenced pounding her head with the but end of the whip. Fearing she might commit murder, we arrested her infernal arm, when she turned the full battery of her Billingsgate on us, swearing she had a right "by J—— to kill her own nager if she plased." This painful scene illustrated a remark I often heard at the South, that Northern overseers were the hardest task-masters, and foreign owners the most cruel masters. The relation between the native master and his slave, seems generally to be of the fondest and most affectionate character. At the dawn of the ensuing morning, we rejoiced to leave this den, after conferring our blessing upon mother Adamson.

The next day we crossed the river and entered Georgia. We traversed a bad causeway, and for the first time in several hundred miles, ascended a steep hill, and passed several rivulets running briskly across the road. This was a new and cheering sight. From the ferry to Savannah, a distance of twenty-four miles, we noticed many valuable plantations, where rice, tobacco, and indigo are cultivated with success. We also remarked extensive orchards of white mulberries, designed to supply silk-worms. The silk culture has taken deep root in this State, and will doubtless become an important staple for exportation in a few years.* We crossed some small bridges, traversed several hills, and then entered Savannah, the capital of Georgia. We delivered our letters to General Walton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Commodore Bowen and other gentlemen, which gained us early admission into the delightful society of the city. Savannah is situated on the south side of the river, upon a high sand-bluff overlooking the river, and commanding a beautiful view of the adjacent country, which is principally appropriated to rice plantations.

* 1821. Silk has long been cultivated at the north (in Connecticut) as well as Georgia, and it should now be pursued with augmented energy. Its successful culture would save to the nation millions of dollars annually, which now are abstracted from the country to pamper the manufactures of the old world. Another analogous interest demands the earnest attention of southern patriots. I allude to the tea culture. The history of this extraordinary herb is involved in much obscurity. China and Japan being the seats of its growth, Europeans have been excluded from any observation or knowledge of its mode of cultivation. It is ascertained, however, that it delights in valleys and the sides of hills affording a southern exposure ; that it is congenial to mild and temperate climates, growing between 30° and 45° N. latitude, which probably corresponds to about 10° less on this continent. It flourishes most on rocky land, and succeeds equally well on poor and on rich soils. Tea was first introduced to Europe in 1610, and was then only used for medicinal purposes. It has now become almost a staff of life. From 1717 to 1726 only seven hundred thousand pounds were annually imported into Great Britain. The import of the article now, 1821, exceeds each year twenty millions, and is rapidly increasing. Thus the soil of China, and the industry of her people, is more productive to the nation than the mountains of gold and silver of South America are to Spain. The successful agriculture of China renders Europe and America tributary to her. Why should not the agricultural societies of the South turn their attention to this subject?

CHAPTER V.

Rice—Cotton—Whitefield—Ogeechee River—Planter's Residence—Slaves—Face of the Country—Products—Health—Woods on Fire—Charleston—Fort Moultrie—Females—Departure—Sergeant Jasper—Night Adventure—Negro Sale—Tarborough—Halifax—Roanoke River—Horned Snake—Blazed Trees—James River.

The culture of rice and the process of preparing it for market are deeply interesting. Near the 1st of April it is sown in rows, about three feet apart, and by the 1st of June it becomes from six to eight inches high. The weeds are then taken out, and water admitted by means of sluices, from some adjacent stream. The water is occasionally drawn off, and a fresh supply introduced. When in blossom, the rice presents a most beautiful appearance, the flowers seeming to float on the surface of the water, and perfuming the air with a most delicious fragrance. In September, when the waving harvest rises considerably above the water, it is said to exhibit a curious and very rich aspect. After the grain is ripe, and the water drawn off, the rice is reaped and stacked in the manner of wheat. After threshing, it is pounded in mortars, ten or twelve in a row, each containing about half a peck. The pounders are lifted by a simple machinery, with the application of horse-power. After this process, it is sifted and cleansed for packing. When I considered the vast expense of preparing the swamps for the cultivation of rice, and stocking the plantations with negroes, together with the cheapness of the article, I have been astonished at the large fortunes which have been realized from the cultivation of this commodity. An acre of rich swamp-land adapted to the rice culture, will produce twenty-five casks of five hundred pounds each. The Georgia rice is confessedly the best, it being larger than that produced

in the Carolinas. The indigo of the latter is, however, decidedly superior to that of Georgia.

Cotton, as I have already observed, was then beginning to be cultivated for domestic purposes, as we raise flax and wool in New England.*

We decided to attempt the prosecution of our tour into East Florida. Previous to this, our curiosity induced us to make an excursion to the celebrated Orphan House, established by Whitefield. He passed and repassed the Atlantic repeatedly, traversing the extent of the colonies like a flaming meteor, constantly soliciting charity, as well in Europe as America, for this object, by the most energetic strains of the most powerful eloquence, touching alike the heads and pockets of his delighted audiences.†

The avowed object of the collecting of these funds, was the establishment of an asylum for the numerous orphan children of the early adventurers to Georgia, who fell victims, and in impoverished circumstances, to the ravages of the climate. Their forlorn condition called forth the sympathy, and secured the patronage of Whitefield.

We travelled twelve miles through a succession of fine plantations, and were politely received by Mr. Piercy, an Episcopalian clergyman, who was left in charge of the property by Mr. Whitefield. The occurrence of the war, and the destruction of the centre building (which left only the two wings standing) have frustrated the design of the founder.

Mr. Piercy showed us an elegant painting of the Countess of Huntington, the friend of Whitefield and patroness of this institution. We found the family of Mr. Piercy highly refined and intelligent, and enjoyed their kind hospitality with much interest. Meeting people of their cultivation and delicacy in

* The sea island cotton, I have been informed recently, (1821) by a respectable planter, was only introduced within the present century. The compass of a note will not authorize a view of the interesting history of the cotton culture since 1778, now, by far, the most valuable staple of America. The average of cotton exported in 1817,-18 and '19, was 88,705,850 lbs., and its average value $25,014,410.

† See Dr. Franklin's account of his experience.

this remote and solitary abode, was the source to us of equal surprise and gratification. The religious duties of the evening were performed with great solemnity and impressiveness. At the ringing of a small bell, the negroes, with their children, all came in to unite with the family in their devotions.

Mentioning our purpose of visiting Florida to Mr. Piercy, he dissuaded us from it, stating that it was not only in the occupation of the English, but that we should also be exposed to the attack of hostile Indians, who were hovering about the borders. However ardent our desire to advance still farther towards the South would have been under other circumstances, we, at length, concluded to limit our journey to the river Ogeechee. Mr. Piercy's brother accompanied us on the expedition. After traversing a pine barren the greater part of the distance, we reached the river, which is about a mile wide, mantled on the opposite side by extensive forests.

Having travelled about fifteen hundred miles from North to South, it was with delight that I turned to the right about on the banks of the Ogeechee, and once more faced my dear native New-England.

On our return we deviated from our route to visit a wealthy planter, George A. Hall, who had urgently invited us to his plantation. We turned from our direct road into a muddy avenue, two miles in length, cut through the forest. At its termination, we found ourselves in an open space, occupied by a miniature palace, elegant in its exterior, and embellished by the most refined taste, in the midst of a noble plantation, and surrounded by a little village of negro huts. Everything in and about the house announced wealth and elegance. A highly ornamented flower-garden I saw blooming on the 16th of February, in all the glory and beauty of spring in New-England. In wandering over the grounds, we observed a large collection of negroes, seated upon rice straw, making a miserable meal upon boiled rice and pure water. It is truly astonishing how the slave can sustain life with this wretched pittance, and even appear in good health and condition, compelled to labor from dawn to night, through the long summer

days, under the scorching rays of the intense sun, with no shelter for his head, and in most instances his black and oily skin exposed to its full beams ; yet they seemed joyous and happy. In contemplating the wealth, and splendor, and magnificence of the Southern planter, I cannot divest my mind of the idea that they are all produced by the sweat and blood of the slave.*

The face of the country in South Carolina and Georgia, along the sea-board, and from fifty to one hundred miles inland, is generally level, clothed with wood, principally forests of pines of immense size and height. In the interior the country rises into waving hills. On the creeks and rivers a deep alluvial soil prevails, which is devoted to the rice plantations. In the interior, wheat, tobacco, and corn, are cultivated in great abundance. This region is healthy, whilst the territory bordering on the sea, is subject, during the summer and fall months, to noxious vapors exhaling from the low lands.

On our return to Charleston we had an opportunity of witnessing a scene of appalling, and yet extreme interest. Travelling after dark, we found ourselves in the midst of a forest on fire. For several miles the country was in a blaze. The wind blew fresh, which moved and agitated the fire, giving it the appearance of a sea of flames, rolling and convulsed. The gigantic pines, blazing and crackling, covered with fire to their tops, were falling with tremendous crashes in every direction. We extricated ourselves with no small hazard from the burning and falling timber.

After an absence of nineteen days, occupied in a most delightful excursion, we returned to Charleston. This city is situated on a point of land, at the confluence of Cooper and Ashley rivers. Its harbor is spacious, and might conveniently contain five hundred ships. The bar at the mouth, however,

* Northern men, in yielding to the instincts which revolt at slavery, and indulging in strictures upon its existence and atrocities, should contemplate the fact that the impulses of Northern cupidity aided its introduction, by the agency of Northern ships and capital. How many of the princely fortunes of New-England had their basis in the slave trade! 1821.

does not admit of the passage of vessels carrying more than eleven feet water. Although this circumstance affords some protection against the approach of an enemy, the navigation is hazardous in tempestuous weather. It is defended (and was well defended the year before) by Fort Moultrie. Fort Johnson lies on the south side of the harbor, about two miles from the city. There are also three other forts for its protection, mounting in all two hundred pieces of cannon. Previous to the late fire, Charleston contained one thousand eight hundred houses, besides its public edifices.*

In Broad-street is placed a fine marble statue of the great Pitt, with an appropriate inscription.

Among the females of Charleston, we observed many elegant, accomplished women, but generally of sallow complexions, and without that bloom which distinguishes the daughters of the North. Perhaps no city of America exhibits, in proportion to its size, so much splendor and style as Charleston. The rich planters of the State live in almost Asiatic luxury, and usually, before the Revolution, educated their sons in Europe.†

On the 8th of March, 1778, we departed from Charleston on our return to New-England. Several gentlemen, with great kindness and courtesy, accompanied us to the ferry. Our company consisted of my former companion, Mr. Broomfield, Mr. Gibbs, of Philadelphia, and Captain Paul Hussey, of Providence, accompanied by old Silas and the dog Watch, both of

* Before the Revolution about one hundred and forty ships were annually freighted at Charleston, Georgetown, and Beaufort, and principally at the former, with rice, indigo, tobacco, skins, and naval stores; about seventy thousand casks of rice, and thirty thousand deer-skins, were yearly exported. Numerous evidences exist that the whole region of the flat sea-board has, at some former period, escaped from the dominion of the ocean. Among these evidences numerous fossil remains of marine shells are everywhere revealed.

† I procured a passport from Governor Rutledge for my protection. I introduce a copy from the original, which I still retain as an interesting memorial of those times of trial and suspicion:

"Mr. Elkanah Watson is permitted to go from hence to Pennsylvania.

To all whom it may concern.

J. Rutledge.

Charleston, So. Carolina, March, 1778."

whom were with us in our Georgia expedition. Hussey we found a jovial, excellent companion, always unfortunate, but always cheerful, full of humor and of story, which he had collected from most extensive reading, and garnered up in a retentive memory. He always had a laugh in his squint eye, and a good story upon his lips. He named his horse (an animal as unique as his master) De Casto. Hussey's excellent wit and knowledge of the world, always secured us good fare.*

From the ferry we proceeded to Sullivan's island, to view Fort Moultrie. Here Sir Peter Parker was killed, in June, 1776, and his fleet disgracefully defeated, with the loss of a frigate, by raw and hastily-collected troops. The fort is constructed of palmetto-wood, a timber very similar to cork in some of its properties. Balls could not effectually penetrate it. The fort was then defended by four hundred and fifty troops, and mounted sixty-five guns. During the attack upon it, Sergeant Jasper performed an heroic exploit, that will consign his name to posterity. In the heat of the engagement the American flag-staff was shot away; Jasper leaped over the entrenchment, and amid the most tremendous fire, restored it to its place.

We were overtaken by Hussey at the ferry-house near Wilmington, he having been detained at Georgetown. He came in early in the morning, covered with mud, and jaded out with fatigue, giving us a most piteous account of his trials the night previous. Eager to overtake us, he had pressed forward through the pine wilderness in the region of Lockwood's Folly, and when night overtook him, he fell into a by-path, became bewildered among swamps, and at length totally lost. His horse failed, exhausted by hard travelling without food. Fortunately for Hussey, he carried flint and steel, and thus lighted a fire. He spent the night in fighting wolves, attracted by the light from the wilds, with pitch-pine flaming brands. At daylight he ascended a tall sapling, as he termed it, "to look out for land," and saw Wilmington and the ferry-house not far off.

* He was shipwrecked and drowned some years after on the coast of France.

Whilst at Wilmington, I witnessed a heart-rending spectacle, the sale of a negro family under the sheriff's hammer. They were driven in from the country, like swine for market. A poor wench clung to a little daughter, and implored, with the most agonizing supplication, that they might not be separated. But alas, either the master or circumstances were inexorable—they were sold to different purchasers. The husband and residue of the family were knocked off to the highest bidder.

Between Wilmington and Tarborough the face of the country gradually changes, presenting more undulating land, and frequent brooks rippling across the road. It abounds in luxuriant peach orchards. During our journey, we were overtaken by a dark, stormy evening, and were compelled to take possession of a deserted log hut, where we soon kindled a fire, and encamped on the floor for the night. Tarborough is a small village, situated on Tar river, and will, I think, in time, become a place of consequence. The country around it is healthy and elevated, and much appropriated to the tobacco culture.

Halifax is on the Roanoke river, which, rising beyond the Blue Ridge, leaves Virginia fifteen or twenty miles from this place, and discharges itself into Albemarle Sound at Plymouth, a point sixty miles distant. The borders of this river are esteemed the wealthiest region of North Carolina. Its soil is rich and highly cultivated, producing corn, peas, and tobacco, in immense quantities, and also some rice. We noticed vast droves of hogs ranging among these plantations. A Mr. Hall, a planter in this vicinity, produces, it was stated, annually, three thousand barrels of corn, and four thousand bushels of peas. Many elegant seats are situated on the margin of the Roanoke, although the district is esteemed unhealthy. Halifax contains about forty-five dwellings, occupying one wide street, and ascending to a high sand-bluff. The society in this vicinity is considered among the most polished and cultivated in the State.

On our way from Halifax to Williamsburgh, Hussey's curiosity exposed him to imminent danger. The creeks through

this territory are infested by a most venomous reptile—the horned snake—whose sting is death. In passing a swamp we noticed one of them, coiled up in a position that made us suppose it dead. Hussey dismounted to examine it minutely. The moment his whip touched it, the snake coiled itself in an attitude of attack, its head horribly flattened, its eyes sparkling fire, its execrable tongue darting out of its mouth. After the danger was over, we laughed heartily at Hussey's fright and discomfiture. This snake has sharp, fine teeth, but its subtle venom is embedded in a horn, tapering to a fine point, at the end of the tail, whence it is ejected. I was told that the poison was fatal to a tree, if it is stung by the snake when the sap is ascending.

A method prevails in this country of blazing the trees at certain distances, which furnishes a guide to the traveller, even in the ordinary obscurity of night. This is produced by simply slashing a strip of bark from two opposite sides of a tree. The white spots thus formed, may be seen for a great distance in an open forest. We remarked the country towards James river to be thinly settled, and generally clothed with forests. We again crossed this river in a small boat, with a stupid negro ferryman. James river is a most majestic stream, second in importance only to the Hudson, Delaware, and Potomac. It receives in its course seven large confluents. It is stated, that before the Revolution its commerce embraced the exportation of thirty thousand hogsheads of tobacco.

CHAPTER VI.

Hanover Court-House—Election—Manners—Fight—Alexandria—Potomac—Inland Navigation—Slavery—Washington City—Baltimore—Pennsylvania—Contrast—Pennsylvania Farmer—Valley Forge—Bethlehem—Moravian Ceremony—Continental Troops—Small-Pox—General Reflections.

In passing Hanover Court-House, Virginia, we found the whole county assembled at an election. The moment I alighted, a wretched pug-nosed fellow assailed me to swap watches. I had hardly shaken him off, when I was attacked by a wild Irishman, who insisted on my "swapping horses" with him, and in a twinkling ran up the pedigree of his horse to the grand dam. Treating his importunity with little respect, I became near being involved in a boxing-match, the Irishman swearing that I did not "trate him like a jintleman." I had hardly escaped this dilemma when my attention was attracted by a fight between two very unwieldy, fat men, foaming and puffing like two furies, until one succeeding in twisting a forefinger in a side-lock of the other's hair, and in the act of thrusting, by this purchase, his thumb into the latter's eye, he bawled out "king's cruse," equivalent, in technical language, to "enough."

From Fredericksburgh to Alexandria, we found frightful bad roads. The latter place is situated on the Potomac, on an elevated plain overlooking the river. Its streets are laid out after the plan of Philadelphia, and upon a large scale in the anticipation of a great city. Considering its peculiar advantages of position, at the head of the bold navigation of one of the noblest rivers of the world, I see nothing to prevent their anticipations being fully realized. The Potomac is surpassed only by the Hudson in magnificence and utility. It rises far west, near the sources of the Monongahela. A communication is therefore practicable between the waters of the Ohio and the Potomac. I understood that the latter, with the aid

of locks to pass three falls, may be made navigable for large boats to Fort Cumberland, two hundred miles west of Alexandria. It is ten miles wide at its mouth. Ten miles below this city, its majestic flood laves Mount Vernon, the scquestered seat of the immortal Washington.

The influence of slavery upon southern habits is peculiarly exhibited in the prevailing indolence of the people. It would almost seem as if the poor white man had rather starve than work, because the negro works.

On the 10th of April we reached Baltimore. After leaving Alexandria, we crossed the Potomac near Mason's island* to Georgetown. This place contains about twenty-five good stone houses, erected on the side of a hill. After leaving Georgetown, we abandoned, by mistake, the main road, and soon becoming entangled among plantations and by-roads, spent several hours before we recovered our route.† Near Elk Ridge we observed several iron works, and also a cannon foundry. Baltimore is situated on the Patapsco, and contains about six thousand inhabitants. The harbor forms a basin, around which the city is built. Heavy vessels load and discharge at Fell's Point, which is itself a small city. An immense iron chain is stretched across the harbor, for the protection of the town, which is defended by Fort McHenry, mounting sixty guns. A strong commercial rivalry will, it is supposed, soon spring up between Baltimore and Alexandria. It appears probable that the peculiarly favorable position of Alexandria will secure to that city the pre-eminence. We crossed the Susquehannah river near its mouth. This river rises from several sources in New-York, and after traversing Pennsylvania, discharges itself into the Chesapeake. It is shallow throughout its whole extent, and has not afforded any position for a city.

On the 14th of April we again entered the State of Pennsylvania, and travelled the whole day through a delightful country, richly improved by the industry of its Dutch and German

* The present delightful residence of the excellent Gen. John Mason. 1821.

† The scene of these wanderings was undoubtedly the locality now occupied by the city of Washington. 1821.

population. Our road lay along the heights of undulating hills, which stretched from the Susquehannah to the Schuylkill. Another range runs parallel to this chain. The valley between, and most of the slopes of the hill-sides are laid out into regular farms, and are under high cultivation. The verdure of the fields, and the neatness and superior tillage of the farms in the rich vales, were so grateful to the eye, after being long accustomed to southern aspects, as to make us almost insensible to the bad roads we were traversing. The contrast, so obvious and so strong, in the appearance of these farms and of the southern plantations, will strike every observer, and can be imputed to but one cause. Here we witness the impulses and results of honest industry, where freemen labor for themselves. There we see the feeble efforts of coerced labor, performed by the enervated slave, uninspired by personal interest, and unimpelled by a worthy ambition. These distinctions are perceptible even between Maryland and Pennsylvania, separated only by an imaginary line.

On our journey to Valley Forge, a heavy storm, and roads almost impassable, compelled us to seek shelter at the house of an opulent farmer. Here we were received with the kindest hospitality, and found our host an intelligent, sensible man. He had a fine library, and was well informed on most subjects. His house was spacious and neat, and well supplied with the comforts and substantials of life. Independence, wealth, and contentment were conspicuous in everything, within and without the house. This man was but a specimen of his class,—virtuous, affluent, and intelligent republican freemen.

On the morning of the 16th, we reached Washington's camp at Valley Forge, situated on the heights of the Schuylkill. Here I met friends and relatives from New-England. The army continues yet in winter-quarters, the fourth campaign being at hand. God grant that it may be as fortunate as the last! I spent a day in the camp, attending the reviews and examining the condition and situation of the army. My heart bled at the recital of their sufferings and privations the past winter. Exalted virtue and patriotism, and the strong attachment of

the officers to General Washington, only held the army together. The poor soldiers were half naked, and had been half starved, having been compelled, for weeks, to subsist on simple flour alone, and this too in a land almost literally flowing with milk and honey. Oh, these detestable tories! I saw Washington on horseback, attended by his aids, passing through the camp.

Between Valley Forge and Bethlehem the country is well cultivated. The streams are spanned by stone arch bridges, and occupied by valuable flouring-mills. The country in the vicinity of the camp, and occupied by a tory population, was in a disorganized condition. The roads, infested by marauders, rendered travelling dangerous. Arriving at our stopping-place for the night, we found it crowded with soldiers and wagoners, and a perfect Babel. We hired a soldier to guard our horses, and I fortunately secured a berth for the night between two drunken wagoners.

I again visited Bethlehem, and we remained a day to witness an interesting Moravian religious ceremony, which was to commence before the next morning. Soon after midnight Hussey gave me a jog. I heard the distant music of a band. The night was dark and serene, and all nature was hushed in silence. We dressed and repaired to the Moravian Chapel. The men entered by one door, at the same moment the sisters were ushered in at the other, marching two and two, and presenting a ghastly appearance, with their peculiar dress and light white caps. As they entered, the music continued to sound. A priest then ascended the pulpit, made a short prayer in German, which was followed by an anthem. The Moravians then formed a procession, the men in advance, and the spectators following the females; all marching in the dark to the solemn and slow music of the band, performing a dead march.

In this manner we proceeded to their burial-ground, where the whole formed a square, facing inwards, with the band in the centre. This cemetery forms an area of about two acres. The graves are elevated about eight inches. On the centre of each is placed a flat stone about eighteen inches

square, upon which is inscribed a brief epitaph. A calm, impressive silence prevailed, until the first appearance of the sun. Then all was bustle and commotion. The musicians marched along the spacious alleys, playing a funeral dirge. The priest was occupied in reading, in an audible voice, the inscription on the stone, now commenting, and now praying, the eyes of all being turned the while, devoutly raised to heaven. The whole ceremony concluded with a prayer, and the Moravians again formed a procession, and returned to the Chapel. This ceremony, I understood, was commemorative of the resurrection of the Saviour. The whole spectacle was eminently solemn and imposing. Our curiosity gratified, we left Bethlehem, and crossing the Delaware at Easton, entered New-Jersey. We met, in our progress through New-Jersey, Col. Van Schaick's regiment of the New-York line,* and numerous bodies of troops on their march to Valley Forge. The country was badly cultivated, and thinly settled, and very much exhausted by the constant passage of troops. Our fare was very indifferent; one night we spent in a house, without food, and were obliged to sleep in a garret upon a pile of oats, with no covering but our clothes. In this house I noticed a woman sitting by a roaring fire, wrapped up in blankets, "*to sweat out the small-pox,*" as they said. Her face exhibited the most frightful deformity; what was once "the human face divine," was now a loathsome mass of disease and putrescence. Having been inoculated myself, two years before, at the dead of winter, in an open barrack, and not permitted to approach a fire, I prevailed on these ignorant people to remove her from the fire and withdraw the blankets.

I reached Providence 29th of April, 1778, after an absence of about eight months, having traversed ten States, and travelled nearly two thousand seven hundred miles.

* The organization of the Revolutionary army into lines of the different States, tended greatly to animate and foster that spirit of local feeling and State jealousies, which so much obstructed the progress of the Revolution. Washington felt and appreciated the evil, but the existing form of government was unable to correct it.

Having, in this protracted tour, just completed throughout the extensive sea-board of the United States, devoted my daily attention to inquiries and a personal examination, and having habitually committed the result of my observations to my journal, whilst fresh in my mind, I can now take a general retrospect of the whole subject, and exhibit the impressions I have received.

"When the extent of America is duly considered, boldly fronting the Old World, blessed with every climate, capable of every production, abounding with the best harbors and rivers on the globe, overspread by three millions of souls, mostly of English descent, inheriting all their ancient enthusiasm for liberty, and enterprising, almost to a fault, what may not be expected from such a people, in such a country, and doubling in population every twenty-five years.

The partial hand of nature has laid out America on a much larger scale than any other country. What are called mountains in Europe are hills in America; rivers, brooks, trees, bushes, and lakes, are reduced to ponds. In short, the map of the world presents to view no country which combines so many natural advantages, so pleasantly diversified, and which offers to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, so many resources; all of which cannot fail to conduct America to the first rank among nations. This I prophecy. It must be so. In contemplating future America, the mind is lost in the din of cities, in harbors, and rivers, crowded with sails, and in the immensity of its population."*

Taking three millions, the number at this time, as a basis, and admitting our population to double each twenty-three years, the result in a hundred years will be sixty-two millions of republican freemen, approaching one hundred millions,

* The above paragraph, marked as a quotation, was first published in Morse's Geography, in 1789, as an extract from my Journal, and after being republished in other works, in 1829 I read it in Dr. Hosack's Memoir of De Witt Clinton, extracted from "Tatham on Inland Navigation," an English work, where it appeared as original. I notice the fact as an evidence of unjust plagiarism.

in the year A. D. 1900, which will be nearly equal to that of all Europe at the present day.

The sagacious statesmen of Europe realize these truths, and already dread the influence that the greatness and prosperity of America is destined to exercise upon the world. The European possessions in the West India Islands will pass away like a cloud, and will be held as appendages to the American Republic, or will be emancipated, and independent governments themselves.

Though European politicians may consider these events too remote to affect any portion of the present generation of men, still they will obstruct our progress by every means in their power. Their efforts will be as vain as presumptuous, and they will prove as powerless as an attempt to check the flowing of the tide. Their schemes will, in fact, be an effort to arrest the decrees of the Almighty, who has evidently raised up this nation to become a lamp to guide degraded and oppressed humanity, and to direct other nations, even the nation of our oppressors, to liberty and happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

Rhode Island—Newport—Providence—Plymouth—Boston—Marblehead—Salem—New-Hampshire—Lexington—Climate—General Remarks—Painful Scene—Mrs. Rennals—Siege of Newport—John Hancock—James Otis—Count D'Estaing—Gen. Sullivan—Battle—Determine to go to France—Packet Mercury—Henry Laurens.

On my return to Rhode Island, the British forces were in the occupation of Newport, and the commerce of Providence was still obstructed and paralyzed by the operations of the war. Uneasy and restive in my unemployed situation, I still retained my travelling propensity, and visited during this time various sections of the State of Rhode Island.

After all my wanderings and observation of other parts of the Confederacy, I still look upon Rhode Island as one of the most delightful and interesting of the States. The year before the Revolution, it contained nearly sixty thousand souls. It produced butter, beef, lumber, horses, pot and pearl ashes, and two hundred thousand pounds of inferior tobacco.

Narraganset Bay, formed by Rhode Island on one side, and the fertile shores of Narraganset upon the other, and studded with numerous lovely islands, presents the most delightful scenery.

Newport is beautifully situated, and was a favorite resort of Southern people, on account of its cool and salubrious position. It had been one of the most commercial places in America, but was then falling into decay. Its fortunes were waning before the superior activity and enterprise of its rival, Providence.

This city had, within forty years, emerged from the obscurity of an inconsiderable village into a great trading mart, that embraced a body of perhaps the most intelligent merchants on the continent. It contained at this time, about five thousand inhabitants.

I proceeded from Providence to Plymouth. Before entering

my native place, I passed, for about four miles, through a pine wood, along a sandy road,—but how different from the pine forests of North Carolina. There, free from underwood, the trees, straight and majestic, stretch towards the sky. Here they are low and scrubbed, and matted together by briars and bushes. Yet, amid the dreary forests, clustered a thousand delightful associations of my boyhood.

I spent a few happy days (the happiest of my life) among my relatives, and in rambling alone about the vicinity of Plymouth. Every tree, rock, bush, and even the sand-hills, reminded me of some youthful gambol. The visit to the house and the room of my nativity, which was in the hands of strangers, my father's garden, the spring bubbling up its pure crystal water, all affected me, even to tears. Here too, alone, I visited the grave of my sainted mother.

Plymouth is overlooked by a high hill, commanding a wide view of the ocean. When a boy, I recollect seeing from this hill a British fleet, containing three regiments of troops, on their way to Boston, to overawe and coerce her rebellious spirit.

I proceeded by sea to Boston. It was then among the first class of American towns, containing about twenty-five thousand population, and is situated on a peninsula, at the foot of a spacious harbor, defended from the sea by thirty-six small islands. The streets were irregular, badly paved, without side-walks, and descending towards the centre. The prospect from the beacon at the back of the town is very fine, embracing an extensive view of the ocean, the harbor and the interior. Boston is two miles long and a half mile broad. The "Long Wharf" is probably the finest quay in America, extending half a mile into the harbor, with a line of warehouses and stores upon each side.

Marblehead is singularly laid out amidst rocks. It is celebrated for its fish trade, the school of a hardy and courageous race of seamen.

Salem, once the seat of the detestable witch excitement, was at this time a place of important commercial business, and

contained about four hundred dwelling-houses. The merchants are wealthy and enterprising, and have embarked spiritedly in privateering. Advancing northward, I crossed the Merrimack river at Dracut, and entered the State of New-Hampshire.

On my return to Boston, I stopped at Lexington, where the tragic ball opened on April 19th, 1775, and traversed, with no ordinary emotion, the route the British pursued in their retreat.

I visited the old brick college at Cambridge, the most ancient literary institution of America, and from which the rays of science have been widely spread throughout New-England. I stood upon Bunker Hill, an hour, wrapt in meditation upon the amazing event of which it had been so recently the theatre. My mind's eye witnessed the British veterans twice repulsed by the sons of the Pilgrims, determined to be free, and with scarcely no weapons but their fowling-pieces; the adjacent hills, the houses, the steeples, the shrouds of ships, covered with twenty thousand spectators of the terrific scene, whose hearts were filled with the most intense excitement of hopes and fears. A spectacle of such deep and thrilling interest, America, if the world, never before witnessed.

On the 4th of September, 1777, I left Providence, Rhode Island, on my Southern expedition, and arrrived at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 13th of November ensuing; thus, in a journey of seventy days, receding from a Northern climate, in the most pleasant season of the year, and enjoying through the whole journey an equal and delightful temperature.

On the 29th of January following I proceeded South to the Ogeechee river, in Georgia, the extreme Southern point of my journey, and on the 13th of February after, as I have remarked, the flowers were in bloom in that latitude, and the gardens in some forwardness, the peas being in full blossom.

I left Charleston on the 8th of March ensuing, and from that period to the first week in June, advanced northward, until I reached New-Hampshire, bearing with me the whole distance, the same advance of the season, the same bloom and fragrance.

The gardens of New-Hampshire were in the same state of advancement as those which I had left in Georgia the four months previous. What a commentary upon the vast magnitude and expanse of the nation!

How delightful will be such a tour, at the precise season in which I made it, when America shall have arrived at that stage of population I have anticipated in a preceding page. Perhaps no two nations of Europe exhibit a greater contrast in climate, in customs and manners, in their productions, and the physical features of the country, than the Southern and Northern States of America. Mutual antipathies and prejudices predominated previous to the Revolution, and we have had every reason to apprehend that, if not allayed by wise and prudent measures, they would have resulted in a dismemberment of the Confederacy.

The middle States observe a medium, alike in climate, in customs, and the face of the country; neither so level and hot as the Southern States, nor so hilly and cold as those of the North and East.

The people of the Northern section of the Confederacy are generally a hardy, industrious, and frugal race. At the South they are less energetic, more indolent and imperious, but ardent, generous, and hospitable. I speak of the masses.

The fisheries, commerce, and infant manufactures are the sinews of the North. Rice, tobacco, and indigo, the resources of the South.

Eventually, it is probable that the North will supply the South with manufactures, and receive in return, provisions and raw materials. All the elements of a manufacturing people are incorporated in the genius of New-England. Its climate, the comparative barrenness of the soil, its salubrity, its waving hills and abundant streams, all point to its certain and inherent destiny.

Should an event so desirable be ever realized, and the respective sections of the great American Republic become reciprocally dependent upon each other, with our immensely augmented and increasing population, our vast surplus product

will, as China does at the present day, make the precious metals of all other countries tributary to our own.

Soon after my return from Georgia, I was painfully involved in, and witnessed one of those events of domestic trial and affliction, which constitute some of the most thrilling incidents of the Revolution.

Edward Winslow, a near relative of my mother's, had been a prominent citizen of Plymouth, and lived in great affluence and unbounded hospitality. He was, previous to the Revolution, the royal collector of that district, and an ardent and zealous royalist. His son Edward inherited his virtues and his political sentiments.

When the contest with England had assumed its decided aspect, the son was compelled to escape to Boston, and seek protection under the British flag. He joined the army, and in the expedition to Lexington, was its guide, acting as aid to Lord Piercy. In that battle he had a horse shot under him. He was a manly, noble, splendid fellow; generous to a fault, a gentleman in feeling, and elegant in person. An only son, to bear up his distinguished name, he was naturally the idol of his father, as well as of two maiden sisters of rare accomplishments. His father remained in Plymouth, isolated among his whig relations, and deprived, by the disasters of the times and the approaching conflict, of every means of support, although accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth.

In the year 1776, the British held occupation of the island of Rhode Island. The son was there, in the capacity of aid to the Commander-in-Chief. His heart bled for the fate of kindred reduced to indigence in the midst of enemies. His parents and sisters felt the keenest anguish from their separation. The father and a sister came to Providence in June, '78, and solicited me, a mere youth, (so depressed was their condition,) to intercede with General Sullivan, then in command at Providence, and obtain permission for him to have an interview with his son, upon one of the islands in Narraganset Bay. The chance of success appeared to me hopeless, but I plead in the cause of humanity with all the eloquence I possessed—first

with Mr. Brown, to intercede with Sullivan; then with his aids, with whom I was familiar; and ultimately, I approached the General himself, and had the good fortune to prevail.

A flag was despatched to Newport with an open letter, from the father to the son, appointing the time and place for the proposed interview. The place was the south end of Providence Island. Lieut. Coleman, of the Virginia Artillery, a gallant soldier, who was killed at the battle of Camden, under Gates, was designated to escort the father; and, at his solicitation, I accompanied them. Sullivan exacted a pledge of honor from Mr. Winslow, that he would make to his son no communications of a public nature.

We embarked in a cartel boat, at Greenwich. As the place appointed was nearly equi-distant from Newport and Greenwich, it was understood that the two boats should start at the same time. The father, sister, Coleman and myself, with five oarsmen and a cockswain, occupied one boat. We hardly opened the bay, with an uninterrupted view towards Newport, where there was a forest of British masts, when we discovered a speck upon the water, which Coleman, with the aid of a glass, pronounced a boat. On this announcement, the father became deeply agitated: tears of joy rolled down his furrowed cheeks. The daughter was equally excited. We descended rapidly with the tide and our oars.

The boat, containing a charge so precious to my relatives, approached nearer and nearer, each boat directed to the same point. A doubt no longer existed. We landed some minutes before the other boat reached the shore. The son rose in the stern, and waved a white handkerchief. At this sight, Mr. Winslow and the daughter darted towards the shore, and the former would have rushed into the water, had not Coleman restrained his impetuosity. Oh! had I the pen of Sterne to portray this pathetic scene! but words recede from my feeble pen. When the boat had reached within ten feet of the shore, the son stood braced in the bow, prepared for a spring, and, in another moment, leaped half-leg deep into the sea. The three were in an instant entwined in one impassioned embrace, and in deep silence.

The highest-toned feelings of the human heart were stretched to the utmost tension, and overtasked nature seemed exhausted. The spectacle was too sacred and affecting to be gazed upon, and Coleman seemed to forget his duty in not witnessing the interview. We walked aside, in silence and respect, while the boats hauled off shore to a little distance.

On our return to Greenwich, we spent part of the day with other victims of this destructive civil war, the beautiful young widow and two children of Lieut. Rennels. She was an Irish lady, in the bloom of youth, prostrated by grief and melancholy. Her husband, an officer in Burgoyne's army, was killed in the battle at Bemis' Heights; while she, in company with Lady Harriet Ackland and other ladies, was protected in a cellar. The event has been pathetically described by the classic pen of Burgoyne.

From the period of the above interview until 1779, I was the medium through which Edward sent supplies to his father. I was much blamed by my whig relatives for my intercourse with them, but they were ever deeply grateful. They died refugees in Nova-Scotia.

France having acknowledged our independence, and embarked energetically in the war, all America was rejoiced and animated at the appearance of a French fleet of twelve sail-of-the-line, commanded by Count D'Estaing, off Sandy Hook, in the summer of 1778. In co-operation with Washington, an attack upon New-York was supposed to be their object. In a few days, however, we were surprised by the approach of a detachment of 1,500 men from Washington's army, to Providence, where General Sullivan then commanded. Suddenly the French fleet appeared off Newport; one or two British frigates were burnt, and the residue of the British fleet sought refuge in the harbor. At once, the whole country was all bustle and activity. The militia came pouring in from every quarter.

Newport was the point upon which the storm was to fall, and all supposed that the Royal army, of six thousand veterans, on Rhode Island, and the British fleet, were within our grasp. The American army was principally assembled at Tiverton,

opposite Rhode Island. Our Providence companies, with which I had again mustered, also marched to that point.

The army crossed over to the island, and amounted to about 10,000 men. Sullivan was an intrepid, although unfortunate officer. Generals Greene and La Fayette were also in command on the occasion. John Hancock was likewise present, in command of the Massachusetts militia. James Otis, a martyr to the cause of liberty, was there a strolling lunatic about the camp. The great and fervid mind, that first grasped the idea of independence, was then a melancholy ruin.

As I do not design to write a history of the siege, I shall merely trace the outline of events. The British retreated, and our army regularly invested the town. General Sullivan received daily assurances that D'Estaing would enter the harbor, and land 3,000 troops, to co-operate with the American forces. The surrender of the British army seemed inevitable. Lord Howe, in the interim, appeared off the harbor with an inferior fleet, and D'Estaing pursued him out to sea, for the purpose of bringing him to action. On the ensuing day, there occurred one of the most terrific storms ever known at the season in this latitude. Both fleets were disabled and scattered. The French fleet gradually re-assembled at their former position. The ships were promptly repaired, and then, instead of prosecuting the siege, sailed for Boston, leaving the army to its fate. Sullivan remonstrated in violent terms, and La Fayette advanced every argument, and urged every expostulation, but the decision of the council of officers, convened by D'Estaing, was irrevocable. Had we been attacked at this moment of dejection and disorganization, with vigor and promptitude by the enemy, the capture of our whole army was almost assured to them. An immediate retreat was ordered—the British pursued, and an engagement took place near Quaker Hill. Our company was posted behind a stone wall, and attacked by a corps of Hessians. After a sharp action, the British withdrew, and during the night we effected our retreat to the main land, without the loss of our cannon or baggage. Our retreat was

most opportune, as General Clinton arrived the day after with 4,000 men, and a formidable fleet.

On the 22d of January, 1779, I attained the age of twenty-one, with the wide world before me, and having been deeply disappointed in the expectations I had formed in respect to my establishment in life, I was induced to embrace proposals made to me by Mr. Brown and others, to proceed to France, in association with them.

I engaged my passage on board the Mercury packet, Capt. Sampson.* This vessel had been built at Plymouth for the government, and was constructed for rapid sailing, being only seventy tons burthen, and expressly to carry dispatches to Europe. She had been manned at Plymouth, and a part of her crew were unfortunate schoolmates and companions of my youth. The position and prospects of several, in boyhood, had been equal to my own. Such, however, is the inscrutable dispensations of Providence. Men arise and disappear upon the stage of life, possessing the same original advantages, and yet how diversified their destiny! Could society, by a Divine decree, be placed on a perfect equality of position, and even talenst, the succeeding generation would present as varied an aspect in their condition, as the tints of the rainbow.

* The following year, Henry Laurens, President of Congress, was going out in the "Mercury," as secret emissary to Holland, when she was captured by a British frigate. Mr. Laurens threw his dispatches overboard. The act was seen, however, by an intrepid British sailor, who sprang into the sea from the frigate, and secured the papers. All our affairs with Holland were thus developed, and in consequence England declared war.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sail for Europe — St. George's Banks — Porpoises — Whales — Take a Dolphin — France — St. Martin's — Isle De Rhè — Manners — La Rochelle — French Vehicle — Postillion — La Vendee — Nantes — Horse Patrole — Safety in Travelling — Amiens — Angers — Beggars — Peasantry — Versailles — Lanterns — Paris.

On the 4th of August, 1779, we embarked on board the packet, and fell down to Nantasket roads. My fellow-passengers were Major Knox, brother to General Knox, an English and an Irish gentleman.

The French frigate "La Sensible," from Brest, having on board John Adams, and the first French ambassador to the young republic, Mr. Gerard, had dropped anchor about an hour before. We went on board to receive their commands for France.

At dawn the next morning we weighed anchor, and stood out to sea. The mighty ocean spread out before us, and the blue hills of Dorchester, and the numerous steeples of Boston gradually sinking in the horizon. Sailing within sight of my native village, this morning, my eyes were riveted to the spot until the faintest glimpse was lost. Adieu, my native shore, adieu!

The whole day, all hands were employed in clearing ship and stowing away spars and boats.

Although deadly sea-sick, I was delighted with the rapid flight of our little "Mercury" across the waves, with all our sails displayed. Some hump-backed whales appeared, and numerous shoals of porpoises were gamboling and playing about our bows.

The second day after our departure, we were off St. George's Bank, in a perfect calm. The sea was hushed and placid. We saw distant vessels with their sails flapping against the masts. This bank extends about fifty leagues. The

Gulf Stream sets rapidly across it; and undoubtedly creates the formation, by the deposit of sand, scooped out of the shores of tropical regions, which it bears in its current to this place. The cod fisheries on these banks have been, since the earliest settlement of New-England, an unfailing source of wealth to her enterprising sons.

At dawn, on the 8th of August, we discovered ourselves within a league of a British frigate, bearing down upon us. We instantly wore ship, and the wind rising with the sun, the little Mercury soon darted away from her pursuer. The frigate then fired a gun to the leeward, in token of friendship, but as there was no trusting to professions of this character, in those depraved days, we kept our course. She continued the chase for several hours, but at length we ran her out of sight. This evening the western sky exhibited a most beautiful and gorgeous illumination. The variegated and vivid tints of the gold-edged clouds, could be adequately copied by no human hand. This lovely display of Almighty power was deeply impressed on my mind, and remained, like the recollection of a highly brilliant picture, but infinitely beyond its influence. Sailing under a brisk breeze by moonlight, and our vessel laying low in the water, a flying-fish flew over our bows upon deck.

In a dead calm, we were amused by the appearances of porpoises and large whales, coming from the "vasty deep," spouting up floods of water. Suddenly, a school of dolphins appeared under our stern. Nothing can exceed the beauty of their fanciful and changeable colors, when the bright sun-beams play upon them in the water. I succeeded in taking one, but as soon as he left his native element, the beautiful coloring, in a measure, disappeared.

The dolphin is pronounced by sailors generally, to be poisonous, yet we had my prize cooked with some precautions, and found him a sumptuous feast.

Off the Western Islands, we were again chased, in a rough sea and stiff gale. The result of the chase, for two hours, was very doubtful. Half the time we were almost under water.

At length the wind lulled, we changed our course, spread more canvas, and escaped. We experienced a severe gale in entering, as we supposed, the Bay of Biscay. It was the first time I had witnessed a storm at sea. I crawled up the companion-way to behold the sublime, yet terrible scene. We were quite snug—our spars well lashed. Our little Mercury sinking into the deep abyss, and mounting the white, curling waves, with ease and grace, seemed to bid defiance to the vast watery mountains, which every moment threatened to overwhelm her. We surmounted the gale without injury.

The following morning we saw land-birds, observed grape-vines floating in the sea—the color of the water changed. All these indicating our approach to land.

September 3d, a strong westerly wind wafted us, during the night, rapidly towards the coast of France, and at the earliest dawn, the man aloft cried out "land." The most delightful sound a poor landsman can hear.

We all hastened upon deck, when, to our utter dismay, the same man sung out, "A fleet a-head!" We at once prepared to surrender ourselves prisoners of war, and secreted our valuable papers about our persons. Soon after, however, as the day advanced, he again cried out, "A city ahead, with steeples, and no fleet,"—to our inexpressible comfort.

As the sun arose, we found ourselves nearing the coast of France; spires and domes in prospect, and no hostile cruisers in the offing. A pilot came on board, and we soon dropped anchor abreast of the walls of St. Martin, a city of the Isle de Rhè. Our waving stripes had attracted general attention, and the ramparts of the city, fronting the sea, was lined with citizens and soldiers. Our Consul, Mr. Craig, with several officers, came on board, our Captain and Maj. Knox receiving them in full *rebel* uniform.

We saw neither city nor port, until we approached the immense wall which guards the entrance of the harbor. Here making a sudden turn, we found ourselves in a fine artificial harbor, constructed of hewn stone, and crowded with vessels. We mounted a flight of steps, and through an archway ascend-

ed the quay, which was thronged by the populace, to see, as I afterwards understood, the North American savages; for such was the idea entertained of us by the mass of the French people. After a sail of twenty-nine days, I was standing on a quay in France. What a transition!

Our consul conducted us to call upon the governor, who resided in a splendid edifice, and who received us with great courtesy and respect; and introduced us to several swarthy, black-eyed French ladies, with richly-painted faces. For several hours I could scarcely walk, awkwardly lifting up one foot, and waiting for the motion of the vessel, and when seated at the governor's, it appeared as if the house was at sea. The refreshing fragrancy of the land soon restored my equilibrium, and dispelled from my mind the miseries of a floating prison, and the constant apprehension of a real one.

We strolled through the city with Mr. Craig, gazed at by the crowd, and followed by boys, from street to street. My own entire thoughts and attention were absorbed by the novelties around me: new faces—new objects—strange customs and language.

The clattering of wooden shoes along the pavement, the jackasses, young ladies astride of mules, cantering through the streets, and the appeals at every corner, "La Charité,"—were all spectacles new and strange to my untravelled eye. At our consul's we were feasted with delicious fruits and dainties—being treated with that kind of politeness so characteristic of the French.

Our destination had been Nantes, but having in charge despatches of the utmost importance to the French Government, and our ambassador, Dr. Franklin, then at Passy, the governor advised us to proceed by land.

The Isle de Rhè is a small island, nine miles by three, and is principally devoted to the grape culture—from which is made annually between 20 and 30,000 tons of wine, and between 3 and 4,000 pipes of brandy. It contains about 22,000 inhabitants. The citadel forms a square of spacious buildings, constructed of hewn stone. In the centre of the parade of St.

Martin's is a colossal statue of Louis XV., on horseback. Between 30 and 40,000 tons of dirty salt is manufactured on the island, from sea-water by evaporation.

We found four mules at our consul's door, on which we mounted, and trotted briskly over the pavements of St. Martin's, our ears constantly assailed by the cry of "Voila les braves Bostonès," (there go the brave Bostonians,) from the populace. The appellation of Bostonians, Mr. Craig informed me, is given generally, throughout France, to the American Insurgents. The insurrection having commenced in Boston, they confound the whole nation with that city.

We proceeded across the island, in the midst of vineyards of ripe grapes, hanging in delicious clusters, to the very edge of the roads; there being no fences or ditches intervening. The ferry is on the south side of the island. Our consul kindly accompanied us to Rochelle, six miles from St. Martin's. Near the ferry we viewed the venerable old Fort La Prée, where the Duke of Buckingham was defeated in 1627, after an unsuccessful attempt on Rochelle.

We embarked on board of a long gabbone, with a half-deck, and about thirty passengers. Soon after embarking we were attacked by a furious thunder-squall and tempest of rain, which drove us all, for shelter, under deck. The women screamed—the children squalled—and a Roman Catholic priest, (an Irishman,) swore most furiously in English.

After a passage of six miles across the bay, we doubled around a point of land, and were at once in still water. The squall subsided, and all was well. Thus it is often in the magic scenes of life. We passed two venerable castles at the entrance of the harbor. The news of the arrival of the "Bostonès" at St. Martin's had preceded us, and we were soon surrounded by a throng of people, anxious to see the new allies of France. Rochelle is a very old city. The streets are narrow and dirty. The houses are built of hewn stone, four and five stories high, with each story projecting over the other. The upper stories approach so near as to darken the narrow streets, and almost exclude the rays of the sun.

I occupied my first French bed in this city, and was surprised to see the immense profusion of feathers—bed accumulated on bed. It was not without an effort that I reached the soft summit.

Rochelle was a strong-hold of the Huguenots of France, who here sustained a siege of thirteen months, against the whole power of Cardinal Richelieu, in 1628. The Edict of Nantes, which had been granted by the great Henry, and conferred upon those Huguenots their civil immunities, was revoked by Louis XIV. in 1685. To this event, and the persecutions which preceded it, America was indebted for many valuable emigrants; who fleeing from oppression in the Old World, carried those sentiments of liberty to the New, which are now receiving their full fruition.

Early in the morning of the 6th Sept., we were stowed away, one before the other, in a vehicle of the most awkward and heavy construction. It was supported on two wheels, almost as large as ox-cart wheels in America, and drawn by three horses abreast, one supporting the shaft. The postillion was mounted upon a little bidét, and wore monstrous boots, hooped with iron. His hair was powdered and frizzed, with a long queue hanging down his shoulders. An old cocked hat, which had been once laced, and a short coatee, completed his attire. Thus arranged and conducted, we rattled through the narrow streets of La Rochelle, and soon were galloping, for the first time, along his Most Christian Majesty's highway. The postillion, cracking his whip, merrily singing, and politely accosting all we met, seemed perfectly devoid of care.

From La Rochelle to Nantes is one hundred and five miles. In that distance we exchanged horses nine times, making from six to fifteen miles each stage or relay. This region is the La Vendee, whose population was nearly exterminated by the civil war of the French Revolution. A gentleman, who passed through the country a year after the war terminated, assured me that the villages were literally without inhabitants; and that the unburied bodies of men and horses strewed the fields. We passed several villages, and two or three large towns in our route.

The country is occasionally hilly, with now and then a marsh on the seaboard; but, generally, is a wide and beautiful champaign. We found the tavern affording very indifferent fare, with the exception of delicious fruit. Each traveller, I noticed, was obliged to supply his own knife.

The postillions have little mercy on their horses, rattling up hill and down, reckless of consequences. In going down rather a steep descent at this rate, our shaft-horse fell with great violence, breaking one of the shafts in the fall. The postillion, boots and all, were dragged down with him, and I was enabled to perceive the great advantage of this uncouth contrivance; for he drew out his legs, perfectly uninjured, leaving his boots in the midst of the wreck. I was told a pair of these boots, with the long spurs attached, weigh about thirty pounds. We were compelled to trudge on a-foot. The afternoon, however, was delightful; and we were regaled on the road by the sweet music of birds, and helped ourselves to the luscious grapes, clustering on the wayside. Our misfortune compelled us to stop at a miserable "auberge," in the little village of Chantenay. Just as we were preparing for bed, several officers arrived. The landlord soon rushing into our room in apparent agitation, addressed himself to the Major. The result was, that although dark and raining, we must immediately proceed on, or risk the chance of detention, as a Seigneur had sent an express to detain all the horses. There was no reasoning the matter of right, as we do in America; but yield we must, to his Excellency. My companions were inclined to submit to this dictation, and we decamped, leaving our beds to the officers. We heard no more of the Seigneur, till some time after, we understood these officers boasted how adroitly they had out-manœuvred the American savages.

The country, as we approached Nantes, was in a high state of improvement. The roads were adorned with venerable ornamental trees. We rode through the dirty streets of the suburbs for a mile, and then the river and city suddenly burst upon our view, with the stone bridges over the Loire, and its branches, the shipping in the harbor, and a fleet of lighter ves-

sels pressing up the river. We traversed a bridge near the Exchange, where I saw a crowd of merchants, collected under the shade of some beautiful trees. The same evening I made an arrangement to proceed to Paris the succeeding morning, with my dispatches, accompanied by an interpreter.

Sept. 9th. Left Nantes, and, in conformity with the usual custom in France, we provided ourselves with provisions and wine for our journey. The carriages were so arranged as to enable the passengers to sleep with considerable comfort, who are thus enabled to travel night and day. This custom, probably, originated from the wretched accommodations formerly found upon the road.

The highways in France were everywhere patrolled, night and day, by numerous companies of armed horsemen. Robberies were, therefore, extremely uncommon; and even baggage, and small articles left in the carriage over night, were comparatively secure. This immunity from petty thefts was owing, in a great degree, to the restraints imposed on the bigoted populace by the influence of their monthly confessionals. I was delighted, as we galloped through the city, with the appearance of the Loire, the bustle of active commerce, and the elegance of large white stone edifices, occupying the islands, which are embraced in the city, and situated on the public squares.

Late in the evening we reached Ancenis, a considerable town, of 5,000 inhabitants, situated on the borders of the Loire. The next day we passed over hills, through vales, enlivened by numerous herds of fine cattle, and through many considerable villages, to the great city of Angers, containing a population of 60,000, who were engaged in extensive manufactures, especially that of sail-duck, for the royal navy. We travelled the two succeeding days 213 miles, and on the third, at noon, Sept. 12th, I entered the city of Paris, the capital of the world, as the Parisians assert.

The roads were excellent, ornamented near the towns by vistas of trees. From La Fleche to La Loupe, a distance of 90 miles, the country is generally hilly, its principal productions wheat and grapes. The pastures are luxuriant in the valleys,

and animate with cattle; while the eminences are whitened with coarse woolled sheep, of an inferior quality.

From Dreux to Paris, a distance of fifty miles, the roads are paved. The country is beautiful and luxuriant. Venerable Roman towers—Gothic cathedrals—noblemen's seats—and flourishing towns and villages, all conspired to give animation and interest to our journey. Yet, the universal and disgusting prevalence of street-beggary was in strange, though strong contrast, with all this magnificence and apparent prosperity. Every village and town swarmed with vociferous beggars. Every hill seemed occupied with its droves of paupers and vagrants, ready to assail the traveller as he ascends it. I am astonished, that a people so full of expedients as the French, have not devised some system to correct this burning shame to their national character. At a small village, we passed in the afternoon, I found myself in the midst of a little host of dwarf beggars, in rags, and most loathsome in their appearance, all demanding, in a vociferous chorus, "La Charité, La Charité! au nom de Dieu!" and, with tattered hats and caps, pressing up to my very face.

The labor of the field was performed by a degraded and ignorant peasantry, the tenants of the nobles and the clergy, who held two-thirds of the soil of France.

At Versailles, the approach to which is distinguished by a highly-cultivated country and delightful roads, we passed the magnificent palace of the king—entered the public square through a gate of the city—changed horses, and pushed forward to the capital.

This being the last stage, and in the track of royalty, was called the post-royal, and, in consequence, we had to pay double fare, but were compensated by having a postillion dressed like a gentleman, with an uncommonly long queue, and his hair frizzed and powdered, nay, perfumed.

The road from Versailles to Paris, a distance of twelve miles, was superb—spacious—well-paved,—ornamented with avenues of trees, and lighted by large lamps, suspended over the centre of the road, with double reflectors, casting a strong

light in both directions. The road was all animation, thronged with foot passengers and carriages of every description. We rode along the banks of the Seine, in approaching Paris, and were stopped at the barrier, and our baggage inspected.

The first object which fixed my attention, was a statue of Louis XIV. Next, I was attracted by the superb royal gardens—the Tuilleries—near which we crossed the river on the Pont Neuf, opposite the Louvre, and were soon landed at the Hotel d'York, Fauxbourg St. Germain.

CHAPTER IX.

Dr. Franklin—Count De Vergennes—King and Queen—French Dinner and Manners—Paris—Gates—Police—Manufactures—Louvre—Dr. Franklin's Standing and Influence—Notre Dame—St. Germain's—Marlie—St. Cloud's—Elysian Fields—City of Orleans—Paved Road—Vineyards—Peasantry—Forest—Fuel of France—Canals—Orleans—Burgundy—Languedoc—Blois—Illumination—Grand Causeway—Night Travelling—Roman Work—Tours—Angers.

Immediately after shaking off the dust of travel, I proceeded with my dispatches to Dr. Franklin, at Passy. I was delighted to come into contact with this great man, of whom I had heard familiarly from my cradle.*

At his request, I repaired to the Count De Vergennes, Prime Minister of France, with the dispatches, bearing a line of introduction from Dr. Franklin. I was received by that accomplished statesman with great civility. Having taken a bird's-eye view of the splendid palace and gardens of Versailles, I expressed a wish to the Count's Secretary, to see the Royal family; he accompanied me to the Royal Chapel, where they were about to engage in the performance of religious exercises. We entered into the body of a middle-sized, but most magnificent church, by a door facing the gallery, in the midst of an audience, all standing. Soon after, the King and Queen entered the gallery by a side door, and seated themselves in front, under a rich canopy. On their entrance, the music resounded, and High Mass forthwith was performed. They both appeared absorbed in the religious solemnities.

The King's person was somewhat robust, with a full face, Roman nose, and placid countenance. The Queen had an elegant

* His image is vividly impressed on my mind, and is well delineated in Trumbull's picture of the Declaration of Independence. (1820.)

person, a fine figure, and imposing aspect, and florid complexion, with bright grey eyes, full of expression,

The ensuing day, I returned to Passy, to dine, by invitation, with Dr. Franklin. At the hour of dinner, he conducted me across a spacious garden of several acres, to the princely residence of M. Le Ray de Chaumont.* This was the first occasion of my dining in a private circle in Europe, and being still in my American style of dress, and ignorant of the French language, and prepared for extreme ceremony, I felt exceedingly embarrassed.

We entered a spacious room, I following the Doctor, where several well-dressed persons (to my unsophisticated American eyes gentlemen) bowed to us profoundly. These were servants. A folding-door opened at our approach, and presented to my view a brilliant assembly, who all greeted the wise old man in the most cordial and affectionate manner. He introduced me as a young American just arrived. One of the young ladies approached him with the familiarity of a daughter, tapped him kindly on the cheek, and called him "Pa-pa Franklin."

I was enraptured with the ease and freedom exhibited in the table intercourse in France. Instead of the cold ceremony and formal compliments, to which I have been accustomed on such occasions, here all appeared at ease, and well sustained. Some were amusing themselves with music, others in singing. Some were waltzing, and others gathered in little groups, in conversation. At the table, the ladies and gentlemen were mingled together, and joined in cheerful conversation, each selecting the delicacies of various courses, and drinking of delicious light wines, but with neither toasts nor healths.

The lady of the house, instead of bearing the burden and inconvenience of superintending the duties of the table, here participates alike with others in its enjoyment. No gentlemen, I

* The son of this opulent French gentleman, bearing his name, is now a distinguished citizen of Jefferson county, N. Y., and the patriotic President of its Agricultural Society. (1831.)

was told, would be tolerated in France, in monopolizing the conversation of the table, in discussions of politics or religion, as is frequently the case in America. A cup of coffee ordinarily terminates the dinner.

I trust that our alliance and intercourse with France may enable us, as a nation, to shake off the leading-strings of Britain—the English sternness and formality of manner, retaining, however, sufficient of their gravity, to produce, with French ease and elegance, a happy compound of national character and manners, yet to be modeled. The influence of this alliance will tend to remove the deep prejudice against France.

I remained in Paris fourteen days. Were I to detail all my adventures—the strange sights I saw, and my reflections in comparing the customs and aspect of France and America, I should occupy too much space. I shall condense from the mass of my journals, a few remarks illustrating my observations during that interesting period.

Paris was then about six miles in circumference, nearly forming a circle, and bisected by the Seine. It is happily situated in a temperate climate, and in the heart of a fertile country, richly cultivated. It has a water communication with the sea by the canal of Orleans, and the river Loire. The Seine is navigable by large boats, to Havre-de-Grace on the British Channel. The city is built of hewn stone, and contained about twenty-six thousand houses, from four to seven stories high, and eight hundred thousand inhabitants.

At every entrance to the city, there was a gate, where carriages entering were inspected. A guard of eight hundred Swiss patrole the city night and day. The admirable organization of the police of Paris, was the astonishment of all Europe. Thefts are detected, and stolen goods recovered, in a manner that is incredible. The late Chancellor Livingston informed me, that either himself or a friend, lost a watch, and left its number and description with the police. It was restored to him by the police, after a delay of eight months, the watch having been traced to Rome.

The manufactures of Paris were extensive. That of tapestry unequalled in the world. The fabrics of Paris were generally of the lighter and more costly kinds—as satins, velvets, ribbons, &c.

This immense city, having no maritime commerce, derives most of its wealth and support from its political consequence.

Having no business to occupy my time during the few precious days whilst I was delayed for the dispatches to be conveyed to the "Mercury," which lay at Nantes awaiting them, I took in pay a *respectable* servant, dressed like a gentleman, and also a carriage in accordance with the custom of the place, and devoted every hour to the examination of objects of interest in and about Paris. In the contemplation of these new and attractive scenes, I was constantly bewildered in astonishment and admiration.

The first morning after this arrangement, I found my reception room occupied by several men. I at once supposed them to be of the police, and whilst I was ruminating as to the probable occasion of the visit, a portly *gentleman* advanced, and drawing a tailor's measure from his pocket, unravelled the mystery. They were mechanics, introduced by the agency of Monsieur Blanchard, my servant, who doubtless participated in the contributions thus levied on my pockets.

Among the public buildings I examined at Paris, with interest, the Louvre was conspicuous. It was erected by Louis XIV., and faces the Tuilleries on one side, and the Seine at the Pont Neuf. It is a most magnificent pile of buildings, forming a large square.

In a gallery of paintings in the Louvre, I was much gratified in perceiving the portrait of Franklin near those of the King and Queen, placed there as a mark of distinguished respect and, as was understood, in conformity with royal directions. Few foreigners have been presented to the Court of St. Cloud who have acquired so much popularity and influence as Dr. Franklin. I have seen the populace attending his carriage in the manner they followed the King's. His venerable figure, the

ease of his manners, formed in an intercourse of fifty years with the world, his benevolent countenance, and his fame as a philosopher, all tended to excite love, and to command influence and respect. He had attained, by the exercise of these qualities, a powerful interest in the feelings of the beautiful Queen of France. She, at that time, held a strong political influence. The exercise of that influence, adroitly directed by Franklin, tended to produce the acknowledgment of our Independence, and the subsequent efficient measures pursued by France in its support.

The old Gothic Church of Notre Dame is an object of strong interest. It has braved the storms of nature, and the rageof wars, for centuries. It is about four hundred feet long. Its painted windows, of immense size, and the superb decoration of the altar, excited my strongest admiration. A spacious gallery surrounds this noble edifice, supported by one hundred and eight fluted columns of marble. We ascended to the summit of one of the towers, where I had a commanding view of all Paris; the vast population of the city, that thronged the streets, in all their pride, ambition, and pomp. seemed like the merest pigmies.

I carefully examined all the public edifices of Paris; but they have been so often and so elaborately described, that I have concluded not to transcribe from my journals the minute descriptions they contain. The "Hospital des Invalides" is an imposing structure, and deeply interests the benevolent feelings of the heart. It is one of the noblest monuments of the reign of "Louis le Grand." It occupies an open space fronting the Seine. One of the most splendid churches of Paris is devoted to the invalids. Several buildings, forming five squares, are appropriated to the soldiers, and an equal number, of larger dimensions, to the officers. At this asylum 3,200 invalids were then quartered, in comfort and repose. I spent half a day in viewing superb paintings, commemorative of the wars and battles of Louis, and the beautiful marble ornaments, with the paintings in the dome of the church. The Sarbonne contains Cardinal Richelieu's celebrated monument, represent-

ing him in a sitting posture, with figures, as large as life, one supporting him and the other reclining at his feet—executed in the most exquisite style, from a solid block of dark grey marble.

The garden of the Tuilleries is an extensive public promenade, or garden, laid out parallel with the river, and fronting the palace of the Tuilleries. Next to the palace is situated a large flower-garden, embellished by small circular ponds—jets d'eau in full play—various statues of white marble—spacious gravel walks, and ornamented by venerable forest trees, which afford a delightful resort to all Paris.

I often attended the theatre. Having seen no other, I can make no comparisons. Doctor Franklin, however, assured me that the English excel in tragedy, whilst the French surpass them in the opera, comedy, farce, and pantomime. The populace of Paris could hardly exist without the resource of the theatre, to beguile the long winter evenings. When I had become able to observe and understand the gross double *entendre* and shameful indecencies, which characterized their performances, I confess they shocked my American modesty; and I deeply wonder that a refined woman should permit herself to hear and witness such revolting spectacles. Custom, however, disguises and tolerates all things.

The "Palais Royal," belonging to the Duc de Chartres, of the Royal family, was but a mass of moral corruption. The magnificent garden was a public walk, and the splendid galleries of paintings were the chief attractions. I saw one large piece, representing the Descent from the Cross, which an English nobleman offered to cover with guineas, as its price, and was refused by the Duc. The Luxembourg was one of the most gorgeous and magnificent structures in Paris.

At Marly I examined the once favorite palace of Louis XIV. The walls were ornamented with the rich tapestry of the Goblins, representing, in bright colors, the feats of Don Quixote. At this place existed the complicated and heavy machinery for forcing the water of the Seine up a hill, into an aqueduct, carrying it seven hundred feet, over a valley, supported by thirty-

nine arches, which conducts it towards Versailles. The gardens of Marly are very spacious, situated between two hills, the sides of which appear to be covered with natural shrubbery and groves. In these groves, as well as in the garden, are cascades, fountains, and statues. The artificial cascades are very beautiful and magnificent.

Having been invited to the wedding of Mr. Williams, our American Agent at Nantes, and, I think, the nephew of Doct. Franklin, which was to be celebrated at St. Germain's, twelve miles from Paris, I proceeded to Passy on foot, to accompany the ambassador, on the occasion. He was entering his carriage in the courtyard when I arrived, and Mr. Williams and myself were supplied with saddle-horses from his stables. Our route led us by the Madrid Palace, (the residence of Francis I., after his return from Spain,) and through the beautiful forest of the "Bois du Boulogne." We crossed the Seine by a fine stone bridge, and traversed a long stretch of woodland, where the king often hunts; and, after ascending, by a paved road, up a steep acclivity, from whence we commanded a most enchanting view, we reached the residence of Mr. Alexander, the father of the bride, at St. Germain's. Here I dined with Dr. Franklin, the Mayor of Nantes, and other distinguished guests; and after dinner visited the palace, long the residence of James II., in his exile, and a favorite retreat of Louis XIV., as well as of the present royal family. The gardens are magnificent; and the noblest promenade in Europe, probably, is on the grand terrace, upon the summit of the hill. The river Seine meanders at the base of the mountain. Five thousand acres of woodland spreads along the valley, studded here and there with villages. Mr. Alexander was formerly an eminent banker in Scotland; a man of distinguished talents, and on terms of intimacy with Dr. Franklin. He was regarded here as a secret emissary of the British Government.

The Sunday following I again dined with Dr. Franklin, in a numerous mixed company of Americans, and literary and military men of France: all equally admiring this wonderful man —eminent almost equally as a statesman and a philosopher.

After dinner I proceeded, with the young gentlemen, to the highly-celebrated gardens and palace of St. Cloud. They are near the Seine, and belonged to the Duke of Orleans. There were many fine paintings in the galleries; but my attention was more directed to the beautiful garden, filled with cascades, jets d'eau from the mouths of animals, throwing it even to the tops of the lofty elms, and the broad alleys, filled with gay assemblages. On our return to Paris we passed the Elysian Fields, formed by four spacious avenues, through noble elms, and each thronged by the giddy population of Paris, embracing all ranks and conditions. Some were dancing in circles, indiscriminately mingled, to the music of the violin. Sunday was the hey-day of French enjoyment, a day of recreation and pleasure. In the morning they devoutly attended Mass, and devoted the rest of the day to the theatre, ball, and every other species of amusement.*

In the suburbs of Paris I was conducted into a subterranean labyrinth, the construction of which tradition imputes to the Romans, in their labors to obtain stone for building purposes. I wandered two hours by torch-light in this deep and dark abyss. Brilliant and sparkling petrefactions hung, like icicles, from the roof and sides.

Having received the despatches for America, both from Dr. Franklin and the French Government, I proceeded, Sept. 25th, 1779, on my return to Nantes, accompanied by my interpreter. By the advice of Dr. Franklin I returned by the way of Orleans, along the banks of the Loire, which he represented to be the most interesting and charming route in Europe.

The road from Paris to Orleans, a distance of ninety-four miles, was a continued pavement, formed by large blocks of stone. The country is level generally, and no trees or bushes intercepting the prospect, our view extended as far as the eye

* I have noticed a striking condescension and courtesy, of the rich and powerful in France, in their intercourse with the lower classes. Sailors, soldiers, and servants, appear to be on the most familiar terms with their officers and masters. These manners, undoubtedly, are formed by the warm and benevolent feelings of the French people.

could reach, over boundless vineyards and wheat fields. There being no fences along the road, the grapes hung in delicious clusters within our reach the whole day. This apparent liberality to the traveller, secures the interior of the vineyards from depredation. Would not the farmers of America be profited by adopting this wise and benevolent policy, and planting fruit-trees along the margin of the roads?

Over this extensive prospect, we saw the vineyards everywhere dotted with peasants, staggering under their loads of grapes, which they bear in large baskets upon their backs. The peasantry of France possess no property, and are but a little elevated above the condition of serfs. They live on "soup maigre," coarse black bread, and a small wine about equal to cider. Yet they are always cheerful, and sing and dance over the cares and troubles of life, with light hearts and half-filled stomachs.

The forest of Orleans contains the largest territory occupied as woodland, in the kingdom. It embraces about fifteen thousand acres, and belongs to the Duke of Orleans, who, it is said, realizes about $20,000 annually, from the sale of decaying wood. We rode through part of this forest, towards the close of the day, and I felt myself almost restored to the woodlands of America.

In France, wood is used for fuel, almost universally. The forests of the kingdom are under municipal regulation, so as to secure the growth of wood equal to the consumption of the country. The cuttings of the vineyards in the autumn, affords a considerable supply of fuel to the peasantry. Even in this glowing and rich region of France, I noticed the unmitigated prevalence of street beggars and vagrants.

Near Orleans, at the small village of Pont Morant, commences the Orleans canal, which connects the Seine with the Loire, by a water communication of thirty miles. Its construction began in 1675. It forms a junction with the Burgundy canal, near the town of Mont Garnis. The latter also connects the above mentioned rivers. In high water, fleets of large

boats ascend the Loire from Nantes, and proceed by the Orleans canal to Paris. Before seeing the canal, which was the first I ever examined, I had my attention turned to the subject of the French canals, by Dr. Franklin. In relation to the great canal of Languedoc, which unites the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean, he informed me that it was projected by Riquet, in 1661, and cost two millions of crowns; it is conveyed by aqueducts over deep valleys, and in one place is conducted along the side of a mountain, being supplied in its course by large reservoirs, constructed on the tops of the mountains. It passes through one mountain by an artificial tunnel of seven hundred and twenty feet. It is six hundred and thirty-nine feet high at the summit level, and descends towards the Mediterranean by a flight of forty-five locks. Having derived immense benefit from this stupendous work, the government (Dr. Franklin informed me) had in contemplation the construction of other similar works, at the close of the war.

Orleans was a large city, containing many elegant public and private buildings, but its streets were filthy, badly paved, and narrow. It was the great emporium of East and West Indian goods, and of wheat, wine, and brandy, for the Paris market. The principal manufactures of the city, are silk and woollen goods, and leather. Here occurred the wonderful events that illustrate the name of the Maid of Orleans. A monument, erected to her memory, occupies one of the public squares in this city, and bears an enthusiastic inscription.

Between Orleans and Blois, a distance of forty miles, the country is elevated and level. Occasionally, a beautiful view of the Loire, gemmed by its numerous islands, was displayed. The whole region was a continuous vineyard, whence legions of peasantry, old and young, male and female, were issuing, bearing their delicious burthens.

Blois is a celebrated and venerable city, standing on both banks of the Loire. It was then extensively engaged in the silk manufacture, and the exportation to Nantes of wines and brandies. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated

on account of the capture of Grenada by Count D'Estaing. Whilst detained at the door of the post-house, my interpreter dropped a hint to some of the bystanders, that I was a young "Bostonè," just arrived from North America. In afew moments I was surrounded by a crowd, gazing at me with great interest. So strong and universal was the feeling in France, excited by our Revolution. Some young women brought baskets loaded with delicious fruit, which they pressed upon me. After remaining at Blois part of the evening, to witness the illumination, we started by a bright moonlight, and in conformity to general custom, determined to travel all night. In addition to the fruit the kind girls had supplied us, we provided a few stores, and entered on the famous causeway (levee). We galloped the whole night along this wonderful artificial road, which is elevated from fifteen to thirty feet above the level of the adjacent meadows and river. It is designed for two carriages to go abreast, and extends one hundred and fifty miles parallel to the Loire, and on its very banks. On our right, we could see, by the bright moonlight, a valley of from a half to two miles wide, bounded by a range of undulating hills, their sides bespangled with lights from the cottages, and cultivated with wheat and interspersed with vineyards. The valleys are devoted to flax, hemp, and meadows.

Nothing could be more delightful than this journeying by moonlight, in a serene night. It was far more interesting than by day, although we were deprived of a view of distant objects. A large glass in front of our carriage, and two side glasses, afforded every convenience for observation. We often saw whole fleets of loaded shallops, with their broad sails, ascending the river before a light breeze, and half concealed by the mist. The moon, at the same time, shedding its quivering light on the surface of the river, the exhalations on the land obscuring our prospect, and rendering the objects indistinct, produced a pleasing and complicated scenery.

About six miles from the large city of Tours, I was surprised to see smoke issuing from the tops and sides of a chain of rocky hills, running parallel to the road, and people issuing

from doors at their base. Curiosity impelled me to stop and examine the mystery. We were conducted into the body of the hills, in several places, and found many apartments handsomely furnished, and in one instance, a church hewn out of the soft freestone. In some places we noticed rooms cut out of the hard rock. We were informed the excavations extended seven miles. Popular tradition ascribes this stupendous work to the Romans, who, it is supposed, constructed it as a depot and a refuge, if required. We remained at Tours only to provide a relay, and hurried along vine-clad hills, through villages, and in sight of venerable fortresses, ancient towns, and noblemen's seats, to Angers. There I found several gentlemen from Boston, acquiring the French language, and moving in the best circles. I reached Nantes on the 28th of September, and delivered my dispatches on board the "Mercury," which had been detained for them.

I determined to establish, in that city, a mercantile house, although sustained by few advantages, either of connection or capital, and almost ignorant of the French language. I invested the funds which had been intrusted to me in goods, and purchased an equal amount on my own credit, and was fortunate. The result was propitious. I also transmitted circulars to all the ports in America, in which I had formed personal acquaintances. Thus commenced my commercial career, which, in three years, enabled me to rear up an establishment equal to any in the city for respectability, and known throughout America and in Europe for the extent of our operations.

CHAPTER X.

Ancinis—Invasion of England—Importance of the American Revolution—Wedding—Wooden Shoes—Peasantry—Dancing—Degradation of the People—Effects of the Revolution—Musical taste—Taking the Veil—Letter from John Adams—Count D'Artois—Regal Hunting—Royal Privileges.

I DETERMINED, on a recovery from a severe sickness, in which, for many days, I had trembled upon the verge of eternity, to devote the winter to the study of the language, and for that purpose connected myself with the college at Ancinis, twenty-four miles from Nantes. My letters gave me intimate access to the first society of the city, and in consequence afforded me an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of the people.

I arrived at the college late in the night, and retired to my room, without even having an interview with the President. At an early hour, a professor entered my apartments, and commenced his first lesson in French. I was then conducted to the Refectory, where we had an excellent breakfast on bread and butter, white wine, meat, and onions. I was placed next the officers. They all crossed themselves, and regarded me, doubtless, as a forlorn heretic. The professors and students were unremitting in their efforts to promote my progress and comfort. In a few weeks I found myself rapidly advancing in the attainment of the language. A room, board, tuition, and washing, were supplied me at an annual charge only of about $150.

On my first arrival in France, the public mind was highly elated by the belief that a combined French and Spanish fleet of seventy-six sail, under D'Orvillier, was blockading the British fleet in Plymouth, and that sixty thousand troops had assembled in the vicinity of Havre, to co-operate with the fleet in the invasion of England. Under all these favorable aspects,

no one doubted but that the British fleet, at least, would be annihilated. But, alas! the Ardent, of sixty-four guns, was captured, and the combined fleet returned into Brest, with eight thousand of their crews sick. I confess my spirit of retaliation was gratified, in noticing in the English papers, accounts of the alarm excited by these movements on the coast of England, and of the inhabitants seeking security in the interior. Such spectacles of distress I had often witnessed in America, when the people were fleeing from the violence and cruelty of England's hireling armies. I formerly supposed that we attached too much importance to our revolution, in considering it the cause of man, and that it was preparing an asylum for the oppressed and persecuted of all nations; but the more I reflect, and the more I regard the opinions of older heads, the stronger my conviction becomes of the truth of this solemn and animating thought.

For two centuries, an ineffectual struggle has been maintained, to fasten upon some corner of Europe the principles of liberty, but the bayonets of a million of mercenaries have secured the thrones of European despots. Freedom, established and maintained in America, in a more liberal age, may diffuse her influence over Europe.

England has fairly rocked us out of her cradle, a sleeping infant; she may soon find us an armed giant. Should I live to the age prescribed to man, I have no doubt but I shall witness America standing in the first rank among the nations of the earth. Many of my countrymen dread the magnitude of the debt, the price of our independence. When, however, we cast our eyes upon the vast regions of the exuberant interior, that debt will dwindle into a shadow, compared with the avails of the millions of fertile acres, which have never yet been disturbed by a plough.

I accompanied our good Abbé to witness a country wedding. We entered the cottage at the verge of evening, and found the wooden-shoe gentry collected, and merrily dancing, and singing as a substitute for the violin, with light hearts and heavy heels. The Abbé and myself soon figured in the dan-

cing circle, composed of old and young, indiscriminately mixed. Madam bride in her sabots, or wooden shoes, was only distinguished by a boquet, which her swain, in great gallantry, placed over her heart. Their manner of dancing is much like that of the Indians of America, but more animated. We stamped around, hand-and-hand, all singing a dancing tune, advancing and retiring, and at the close of every cadence, giving a general yell, their wooden shoes clattering the while in concert.

After the dancing I was surrounded by the whole group, when they heard I was a "Bostonè," but they were greatly astonished, that although I had a head and tongue like their own, I could not talk French. The bridegroom led the bride through the crowd, and introduced her with "viola ma femme." I gave her a hearty American smack, which excited a shout of merriment from all, at finding, although dumb, I was not insensible, and they soon learned that in the discussion of their rustic viands, I could play a game of the knife and fork with the best of them. We remained dancing and laughing until midnight, as much amused as if I had spent the night in a "bon ton" circle at Versailles. Indeed, while dancing, I could not refrain from the mental inquiry—are not these humble and illiterate peasants to be envied rather than pitied? Philosophy would not hesitate to decide. If happiness depends upon freeness from care and buoyancy of heart, the French peasantry have the advantage of every other race. Ambition they have none; they aspire to nothing but what they possess. Their cottage, their wives and children, black bread, and the "petite vin du pays."

The ignorance and degradation of the peasants of France, deprived of the rights of freehold property, shut out from rank in the army and navy, living on the coarsest fare, and the mere slaves of a proud noblesse and corrupt clergy, must strike every liberal mind as the worst political feature of the institutions of France.*

* (1821.) Since that day, a revolution has passed over France, like a deluge of blood and woe, directed by the destroying angel, involving in one common

I have frequently observed, in private genteel circles, some one of the gentlemen playing on the violin, to a dancing circle, himself being one of the dancers; but I was truly delighted to see, at Chateuse, near Ancinis, an elegant young lady take up a violin and play to admiration, whilst she performed most gracefully in the dance. Almost every Frenchman is an adept at some musical instrument.

In my wanderings about the country, a friend conducted me on one occasion to the cottage of a peasant, who supported a family of seven persons, on his wages of only twelve sous (equal to twelve cents) per diem, and paid to his majesty twenty livres ($4) a year. They subsist on black bread and vegetables, and in carnival, once a year, enjoy a small portion of meat. Yet content and happiness marked the features of all.

Whilst at Ancinis I witnessed the ceremony of taking the veil. The process, and my own feelings in witnessing it, will be exhibited in the following extract from a letter written at the time, to my sister in America:—

"I was an eye-witness to a very solemn ceremony at the Convent yesterday—the admission of a nun. I was admitted into the Chapel, with many spectators, the parents and brothers of the girl among the number. In an adjoining gloomy, dark room, with a heavy arch, I saw through ponderous gratings, forty-three nuns, ranged in lines, each holding a lighted torch, and singing an anthem, that echoed through the vaulted rooms.

"After prayer, mass, &c., a new pupil—a fresh, beautiful young lady—came into the same apartment with the nuns, dressed in the most gaudy, fashionable style. The grating then rolled away by some invisible machinery, and the young lady was interrogated by a

ruin the Royal family, the Noblesse, and the Clergy. The dynasty of the Bourbons has been again imposed on France, by foreign bayonets. Still great good has resulted from the misery and violence of the Revolution. The throne is restricted, the nobility are humbled, the clergy are curtailed in their power and wealth, and the peasantry are elevated in their condition, and secured in their privileges. The light of education, to some extent, is diffused among them; they can become owners of the soil they till, and the liberal professions are opened to them. Who shall pronounce that the bloody ordeal of the Revolution has not left France elevated and improved?

priest, if she wished to renounce the world, and devote herself to Christ and the Blessed Virgin. She replied in the affirmative, and instantly disappeared. She soon after re-appeared, disrobed of her worldly habiliments, and dressed in the simple garb of a nun. She then made her solemn vows, and was admitted on probation.

"Her sister then presented herself in the dress of a nun, before the awful tribunal, having completed her probationary year, to take the vows for life. It was her choice, and her parents, with a crowd of relations, signed their approbation, which was witnessed on the records of the Convent, by myself with others. My God! is it possible! The unnatural approbation of a father and mother, to the burial of two charming daughters, in this gloomy retreat, is a violation of the laws of God and nature. After the performance of many religious rites, the last extended herself in the midst of the chapel, flat upon her face, and was then covered by two of the nuns, with a black pall, as if absolutely dead. In this position she remained half an hour, whilst the nuns addressed hymns to the Virgin Mary, recommending the new sister to her beneficence. She was then covered with a black veil, and led to the priest at the grating, where, bathed in tears, she took leave of her parents, and then the grating closed upon her—'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.' I found my sensibility severely tried, by this affecting and novel scene. In a word, I was most solemnly amused. A deep silence succeeded the ceremony, like the stillness of the grave."

I addressed a letter, while in Ancinis, to John Adams, at Paris, who had returned from America, requesting his advice and direction, in regard to my movements and course whilst in Europe. I soon received a reply, which is subjoined, which was the commencement of a long series of confidential intercourse, both personal and by letter, extending over a period of more than half a century, marked, on his part, with the warmest kindness and cordiality, and on mine, by the deepest veneration for his character and devoted patriotism.

"Paris, Hotel de Valois, Rue de Richelieu,
"April 30th, 1780.

"Sir:—

"Your letter of the 16th March I received yesterday. Your family I know well to be one of the most respectable in the county of Plymouth. Your father I had the honor to know well.

* * * * * * *

I know, too, that in ancient times (for I must speak to you like an old man) when the friends to the American cause were not so numerous, nor so determined as they are now, we always found your father firm and consistent as a friend to his country. This I knew for more than ten years before the war commenced, and, therefore, I have no difficulty in believing that he has been, since that period, uniformly strenuous in support of Independence.

"You tell me, Sir, you wish to cultivate your manners before you begin your travels, and since you have had so much confidence in me, as to write me on this occasion, permit me to take the liberty of advising you to cultivate the manners of your own country, not those of Europe. I don't mean by this, that you should put on a long face, never dance with the ladies, go to a play, or take a game of cards. But you may depend upon this, the more decisively you adhere to a manly simplicity in your dress, equipage and behavior, the more you will devote yourself to business and study, and the less to dissipation and pleasure—the more you will recommend yourself to every man and woman in this country, whose friendship and acquaintance is worth your gaining or wishing. There is an urbanity, without ostentation or extravagance, which will succeed everywhere, and at all times.

"You will excuse this freedom, on account of my friendship for your father, and consequently for you, and because I know that some young gentlemen have come to Europe with different sentiments, and consequently injured the character of their country at home and abroad.

"All Europe knows that it was American manners which have produced such great effects in that young and tender country. I shall be happy to meet you in Paris, and receive any intelligence from America.

"I am, &c.,

"JOHN ADAMS.

"MR. ELKANAH WATSON, ANCINIS."

In September, 1780, I accompanied my former ship captain, Sampson, to Paris, by the road I travelled on a former occasion. We noticed near Paris a novel mode of hunting. The Count D'Artois, with several royal bloods, we saw riding leisurely along, upon the neighboring hills, whilst a concourse of people were tracing the woods, and a line of soldiers firing away with as much industry as if in pursuit of an enemy in ambush, in-

stead of shooting hares and partridges, starting up on every side. I observed formerly, that partridges were almost as tame as domestic fowls in the vicinity of Paris. The galleys are the doom of any, except those of the blood royal, who shoots one, even on the highway. Blessed America! there we know no nobles but the nobles of nature.

CHAPTER XI.

Rennes—Moreau—Customs—Fashionable Dinner—Tom Paine—Contest with a Priest—Louis Littlepage—Journey to Paris—Country Curé—Monks of La Trappe—Mrs. Wright—Franklin's Head—Anecdotes.

The winter of 1780-81 I passed in the city of Rennes, perfecting myself in my French. It contained a population of about sixty thousand. As I was the first American who had visited Rennes, the popular curiosity to see me was inconceivable, and I was subsequently assured, by the most intelligent and refined circles, that they had difficulty in detaching the idea of a savage from a North American. I had repeatedly noticed the prevalence of this ignorance in France, of the condition of America, and the character of Americans. When I went to Ancinis, I arrived at the College at night, and retired to my room without having an interview with the officers. Early in the morning, many of the students entered my room, and supposing me asleep, cautiously, one after another, approached my bed, and drawing aside the curtain, gazed at me. I afterwards understood, that hearing an American had arrived at the College, an impression at once prevailed that I was an American Indian. The lady of the Procureur of Rennes frankly said to me, that she was greatly surprised when I was introduced to her, as she had supposed the North Americans to be "une espéce du sauvage."

Rennes was the capital of Brittany, and the seat of the Provincial Parliament. Brittany having been united by treaty to France, retained higher privileges, guaranteed in its cession, than any other province of France. The Parliament was elected by the people, and had alone the power of levying taxes. The King made his requisition, which may, or may not have been registered by the Parliament. Brittany was exempt from a duty on salt, which was a most oppressive burthen in the adjacent provinces.

The Loire divides Poitou from Brittany. A man convicted of smuggling the smallest quantity of salt across the river, was doomed to the galleys for life.

I frequently listened to the debate in the Parliament, and was astonished to hear with what freedom the Representatives discussed subjects of politics.

I was on familiar terms, at Rennes, with several young gentlemen, law students, who were pursuing their professional studies. I met the celebrated General Moreau, many years afterwards in New-York, and was surprised to find that he was one of the number, and recollected the circumstance of seeing me at Rennes.

A new game of cards had been introduced into the fashionable circles at Rennes, which they called *Boston*. I soon perceived that a determined spirit of gambling entered into their purposes; a rock that I have always shunned. I was hard pressed by a veteran devotee of the art to be her partner. I protested, in vain, my ignorance of cards, and soon convinced her, to our mutual loss, of the sincerity of my protestation. She very willingly gave me up as bad game.

Rennes was a highly dissipated place, but distinguished for the correctness of its French idiom. My object in selecting it, was to attain the language in its purity, and to rub off my American rust, by a near connection with the polished society of France. The gentleness and elegance of French manners can only be attained, I am persuaded, by a domestic French education. The ease and blandishment of their manners, are, no doubt, chiefly attributable to the gentleness and familiarity which mark the intercourse between children and parents. They are at home, the joyous, laughing and dancing companions of each other. I have more than once seen grandmothers dancing in the same circle with the grandchildren. In America, children are too often treated with an austerity and reserve that closes the door to social intercourse. Schools for manners are thus enjoyed in France, from the cradle. To be graceful, is an essential in France, from the Prince to the postillion.

The death of the Queen of Hungary had blackened all France and Germany. As soon as I had supplied myself with mourning, in compliance with an arbitrary custom, I was conducted by a French colonel, to offer my respects to the Marshal de Biron, Governor of the Province. We were admitted by the guards into an elegant palace, and entered an expansive circle of dukes, governors, bishops, officers, &c., and among them the distinguished Admiral La Motte Piquet, who had just returned from a successful cruise. We were received with marked attention and civility. I observed, during this levee, that no persons, except Bishops, presumed to be seated. We accepted an invitation to dine with the Marshal, and in a few moments after our entrance, a folding-door opened on one side of the saloon d'audience, and the Duchess, accompanied by her maids of honor, and other ladies, appeared. Her long dress trailed behind her, the extremity being supported by two little black boys. I was introduced by the Governor of Belle Isle to the Duchess. The etiquette was, to advance a few steps, with chapeau-bras under the left arm, and make a profound bow. A long sword by the side, was an indispensable article of dress in fashionable society.

Immediately, on her appearance, another folding-door on the opposite side flew open. After mutual salutation between the ladies and gentlemen, the Duchess continued her progress, followed by the company, through several apartments, one of which was occupied by the life-guard of the Marshal. I was amused at noticing the tactics acquired by the ladies, in passing their court-dresses through the doors. The gentlemen in escort fall back, and the lady, by a dexterous cant of the hoop, sideways, effects the passage. We entered a spacious dining hall, cheered by an elegant Italian band of music. The Governor of Belle Isle was placed at the right of the Marshal, the Governor of Rennes on his left, and myself next to the former. The splendor, elegance, and taste of the occasion, far surpassed anything I had ever witnessed, and both astonished and delighted me. As I have uniformly remarked, the ladies were

intermixed at the table, and fully participated in the table conversation, on every subject. We were about forty at table; the knives, forks, dishes, tureens, &c., were all of massive silver. At least forty different dishes were served up in successive courses, and all on silver utensils. In the midst of the table was arranged a large and beautiful representation of a flower-garden, in minature, with Liliputian statues, flowers, grottos, artificial cascades, &c.

By a spontaneous movement, we left the table, and passed into a magnificent adjoining hall, where we received a cup of strong coffee, and were again delighted by the music of the band. Madame was marked in her attention to me, and plied me with delicious dishes, by the hands of a little pet black boy, always at her elbow. This hall commanded a view of a delightful garden, into which we strolled, each directed in his movements and occupations by his own tastes. We were again charmed with the music of nature from an aviary in the vicinity. We returned to the hall indiscriminately, and such as were disposed took themselves off, or in other words, took "French leave," without ceremony. This is an excellent custom, which I trust will be interwoven into our improved system of American manners; they are now too frigid, formal and awkward—an inheritance derived from our English progenitors.

On my return to Nantes, I was half French in everything, save the graces; these, I fear, I never shall possess. They must grow with your growth, for they never can be wooed like a fair lady.

About this period, the notorious Tom Paine arrived at Nantes, in the Alliance frigate, as Secretary of Colonel Laurens, Minister Extraordinary from Congress, and took up his quarters at my boarding-place. He was coarse and uncouth in his manners, loathsome in his appearance, and a disgusting egotist; rejoicing most in talking of himself, and reading the effusions of his own mind. Yet I could not repress the deepest emotions of gratitude towards him, as the instrument of Providence in accelerating the declaration of our Independence. He certainly

was a prominent agent, in preparing the public sentiment of America for that glorious event. The idea of Independence had not occupied the popular mind, and when guardedly approached on the topic, it shrunk from the conception, as fraught with doubt, with peril, and with suffering.

In 1776 I was present, at Providence, Rhode Island, in a social assembly of most of the prominent leaders of the State. I recollect that the subject of independence was cautiously introduced by an ardent Whig, and the thought seemed to excite the abhorrence of the whole circle.

A few weeks after, Paine's Common Sense appeared, and passed through the continent like an electric spark. It everywhere flashed conviction, and aroused a determined spirit, which resulted in the Declaration of Independence, upon the 4th of July ensuing. The name of Paine was precious to every Whig heart, and had resounded throughout Europe.

On his arrival being announced, the Mayor, and some of the most distinguished citizens of Nantes, called upon him to render their homage of respect. I often officiated as interpreter, although humbled and mortified at his filthy appearance, and awkward and unseemly address. Besides, as he had been roasted alive on his arrival at L'Orient, for the * * * * and well basted with brimstone, he was absolutely offensive, and perfumed the whole apartment. He was soon rid of his respectable visitors, who left the room with marks of astonishment and disgust. I took the liberty, on his asking for the loan of a clean shirt, of speaking to him frankly of his dirty appearance and brimstone odor, and prevailed upon him to stew for an hour, in a hot bath. This, however, was not done without much entreaty, and I did not succeed, until, receiving a file of English newspapers, I promised, after he was in the bath, he should have the reading of them, and not before. He at once consented, and accompanied me to the bath, where I instructed the keeper in French (which Paine did not understand) to gradually increase the heat of the water, until "le Monsieur etait bien bouilli." He became so much absorbed in his read-

ing that he was nearly par-boiled before leaving the bath, much to his improvement and my satisfaction.

One of the most critical and remarkable events of my life occurred in the month of March, 1781. The Marshal de Castries, the Minister of Marine, was passing through Nantes, on his way to Brest, for the purpose of dispatching the Count De Grasse with the fleet, which subsequently acted with so much efficiency against Cornwallis.

Half the population of the city, prompted by their curiosity, poured in a torrent beyond the gates, to meet the Marshal and his retinue. I threw myself into this living current. As soon as the "avant courier" appeared in the distance, the immense crowd paraded on either side of the road. At the moment the minister and his retinue approached, a little bell tinkled on the opposite side, in directing the passage of the "Bon Dieu," enclosed in a silver vase, and held by a Catholic priest, on his way to administer the Sacrament to a dying believer. The bell was held by a small boy, who preceded the *sacred* procession; four men supported a canopy over the priest's head, and forty or fifty stupid peasants, in wooden shoes, followed. Custom obliged all to kneel, as this venerated "Bon Dieu," passed by; but on this occasion, most of the spectators, owing to the deep mud, leaned on their canes, with hats in their hands, in a respectful posture. The couriers checked their horses—the carriages stopped, and all were thrown into confusion by the unfortunate presence of the "Bon Dieu." At this moment the priest, as if impelled by the spirit of malice, halted the procession, and stopped the host directly in front of the place where I stood, and to my utter amazement, pointing directly at me with his finger, exclaimed, "aux genoux," (upon your knees). I pointed, in vain, to the mud, and the position of those about me similar to my own. He again repeated, in a voice of thunder, "aux genoux." My Yankee blood flamed at this wanton attack, I forgot myself, and, with a loudv oice, replied in French, "no sir, I will not." The populace, thunderstruck to see their "Bon Dieu" thus insulted, fired with fanaticism, broke their ranks,

and were pressing towards me, with violent imprecations. A German gentleman, an acquaintance, and then at my side, exclaimed to me, "for God's sake, drop in an instant." Alarmed at my critical situation, I reluctantly settled my knees into a mud-puddle. Every one within my hearing who were respectable, Catholics and Protestants, condemned the rash and inexcusable conduct of the priest.

My keenest sensibilities were outraged, and I vowed vengeance upon the audacious priest. The next afternoon, I set off, armed with a good hickory, to trace out his residence, and to effect my determination. I proceeded to the spot where the offence had been committed, entered the hut of a peasant, and inquired the name of the priest who, the day before, had passed with the "Bon Dieu." He replied, "ma foi, oui, ce Monsieur Barage," (yes, faith, it is M. Barage.) He pointed to the steeple of the church where he officiated, near the suburbs of the city. I soon found his house, and pulled a bell-rope. A good-looking, middle-aged woman, the housekeeper, soon appeared. Contrary to her interdiction, I sprung into the court-yard, and proceeded directly to the house, and made my way to his library. The priest soon appeared, demanded my business, exclaiming, "that I was a murderer or robber," and ordered me to quit his house. I sprung to the door, locked it, and placing the key in my pocket, approached him in a hostile attitude. I compelled him to admit that he recognized my features. I then poured forth my detestation of him, and of the tyranny of the French clergy. I told him I was a native of North America, the ally of France; that I was under the protection of Dr. Franklin, and would not leave him until I had received adequate remuneration for the unprovoked insult I had received. In a word, I insisted upon his apologizing to me, in the same posture in which I had been placed. In taking my leave, I assured him I should proceed with the American Consul, and enter my formal complaint against him to the Bishop. This threat alarmed him, and he fervently urged my forbearance. I went, however, immediately to our Consul, Colonel Williams, and communicated to him these incidents. He ap-

prised me of the extreme danger I should be subjected to from the hostility of the priests, and admonished me, as the safest course, to prosecute the affair no further. By his advice, and that of Tom Paine, I changed my lodgings, and for two or three weeks avoided the streets. No further unpleasant consequence resulted from this extraordinary occurrence.*

Although I escaped with impunity on this occasion, it is far from my wish to inculcate a spirit of opposition to established forms of religion in any country. It is at best a dangerous business, and one treads among thorns and pit-falls.

During my residence at Nantes, I became intimately acquainted with one of the most remarkable characters of the age. Louis Littlepage† arrived at Nantes in the winter of 1779-80, on his way to Madrid, under the peculiar patronage of Mr. Jay, our stern and able ambassador at the court of Spain. He was then a mere youth, of a fine manly figure, with a dark, penetrating black eye, and a physiognomy peculiar and striking. At that early period he was esteemed a prodigy of genius and acquirements. When I again heard of him, he had separated himself from Mr. Jay's family, and entered as a volunteer and aid to the Duc de Ciellon, at the siege of Minorca. At the attack on Gibraltar, he was on board of one of the floating batteries, and was blown up, but saved. Young Littlepage participated, in a conspicuous manner, in the thrilling incidents of that memorable siege.

* I have repeatedly heard the late Colonel Elisha Jenkins, of Albany, formerly Comptroller of the State, who was in Nantes, soon after the occurrence of the above incidents, advert to them. He stated that the subject was a familiar topic of conversation in that city, during his residence there.—EDITOR.

† Louis Littlepage was the son of Colonel James Littlepage of Hanover, who married Betty (sometimes called Elizabeth) Lewis, daughter of Zachary Lewis, Senior, of Spottsylvania county, Virginia.

Louis Littlepage was appointed by the late King of Poland, Chamberlain and confidential Secretary in his cabinet, and was created by him a Knight of the Order of St. Stanislaus. He acted as the King's Special Envoy in important negotiations. When the unfortunate Stanislaus Augustus was sent a prisoner to St. Petersburgh, after the dismemberment of his kingdom, General Littlepage wished to accompany him, but was separated from him at Grodno, and prohibited from going further by the expres orders of the Empress.

Whilst at Gibraltar, I held a familiar correspondence with him. After his catastrophe in the floating battery, he contrived to obtain a situation on board of the Spanish Admiral's ship, and in one of the engagements occupied himself, upon the quarter-deck, during the battle, in sketching the various positions of both fleets. On the return of the Spanish fleet to Cadiz, he was sent with an officer to Madrid, bearing the dispatches. He exhibited to the minister an ingenious and scientific view of the battle, and was received with great applause and distinction at the court of Madrid.

In the April following the close of the war, I dined with him at Dr. Franklin's, in Passy, to whom he stated the above fact, and exhibited the sketch. At Paris and Versailles he moved in the first circles, and attracted marked attention.

In the following June, he made a visit at my bachelor's hall, in Beliter square, London. I never saw him again. He subsequently made the tour of Europe; established himself at Warsaw; became, in effect, Prime Minister; went to St. Petersburgh as Ambassador from Poland; acquitted himself with distinguished ability, and became one of the favorites of the Empress Catharine. After the dismemberment of Poland, Littlepage returned to America, and died in Fredericksburgh, Virginia.

A violent and acrimonious controversy occurred between Mr. Jay and Littlepage, originating in the abrupt departure of the latter from the family of Mr. Jay, and his refusing to refund advances made to him by Mr. Jay. He assailed that pure and eminent patriot, in a pamphlet, that bore the impress of the genius as well as the bitterness of a Junius.

A merchant of Nantes, and a friend, learning of my intended journey to Paris, solicited me to conduct his wife under my protection, to that city. Our carriage was arranged for the convenience of two passengers. On the second evening, a wheel broke near the village of La Fleche, and we were necessarily obliged to stop for repairs. Madame, on a former journey, had made the acquaintance of the Curate of the parish, and we determined to shelter ourselves under the wings of his

hospitality for the night. It was about eight o'clock when we entered the Curate's yard. His servants took charge of our baggage, and we found the old gentleman seated with two or three priests at supper, upon hashed mutton and raw onions. Had I been an old friend, and rendered him a thousand services, he could not have received me with a more cordial welcome. His face was as serene as a summer evening; a few grey hairs were mingled with his dark locks. "A Bostonè and an ally," exclaimed the good man, "doubly entitle you to my attention;" "mon ami," said he, kissing me on each cheek, with much fervency, (for men kiss men, in France,) "Je suis charmé, de vous voir chez moi." He stepped back, and I looked full in his eyes, and thought I read in them so much benignity and truth, that I felt not only a strong predilection for him, but an assurance of his sincerity. "I am heartily mortified," said he, pointing to the mutton hash, "that we have nothing better on the table, but have the *complaisance* to wait ten minutes, and we will have something *plus comme il faut*—Johnton—Twinet—*venez ici.*"

Madame was to spend the night with a friend in the vicinity, and having only myself to consult, I borrowed Johnton's "couteau," and attacked the mutton, altho' as tough as leather, and mixed up with raw onions, which I abominate. The old man's goodness, and a fine appetite, supplied all deficiencies. The supper removed, and dessert on the table, the good Curate gave me a detail of his life.

"He had served," he said, "his king, for sixteen years, with a musket on his shoulder, but being disposed naturally to piety, he had changed the musket for the "èglise," and obtained his curacy, which secures him a quiet and virtuous life. An old soldier, he felt an instinctive curiosity to learn the progress of military events in America; and was very inquisitive about "Le grand Vas-sang-ton." When I had finished an account of the affair at Trenton, the Curate insisted on drinking to his health and prosperity: "Allons! a la santé du grand Vas-sang-ton." He conducted me to my chamber, and himself adjusted my night-cap.

Early the next morning, I strolled into an extensive garden near the house, and feasted on delicious fruit, still moistened with the dew of the night.

I was soon joined by the worthy "padre," who made every effort to withdraw me from the dangerous paths of heresy into the fold of the true church. This led us into a curious dialogue, discussing the respective tenets of the Catholic and Protestant religions.

We left this hospitable mansion with deep sensibility. As Madame had some business two or three posts out of our way, and being anxious myself to visit the celebrated religious institution of "La Trappe," we left the Paris road, taking a northerly direction. My companion chose to be cash-keeper, and necessarily cash-payer, on the road. Whilst Madame was disputing with the postillion, how much was overpaid, I was tripping ahead, seeing the country, and amusing myself chatting with the peasantry along the road. On our way to La Trappe, I imprudently did so just at night-fall, and found myself half a league in advance of the post-house, in the dark. It occurred to me that I might have taken the wrong route, or that an accident had befallen the carriage. I soon heard wheels grinding along the flinty road, at the foot of the hill. Standing in the middle of the road, patiently awaiting the approach of the vehicle, I ran before the horses, crying out "postillon, arrête! arrête!"—but what was my astonishment, to hear a grum voice exclaim, "Sacré—postillon—qu'est ce qu'il y'a?" Thunderstruck at my blunder, and expecting he would send a ball at me, I made the best of my way down the hill, and the postillion made the best of his over it; being mutually afraid of each other. He had certainly every reason to suspect me of being a foot-pad. The place—the darkness—everything fortified the conclusion. Descending the hill precipitously, I was rejoiced to meet my own carriage, which I approached with caution. I left Madame the next morning at the village of Mortagne, and proceeded alone, a distance of eight miles from the main road, to the sequestered establishment surrounded by woodlands, and known as the "L'abbaye de La Trappe," inhabited by perhaps

the most singular and austere religious order among mankind.

The order was instituted on the confines of Normandy, by the Compt De Perche, a gloomy and disappointed officer, who, under the influence of a melancholy misanthropy, desired to bury himself in seclusion from the rest of the world. I was greeted by the official with great hospitality. They gave me for breakfast, in a secluded room of the monastery, a small dish of meat, roots, bread and cider. Here I observed edifying inscriptions upon the walls, and directions as to the conduct of visitors.

The austerities and penances they impose upon themselves by their religious rites, would be insupportable to the human frame, unless sustained by their extravagant fanaticism, or possibly earnest devotion. They drink no wine, and abstain even from eggs and fish. They work three hours each day in the field, and retire at eight o'clock, P. M., in the summer, and seven o'clock in winter. They rise at two o'clock, A. M.; and repairing to the church, continue at their devotions until four o'clock; they then return to their respective cells, and at half-past five o'clock again repair for half an hour to the church. At seven o'clock they commence their labor, and when the weather confines them within doors, they engage themselves in cleaning the church, or some domestic avocations.

The most extraordinary feature of their institution, particularly for Frenchmen, is, that they hold no oral communication with each other; neither are visitors permitted to speak to them. They maintain, throughout their walls, except when engaged in religious duties, a profound silence—like the stillness of the tomb.

They find some occupation in the mechanical arts, and in writing for religious publications. After working an hour and a half, they again returned to their rites in the church, and then retire to their cells. Again they repair to their chapel to unite in hymns and anthems; this brings them to twelve o'clock, their dinner hour.

Their table is clean, but without cloths; each brother

has a cup, a knife, a towel, a spoon, and a wooden fork. They eat black bread, and drink a half pint of cider. They have at their meals roots without butter or oil; occasionally, beans or light soup, with a dessert of two apples.

They proceed from the table to the church, and then labour for another hour and a half. Then each retires to his solitary cell, where he reads or meditates until four o'clock, when they again resume their devotions in the church. At five o'clock they take their supper, consisting of black bread, with a little cider and apples. They again return to the church, and continue there engaged in their pious rites until seven or eight o'clock, when they all retire to their lonely cells and miserable straw. The dying are placed on straw strewn with ashes. Thus live, and thus die, these infatuated men.

The scene I contemplated, and the recital of their privations and endurances, which I derived from a gentleman of the vicinity, whom I fortunately met here, excited in my mind emotions of grief and despondency, that made me desire no further indulgence of my curiosity on my route to Paris. I again mingled in the elegant festivities of the city, for two months, in the summer and autumn of '81.

I came oddly in contact with the eccentric Mrs. Wright, on my arrival in Paris from Nantes. Giving orders from the balcony of the Hotel d'York, to my English servant, I was assailed by a powerful female voice, crying out from an upper story, "Who are you? An American, I hope!" "Yes, Madam," I replied, "and who are you?" In two minutes she came blustering down stairs, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. We were soon on the most excellent terms. I discovered that she was in the habit of daily intercourse with Franklin, and was visited and caressed by all the respectable Americans in Paris. She was a native of New-Jersey, and by profession a moulder of wax figures. The wild flights of her powerful mind stamped originality on all her acts and language. She was a tall and athletic figure; walked with a firm, bold step, and erect as an Indian. Her complexion was some-

what sallow—her cheek-bones high—her face furrowed, and her olive eyes keen, piercing, and expressive. Her sharp glance was appalling; it had almost the wildness of the maniac.

The vigor and originality of her conversation corresponded with her manners and appearance. She would utter language in her incessant volubility, as if unconscious to whom directed, that would put her hearers to the blush. She apparently possessed the utmost simplicity of heart and character.

With the head of wax upon her lap, she would mould the most accurate likenesses, by the mere force of a retentive recollection of the traits and lines of the countenance; she would form her likenesses by the manipulation of the wax with her thumb and finger. Whilst thus engaged, her strong mind poured forth an uninterrupted torrent of wild thought, and anecdotes and reminiscences of men and events. She went to London about the year 1767, near the period of Franklin's appearance there as the agent of Pennsylvania. The peculiarity of her character, and the excellence of her wax figures, made her rooms in Pall Mall a fashionable lounging-place for the nobility and distinguished men of England. Here her deep penetration and sagacity, cloaked by her apparent simplicity of purpose, enabled her to gather many facts and secrets important to "dear America"—her uniform expression in referring to her native land, which she dearly loved.

She was a genuine Republican and ardent Whig. The King and Queen often visited her rooms; they would induce her to work upon her heads, regardless of their presence. She would often, as if forgetting herself, address them as George and Charlotte. This fact she often mentioned to me herself. Whilst in England, she communicated much important information to Franklin, and remained in London until '75 or '76, engaged in that kind of intercourse with him and the American government, by which she was placed in positions of extreme hazard.

I saw her frequently in Paris, in '81, and in various parts of

England, from '82 to '84. Her letters followed me in my travels through Europe. I had assisted her at Paris; had extended aid to her son at Nantes, and given him a free passage in one of our ships to America. Her gratitude was unbounded. This son was a painter and artist of some eminence, and in 1784, took a model of Washington's head, in plaster. I heard from Washington himself an amusing anecdote connected with this bust.

In January, 1785, I enjoyed the inestimable privilege of a visit under his roof, in the absence of all visitors. Among the many interesting subjects which engaged our conversation in a long winter evening, (the most valuable of my life) in which his dignified lady, and Miss Custis united, he amused us by relating the incident of the taking this model. "Wright came to Mount Vernon," the General remarked, "with the singular request, that I should permit him to take a model of my face in plaster of Paris, to which I consented with some reluctance. He oiled my features over, and placing me flat upon my back, upon a cot, proceeded to daub my face with the plaster. Whilst in this ludicrous attitude, Mrs. Washington entered the room, and seeing my face thus overspread with the plaster, involuntarily exclaimed. Her cry excited in me a disposition to smile, which gave my mouth a slight twist, or compression of the lips, that is now observable in the busts, Wright afterwards made." These are nearly the words of Washington.

Sometime after my acquaintance with Mrs. Wright commenced, she informed me that an eminent female chemist of Paris had written her a note, that she would make her a visit at twelve o'clock the next day, and announced also, that she could not speak English. Mrs. Wright desired me to act as interpreter. At the appointed hour, the thundering of a carriage in the court-yard announced the arrival of the French lady. She entered with much grace, in which Mrs. W. was no match for her. She was old, with a sharp nose—with broad patches of vermillion spread over the deep furrows of her cheeks. I was placed in a chair between the two originals. Their

tongues flew with velocity, the one in English and the other in French, and neither understanding a word the other uttered. I saw no possibility of interpreting two such volleys of words, and at length abruptly commanded *silence for a moment.*

I asked each—"do you understand?" "Not a word," said Mrs. Wright." "N'importe," replied the chemist, bounding from her chair, in the midst of the floor, and dropping a low curtsy—was off. "What an old painted fool," said Mrs. W., in anger. It was evident that this visit was not intended for an interchange of sentiment, but a mere act of civility—a call.

I employed Mrs. W. to make the head of Franklin, which was often the source of much amusement to me. After it was completed, both being invited to dine with Franklin, I conveyed her to Passy in my carriage, she bearing the head upon her lap. No sooner in presence of the Doctor, than she had placed one head by the side of the other. "There!" she exclaimed, "are twin brothers." The likeness was truly admirable, and at the suggestion of Mrs. Wright, to give it more effect, Franklin sent me a suit of silk clothes he wore in 1778. Many years afterwards, the head was broken in Albany, and the clothes I presented to the "Historical Society of Massachusetts."

An adventure occurred to Mrs. Wright in connection with this head, ludicrous in the highest degree, and although almost incredible, is literally true. After the head had been modeled, she walked out to Passy, carrying it in a napkin, in order to compare it with the original. In returning in the evening she was stopped at the barrier, in course to be searched for contraband goods; but as her mind was as free as her native American air, she knew no restraint, nor the reason why she was detained. She resisted the attempt to examine her bundle, and broke out in the rage of a fury. The officers were amazed, as no explanation, in the absence of an interpreter, could take place. She was compelled, however, to yield to power. The bundle was opened, and to the astonishment of the officials, ex-

hibited the head of a dead man, as appeared to them in the obscurity of the night. They closed the bundle without further examination, believing, as they aftewards assured me, that she was an escaped maniac, who had committed murder, and was about concealing the head of her victim.

They were determined to convey her to the police station, when she made them comprehend her entreaties to be taken to the Hotel d'York. I was in my room, and hearing in the passage a great uproar, and Mrs. W's. voice pitched upon a higher key than usual, I rushed out, and found her in a terrible rage, her fine eye flashing. I thrust myself between her and the officers, exclaiming, "Au mon Dieu, qu'est ce qu'el y–a?" An explanation ensued. All except Mrs. W. were highly amused at the singularity and absurdity of the affair.

The head and clothes I transmitted to Nantes,—they were the instruments of many frolics, not inappropriate to my youth, but perhaps it is hardly safe to advert to them in my age. A few I will venture to relate. On my arrival at Nantes, I caused the head to be properly adjusted to the dress, which was arranged in a natural shape and dimensions. I had the figure placed in the corner of a large room, near a closet, and behind a table. Before him I laid an open atlas, his arm resting upon the table, and mathematical instruments strewn upon it. A handkerchief was thrown over the arm stumps, wires were extended to the closet, by which means the body could be elevated or depressed, and placed in various positions. Thus arranged, some ladies and gentlemen were invited to pay their respects to Dr. Franklin, by candle-light. For a moment, they were completely deceived, and all profoundly bowed and curtsied, which was reciprocated by the figure. Not a word being uttered, the trick was soon revealed.

A report soon circulated that Doctor Franklin was at Monsieur Watson's, "sour l'Isle de Frydeau. At eleven o'clock the next morning, the Mayor of Nantes came in full dress, to call on the renowned philosopher. Cossoul, my worthy partner, being acquainted with the Mayor, favored the joke, for a

moment after their mutual salutations. Others came in, and all were disposed to gull their friends in the same manner.

The most amusing of all the incidents connected with this head, occurred in London, where I had sent it after the peace of '83, when I had established a bachelor's hall in that city. I placed the figure in full dress, with the head leaning out of the window, apparently gazing up and down the square. He had formerly been well known in that part of the city, and was at once recognized. Observing a collection of people gathering at another window, looking at him, I ordered him down.

The morning papers announced the arrival of Doctor Franklin at an American merchant's in Beliter square, and I found it necessary to contradict the report. In the interval, three Boston gentlemen who were in the city, expressed a wish to pay their respects to the Doctor. I desired them to call in the evening, and bring their letters of introduction, which they had informed me they bore, expecting to see him at Paris. I concerted measures with a friend, to carry the harmless deception to the utmost extent on this occasion. Before entering, I apprised them that he was deeply engaged in examining maps and papers, and begged they would not be disturbed at any apparent inattention. Thus prepared, I conducted them into a spacious room. Franklin was seated at the extremity, with his atlas, &c., &c., and my friend at the wires. I advanced in succession with each, half across the room, and introduced them by name. Franklin raised his head, bowed, and resumed his attention to the atlas. I then retired, and seated them at the further side of the room.

They spoke to me in whispers: "What a venerable figure," exclaims one. "Why don't he speak," says another. "He is doubtless in a reverie," I remarked, "and has forgotten the presence of his company; his great age must be his apology. Get your letters, and go up again with me to him." When near the table, I said, "Mr. B——, Sir, from Boston." The

head raised up. "A letter," says B——, "from Doctor Cooper." I could go no further. The scene was too ludicrous. As B. held out the letter, I struck the figure smartly, exclaiming, "Why don't you receive the letter like a gentleman?" They were all petrified with astonishment, but B. never forgave me the joke.

CHAPTER XII.

Chantilly—Lisle—Ostend—Canals—Bruges – Ghent— Silas Dean·—Letter from Author of McFingal—Tomb of Rousseau—Dr. Franklin—Capture of Cornwallis—De Vergennes' Circular.

On the 27th October, 1781, I left Paris upon a tour, intended to embrace the northern provinces of France and the Netherlands. After paying a short visit in St. Denis to the tomb of the deceased monarchs of France, we proceeded to Chantilly, over a paved road, and along an avenue, formed by a double row on each side of ornamental trees. The country was everywhere embellished by splendid villas.

The palace of Chantilly belonged to the Prince of Condé. It was esteemed one of the most magnificent palaces, and beautiful seats in Europe. We roved about the grounds for some time, delighted at every step. The palace was surrounded by an artificial canal: near the former was a double pavilion of stables, containing three hundred fine English horses.

These stables are built of hewn stone, ornamented with columns and marble statues and glass windows, covered (Oh! Republican America,) with silk curtains. The afternoon was serene, and our delighted sensations can hardly be expressed, while strolling through the gardens and about the palace. Here were marble statues, jets d'eau, cascades, labyrinths, grottos, artificial ponds and islands, canals with pleasure boats, and a thousand other pleasing and enchanting impresses of taste and affluence.

I was indeed enraptured, for it exceeded, alike in taste, variety, and splendor, all I had yet seen. The scene seemed to combine the influence of European elegance and refinement, with Asiatic profusion.

Whilst walking along the canal, near the palace, our conductor gave a whistle, and the whole surface was in a moment

alive with old carp, struggling out from the mud. A little in advance I observed ladies seated upon cushions on the bank of the canal, calling the carp up and feeding them with crumbs of bread.

The forest appertaining to this magnificent estate was twenty-three leagues in circumference, and contained a vast number of deer, wild boars, and other animals. Here the nobility hunt. In the palace we examined numerous fine pictures of the battles and sieges of the great Condé.

Leaving Chantilly the next morning, we took a private road passing through the grounds, and along the canal already described. In the forest we travelled twelve miles, through a continuous road, passing several barriers without seeing a house or human being. It was in truth as much in a state of primeval wilderness, as the wildest forests of America; being exclusively devoted to the amusement in hunting of the royal family, and favored Nimrods of the nobility.

We reached Lisle, the capital of French Flanders. I observed in our passage from Chantilly, that the country was principally devoted to the wheat culture; the vineyards of the southern region do not prosper in the northern provinces.

Peronne was strongly fortified, having gates within gate. We passed through them in the night, and with great difficulty obtained admittance into the city, the gates being closed on our arrival. Lisle was the key of northern France, guarded by one of the best fortifications of Europe.

As we advanced towards the north, we discovered a material and striking change in the aspect of the cities, in the mode of cultivation, and in the manners, appearance, and language of the peasantry. Instead of hewn stone, the cities were built in a great degree, of brick, assimilating to those of England and America; the streets neat and spacious, were generally ornamented by trees. I could with difficulty comprehend the jargon of the common people, who speak an infamous "patois" compounded of vulgar French and Flemish.

Near Lens we crossed a bridge leading over a fine canal, which we afterwards noticed at various points of our journey. I was delighted to perceive with what facility and rapid move-

ment heavily ladened boats were drawn along by a horse, trotting upon the embankment. Contemplating these useful improvements, my mind would revert to my native America, and calculate the probable influence of similar works, uniting her majestic streams, and connecting her mighty inland seas with the waters of the Atlantic.

Lisle was one of the first cities of Europe, and ranked among the most elegant. It embraced extensive manufactures, consisting of silks, cambrics, camlets, and a variety of other articles, from which it derived its wealth and importance.

I left my carriage at Lisle, intending to pursue my journey in Flanders upon their canals. We entered the dominions of the Emperor Joseph, near Manheim.

I saw the Emperor at Paris during the last summer, who was then travelling in-cog., under the title of Count De Lisle.

He is a philosopher and a statesman, possessing a liberal and original mind, but marked by extravagant and eccentric peculiarities. He was at this time introducing great and liberal reforms throughout his extensive dominions, and had already suppressed several orders of Monks, those drones in the hive of society. The government of France felt the example, and had already innovated upon the prerogatives of clerical orders. The American Revolution could not fail to diffuse this dawn of light, that was evidently enkindling in the horizon of Europe.

The country from Manheim to Ostend is level and pleasing; producing grain, and tobacco of an inferior quality. I devoted a day in an examination of Ostend, its harbour, and adjoining coast. It was a small, but interesting commercial city. The Emperor Joseph was leveling its fortifications, having constituted it a free city.

The harbour was capacious, but shallow, and its entrance dangerous in bad weather. Commercial men were attracted there, it being a neutral port, from every quarter of the globe. An immense amount of shipping was in the harbour, said to amount to five hundred vessels, many of which are received into an

extensive dry-dock, by locks or sluices. I walked the whole length of the quay, extending about a mile toward the sea, to the very entrance of the harbor, both sides of which were lined with vessels of every grade. The confusion of tongues among the merchants and sailors of almost every maratime nation, assailed my ears, as we proceeded, not unlike the tumult of Babel. It was a scene of deep interest and animation.

From Ostend we proceeded to Bruges, by a noble and spacious canal; one of the most magnificent works of the kind in Europe. The boat upon which we embarked was designed to accommodate one hundred passengers. It was, in fact, a floating hotel; arranged by the division of apartments, to separate the different classes of society. The line of demarcation in rank was very strongly drawn in Germany. The after-room of the boat was reserved for the nobility, and those who could afford to pay for the luxury it provided. It was an elegant parlour in appearance, with gilded ceiling, velvet cushions, silk curtains, &c. The next apartment was on a larger scale; decent and comfortable in its arrangement, and designed for the next gradation in society. The residue of the boat was cut up into a kitchen, and subdivisions for the inferior classes of passengers.

This celebrated canal was constructed amid forests, during the twelfth century. It is upon a very enlarged scale, and its shoalest part is twelve feet deep. It is adapted to vessels of two hundred tons, from the ocean to Bruges.

Anterior to the rise of Amsterdam, Antwerp, and the cities upon the canals, were the emporiums of Europe. Their commercial glory declined from that era, and has never been retrieved. We were drawn by two horses, trotting on the broad and elevated embankment, which is lined with ornamental trees. Our progress was about three miles an hour. As the surface of the canal is elevated several feet above the level of the country, which is an uniform flat without a hill, we were enabled to view a delightful region, under high culture. I found this novel mode of travelling exceedingly amusing and agreeable.

This whole territory has probably been reclaimed from the ocean, and is now the garden of Europe; distinguished for the

industry of its people, and the skill and science of their agriculture.

We were annoyed, although somewhat amused, by crowds of young beggars, of both sexes, running after the boat, along the embankment, soliciting "charité." To induce us to be liberal, they performed many dexterous feats of tumbling, rolling upon the ground, and casting their feet upon the trees, with their heads down, often in the most indecent and disgusting attitudes.

We landed in the suburbs of the town, and delivered our luggage to the care of a soldier. I followed him into the heart of this magnificent city. Bruges contained about 30,000 inhabitants; and its appearance evinced its former opulence.

The position of the city is very fine. The houses have a lively and cheerful appearance, and the streets are spacious and clean, with many beautiful squares. Some of the churches are upon a scale of elegant magnificence. The exterior of the tower of the cathedral is loaded with bells, producing a harmonious musical chime. The summit of the tower is very high; we saw it distinctly at Ostend, and it serves as a landmark to ships upon the coast. I examined, in this city, many admirable paintings by Van Dyke, and other Flemish artists; they excel in rural views, and night scenes, in which they give amazing effect to deep transparent shades, contrasted with the strong reflections from fire or moonlight.

Bruges covered a large space, and was extensively engaged in manufactures, particularly of linens. Several canals, penetrating through fertile regions, unite at this point, and infuse animation and vigour into its commerce and manufactures.

Whilst contemplating the wonderful effects of these canals, I could not but envy the fortune of those regions which are blessed by them, and regretted that I cannot live to witness their diffusion in infant America.

I embarked upon another canal, on my way to Ghent, a distance of twenty-four miles. We traversed a lovely country, rich in the profusion of nature, and the acquisitions of art and industry. From the canal-boat, we overlooked, as far as the eye

could reach, a continued plain, laid out with regularity, into square lots; generally separated by rows of trees, and in the highest cultivation.

The meadows were thronged with fine, high-fed cattle. The children of the happy peasantry were dancing in groups, or skipping along the embankments of the canal. I was charmed and delighted in the contemplation of this noble country, and its animating and lovely scenes. My pen cannot do justice to the beauty of the scenery I witnessed, and the elegance and comfort of the mode of travelling.

The eminent agricultural reputation of this region, it is said, was attained by the practice of the red-clover culture, as a fertilizer. The process was long held a secret. It was at length, and about the period of the settlement of New-England, discovered by the English, who used it in connection with a rotation of crops, and thus produced a new era in the agriculture of England.

Ghent occupied a large extent of ground in proportion to its population; its walls being twenty-one miles in extent. In evidence of this fact, the French relate a "bon-mot" of Louis XIV., who boasted after its surrender to him, that he "could put Paris in his glove"—Ghent, or "gant" in French, is glove. In the era of its power and glory, it was densely inhabited. The whole aspect of the city was neat and opulent; the streets were wide and clean, and the dwellings somewhat scattered; nearly all having a small garden or grounds attached to them. It is advantageously and agreeably situated, at the head of the canal, and the junction with it of the Scheld, and also of the Lis and Lieve. These rivers, with the canal concentrating in the midst of the city, divide it into twenty-four small islands, which are connected by innumerable little bridges.

Its extensive manufactures consisted of cheap linens, ticking, lace, thread, &c.; their exports were various, especially wheat. English coal is much used. The old Gothic cathedral exhibits rare architecture, and contained many fine paintings.

The city was inundated by monks. The Roman Catholic religion predominated, but the recent edict of the sagacious Joseph, will, I trust, effect a new epoch, and remove from the people the thraldom of a mercenary priesthood.*

The road from Ghent to Brussels was excellent; it is level, and paved the whole distance. I travelled over it in a crowded carriage, containing a motley assemblage, and among them priests and noblemen. I dined this day at a table d'hote, with a mixed genteel company of English, Americans, and French, in a sumptuous manner, with wine included, at only twenty-seven French sous.

Brussels is pleasantly situated in the midst of a fertile country. It is enclosed by a brick wall. I examined, with much interest, the magnificent collection of paintings contained in the Gothic cathedral; one especially attracted my attention representing a Jew in the act of robbing a church of the "bon Dieu." In the State House I noticed a fine painting of Joseph. His wise and liberal measures of free trade, toleration, and other analogous acts, allured to this growing city vast emigration and wealth. The influence of this policy was perceptible in the expansion of the city, the erection of elegant buildings, and the formation of new and spacious squares. It contained about seventy thousand inhabitants.

On my return from Brussels, I called upon the once celebrated Silas Dean, at Ghent. He was a member of the first Congress, a sensible and intriguing man, and our early secret agent at the court of France. He had lost his high standing both in France and America. I found him a voluntary exile, misanthropic in his feelings, intent on getting money, and deadly hostile to his native land. His language was so strong and decided on the subject of American affairs, and evinced so much hostility to his native land, that I felt constrained upon my return

* In 1791, ten years after this period, the Roman priests of Austrian Flanders were exterminated or driven into exile. In my repeated strictures upon the monk, whose idleness and bad character demands animadversion, I in no respect intend to assail the Roman Catholic religion.

to Paris, to announce to Dr. Franklin my conviction that Mr. Dean must be regarded an enemy alike to France and America. He observed to me that similar reports had reached him before, but that he had been unwilling to admit their truth.*

Cambray was strongly fortified, and has sustained numerous sieges. Its manufactures consisted chiefly of cambrics. On the great square, I contemplated, with respect, an ancient palace, the former residence of the great and good Fenelon, the immortal author of Telemachus. The old cathedral and La Maison de Ville are interesting objects. In the latter are two statues of full size, which, advancing from a recess, strike the hours with ponderous hammers. The streets were badly paved, and, like most other French towns, narrow, and excessively dirty.

Douay is also strongly fortified. Here convened, what was called the Flemish Parliament. This city embraced a University, founded by Louis XIV., two colleges, and several convents.

Senlis contains a cathedral, the steeple of which was said to be the highest in France; we discerned it at the distance of thirty miles. Here we viewed the ruins of a Roman tower.

I returned to Paris, by the way of Douay, Cambray, Senlis, &c. From Senlis we diverged to Ermenonville, to visit the tomb of Rousseau. He died at the chateau of his friend, the Marquis de Girardin, as is asserted, in an apoplexy, whilst

* Such, at the time, were my impressions, and the opinions I formed of Mr. Dean. I owe it to truth and justice, to record his vindication from these strictures, by a potent pen. John Trumbull, the brilliant author of McFingal, to whose perusal and criticism I submitted the compilation of my manuscripts, expressed the following views of Dean's character, in a letter dated January, 1823:—"Silas Dean, you say, among other things, 'was intent on getting money, and a deadly enemy to his native land.' But ambition, not avarice, was his ruling passion. In his early transactions at the court of France, as the political and commercial agent of Congress, he rendered important services to his country, but by exceeding his powers, he made his recall necessary. Exasperated at the cool reception he met with on his return, and at the delay in settling his accounts, he became engaged in a contest with many of the most influential members of Congress. Defeated in many of his purposes, he repaired again to France. He found his political influence lost, with the loss of his official cha-

others profess to believe his death was caused by poison. He was buried on an island, situated in a small pond, and embosomed by venerable trees. It is a lovely and sequestered spot, where he often meditated with delight, and which he selected for his final resting-place. The tomb which contains his ashes is visible from the road. Our curiosity led us to visit this remarkable chateau and garden, and above all, the grave of the sensitive Rousseau. Over his tomb is inscribed:—

"ICI REPOSE L'HOMME DE LA NATURE,
ET DE LA VERITE.
VITAM IMPENDERE VERO,
HIC JACET OSSA J. J. ROUSSEAU."

Soon after my return to Paris, I dined and spent the evening with the immortal Franklin. Arriving at an early hour, I discovered the philosopher in a distant room, reading, in the exact posture in which he is represented by an admirable engraving from his portrait, his left arm resting upon the table, and his chin supported by the thumb of his right hand. The mingling in the most refined and exalted society of both hemispheres, had communicated to his manners a blandness and urbanity, well sustained by his native grace and elegance of deportment. His venerable locks waving over his shoulders, and the dignity of his personal appearance, commanded reverence and respect; and yet his manners were so pleasant and fascinating, that one felt at ease and unrestrained in his pres-

racter. The publication of a number of his letters, written during his residence in France, and charging the French Court with intrigue and duplicity in their negotiations with us, rendered him obnoxious, and drove him into voluntary exile in the Netherlands, dissatisfied, exasperated, and impoverished, almost to penury. Thus forced into an unnatural and friendless residence in foreign countries, he gave himself up to rage, resentment, and actual despair, and vented his passions in execration against France, America, and mankind. In this condition you found him in the interview you mention. He considered himself as a man, not only abused and ill-requited for important services, but denied those pecuniary rewards, which had been promised him, for his agency in Europe. His subsequent situation and end, you probably know."

ence. He inquired if I knew that he was a musician, and conducted me across the room to an instrument of his own invention, which he called the Harmonica. The music was produced by a peculiar combination of hemispherical glasses. At my solicitation he played upon it, and performed some Scotch pastorales with great effect. The exhibition was truly striking and interesting; to thus contemplate an eminent statesman, in his seventy-sixth year, and the most distinguished philosopher of the age, performing a simple pastorale on an instrument of his own construction. The interest was not diminished by the fact, that this philosopher, who was guiding the intellects of thousands; that this statesman, an object of veneration in the metropolis of Europe, and who was influencing the destiny of nations, had been an untutored printer's boy in America.

Our conversation during the evening, was turned to the all-absorbing subject, of the great combination of the French and American forces against Cornwallis. Our last information left the affairs in Virginia in a precarious and doubtful posture. De Grasse had entered the Chesapeake. Washington and Rochambeau had united their forces. De Barras, with seven sail of the line, had left Rhode Island to join De Grasse. The British fleet had sailed from New-York, with ten thousand troops to relieve Cornwallis, and it was reported that a reinforcement had departed from England for New-York. Thus stood the general aspect of our intelligence, at a crisis which seemed to involve the existence of a young empire. We weighed probabilities, balanced possible vicissitudes, dissected maps. We feared that the British fleet might intercept De Barras, at the capes of Virginia, and thus retrieve its superiority over De Grasse, attack and overwhelm him, and landing their army, defeat and break up the combinations of Washington. The philosophy and self-possession, even of Franklin, seemed almost to abandon him The vibrations of hope and fear occupied his mind, and still I could perceive in him a deep conviction of a successful issue to the operations of Washington. I left him at night, in the company of Dr. Ban-

croft, an American, residing in London, but an ardent Whig, and returned to Paris in deep despondency, sighing over the miseries of our bleeding country.

At dawn the next morning, I was aroused by a thundering rap at my door. It brought me a circular from Dr. Franklin, struck off by a machine somewhat similar to the copying machines of the present day; and with what unspeakable thankfulness and thrilling interest I read its contents! It was as follows:

"*Copy of a note from Count de Vergennes to Dr. Franklin, dated Versailles, 19th Nov.*, 1781, 11 *o'clock at night.*

"Sir:—I cannot better express my gratitude to you, for the news you often communicate to me, than by informing you that the Duc de Lausan arrived this evening, with the agreeable news that the combined armies of France and America have forced Cornwallis to capitulate. The English garrison came out of Yorktown the 19th of October, with honors of war, and laid down their arms as prisoners. About six thousand troops, eighteen hundred sailors, twenty-two stand of colors, and one hundred and seventy pieces of cannon—seventy-five of which are brass—are the trophies which signalize this victory; besides, a ship of fifty guns was burnt, also a frigate, and a great number of transports.

"I have the honor, &c.,

"De Vergennes.

"To his Excellency, Dr. Franklin.*"

The next day I waited on Dr. Franklin, in common with many American and French gentlemen, to offer our mutual congratulations. He appeared in an ecstacy of joy, observing, "There is no parallel in history of two entire armies being captured from the same enemy in any one war."

The delight and rejoicings of all classes of the people were excessive. Paris was illuminated for three successive nights. On my return to Nantes, along the banks of the Loire, I found all the cities in a blaze of illumination, and Nantes in the midst of it on my arrival.

*The original of this deeply interesting document, and, indeed, the originals of nearly all the correspondence and documents referred to in this work, are in the possession of the editor.

CHAPTER XIII.

Correspondence with Washington—Mercantile Prosperity—Influenza—Col. Laurens—Henry Laurens—Paris—Envoys—Journey to England—Amiens—Boulogne—Calais—Mon. Dessein—Yorick—Cross the Channel—Changes—Reynolds' Escape—Dover—London—Lord Shelburne—Comparison of France and England—Duke of Manchester—English Society—Greenwich Hospital—Blackheath—Dr. Price.

THE following winter, wishing to pay some mark of respect to our beloved Washington, I employed, in conjunction with my friend M. Cossoul, nuns in one of the convents at Nantes to prepare some elegant masonic ornaments, and gave them a plan for combining the American and French flags on the apron designed for his use. They were executed in a superior and expensive style. We transmitted them to America, accompanied by an address, and received from him a beautiful and appropriate acknowledgment. The following are copies of our letter and the reply:

"*To his Excellency, General Washington, America.*

"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND RESPECTED BROTHER:

"In the moment when all Europe admire and feel the effects o your glorious efforts in support of American liberty, we hasten to offer for your acceptance a small pledge of our homage. Zealous lovers of liberty and its institutions, we have experienced the most refined joy in seeing our chief and brother stand forth in its defence, and in defence of a new-born nation of Republicans.

"Your glorious career will not be confined to the protection of American liberty, but its ultimate effect will extend to the whole human family, since Providence has evidently selected you as an instrument in his hands, to fulfil His eternal decrees.

"It is to you, therefore, the glorious orb of America, we presume to offer Masonic ornaments, as an emblem of your virtues. May the grand Architect of the universe be the Guardian of your precious days, for the glory of the Western Hemisphere and the entire universe. Such are the vows of those who have the favor to be by all the known numbers, "Your affectionate brothers,

"WATSON & COSSOUL.

"*East of Nantes, 23d 1st Month,* 5782."

"*State of New-York, Aug. 10th*, 1782.

"GENTLEMEN:—The Masonic ornaments which accompanied your brotherly address of the 23d of January last, though elegant in themselves, were rendered more valuable by the flattering sentiments and affectionate manner in which they were presented.

"If my endeavors to avert the evil with which the country was threatened, by a deliberate plan of tyranny, should be crowned with the success that is wished, the praise is due to the GRAND ARCHITECT of the universe, who did not see fit to suffer his superstructure of justice to be subjected to the ambition of the Princes of this world, or to the rod of oppression in the hands of any power upon earth.

"For your affectionate vows permit me to be grateful, and offer mine for true brothers in all parts of the world, and to assure you of the sincerity with which I am,

"Yours,

"GEO. WASHINGTON.

"Messrs. WATSON & COSSOUL, East of Nantes."

Nothing of material interest occurred for several months. I continued ardently devoted to my mercantile pursuits. Good fortune and prosperity had attended all our enterprises, so that in '82 we had estimated our net profits at 40,000 guineas. Our house had attained a high eminence. We employed seven clerks; had a little fleet of six ships and brigs lying at the mouth of the Loire. I was at the zenith of my commercial prosperity; but other destinies of a far different cast, as will appear in the sequel, were in reserve for me.

I have been induced to present these details to demonstrate to my descendants how important it is for young men to seek resources in their own minds—to rely on their own hands—to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and to spurn the props of wealth earned by others.

In proportion to our prosperity contributions were levied on my purse, by needy friends in America, as well as by distressed American officers, held in rigorous confinement at Mill prison, near Plymouth, England. Through the medium of the Rev. Mr. Heath, near that place, it was my good fortune to relieve many, and to enable some to effect their escapes;

the gallant Col. Talbot and Capt. Smeadley were of their number.*

During the year 1781, I prepared for publication and transmitted to America, an article suggested by my observations in both countries, and contrasting, in some particulars, their manners and customs. My strictures were somewhat severe upon my own country, but the production was extensively republished in America, and, I have reason to hope, was not unfavorably received. I conjecture a few extracts from it may not be inappropriate at this period.

"In all civilized countries, we find many customs dictated by reason, and worthy of imitation. On the other hand, many have crept into society, which are only supported by the arbitrary mandates of fashion. Those who have only vegetated beneath the smoke of their native land, seldom discover any improprieties or imperfections in customs become familiar by habit; but an observing traveller, who posts through other regions, emancipated from the shackles of his youth, with a mind open to conviction, discovers at once the absurdities of his own country, as well as those he traverses.

"Although taught at an English school, from infancy, that the French people eat frogs; make soup from old bones, and are a half-starved nation; that politeness in France is formed by ceremony, and the grimaces of the monkey; yet I am firmly persuaded there is no people, under high Heaven's broad canopy, who understand the secret of making the most of life, and of good living, so well as the French; and that in no country does genuine politeness, the emanations of the kindly feelings of the heart, and the true spirit of "sans souci," so ge-

*I find among the papers of Mr. Watson a letter on this subject from Col. Talbot, of which the following is a copy:

Mill Prison, Eng., 9 *Aug.* 1781.

Sir:—The twenty-five guineas which you have generously sent me, while it lays me under a deep obligation, is much enhanced by your attention in writing Mrs. Talbot my situation, as bad as it is. I thank you most cordially. Many others of my fellow prisoners have experienced your goodness, and pray with me that Heaven may bless and prosper you.

Your obliged friend, Silas Talbot.

Mr. E. Watson, Merchant, Nantes, France.

nerally predominate, as in France; while in no land does there prevail so much gloom, formality and awkwardness, as in England, whence we have derived our tone.

"The ridiculous habit of drinking healths at table prevailed in France, but is now confined to the lower grades in society. A simple salute to the lady of the house at present suffices.

"In large circles in America it is almost impossible for a man to eat his dinner in peace, whilst attacked on every side, at the same moment, and obliged by custom, to return so many thanks. In France every man eats his dinner quietly, and drinks when and what he pleases.

"In America, we take our formal awkward leave of large circles, hobbling out of the room, as if treading among eggs, or apprehensive of being arrested in our course. In France, when one is disposed to quit, he takes his cane and hat, and slips off without a word; thus, no person is disturbed.

"Our young men in America are wont to play the character of a 'hearty fellow,' one of whose properties is to *get drunk*, which many do without a blush; and what would be degrading to savages, it is not unusual to turn the key upon the sober, to compel them to yield to the barbarous practice. In France, no gentleman gets drunk; he would be debarred, and forever discarded from the society of virtuous females. None but the dregs of community are thus degraded."

In the summer of 1782, the influenza made the circuit of Europe, commencing, as it was said, at St. Petersburgh. It reached Nantes, and our family, clerks, servants, officers and sailors in our employment, were all prostrated by it, and our operations suspended. I was stricken down by the attack, and for many weeks was so debilitated, as to be disabled from attending to business.

With a view to the recovery of my health, and to take advantage of any commercial changes which might result from the general peace, that now seemed imminent, I determined, if practicable, to proceed to England. In pursuance of this plan, I made preparations for this extensive tour. I was to set off in

company with Mr. Laurens, who then was in the vicinity of my residence.

This venerable gentleman was the father of Col. Laurens, who, the last year, had been sent on a special mission to the court of France. The loan which he accomplished, and the expedition of De Grasse, resulted in the capture of Cornwallis. Although a youth of only twenty-eight years, he achieved, by his consummate tact and extraordinary abilities, what the powerful influence of Franklin had failed to effect.

Mr. Laurens was formerly President of Congress, and was appointed Ambassador to Holland, but, as I have already related, was captured, and committed to the tower. Through the interposition of Mr. Burke and others, he was temporarily released on parole, and was now on his return.

Mr. Laurens acted a conspicuous part in the drama of the Revolution. He was a citizen of South Carolina; a man of great wealth and high position. He had a swarthy complexion, was of medium size, and slender form. He was a pleasant and facetious gentleman, and a pure and devoted Whig. Failing to accompany me, he was to rejoin me at Paris or London.

On the 31st August, 1782, I left Nantes, boxed up in a convenient post-chaise, by the great Paris road, with my servant, La Fleur, galloping in advance. As this faithful attendant will be frequently adverted to, I will briefly sketch his history. He was born in a valley of Auvergne, contiguous to Switzerland, whose peasantry are proverbial for their honesty and faithfulness, La Fleur having a tincture of enterprise in his composition, emerged from his native mountains in the character of a pedlar. Chance directed him to Nantes, where he dropped the pedlar, and assumed the *eminent* profession of chimney-sweep.

Passing one day the corner of a lane, I caught a glance of his eye, enveloped in soot. I spoke to him; his answer, the expression of his eye, the peculiarity of his smile and features, and his being a peasant of Auvergne, prepossessed me in his favor. A whim decided me to take him under my wing, and I bade him follow me, and then sent him to the river to

wash away his filth and soot. I soon arrayed him in new apparel, and drilled him to my service. A more faithful servant no poor traveller was ever blessed with. He wandered with me nearly two thousand miles. In wet and dry, in cold and heat, in every incident, La Fleur was at my call.

In leaving Nantes, in '83, forever, I placed him with a master cooper. He ran after my carriage through the city, in the warmth of his affection and gratitude, even to the Paris road; and the last I saw of him, at a mile's distance, he was still waving his white handkerchief.—Adieu, La Fleur!

In describing this extensive tour, I shall avoid the dry detail of a diary, and propose to compress the leading features of my journal in a concise review of the whole ground, as it embraces my observation of men, places, manners and customs.

I had so often traversed the road to Paris, that the postillions exclaimed, "vìola encore mon Bostonè."

The day after my arrival at Paris, I waited on several distinguished American functionaries—Dr. Franklin, Mr. Adams, Mr. Jay, and our Consul-General, Mr. Barkley, who were concentrated at that point. This fact, and the knowledge of the presence of Mr. Vaughan, an intimate personal friend of Lord Shelburne, and the secret agent of the British government, induced the belief that an informal negotiation was in progress.*

It was pretty loudly whispered in private circles, that the pride of John Bull was so far humbled, particularly by the surrender of Cornwallis, as to be prepared to yield the great point in controversy—the admission of American Independence. I noticed, however, with deep pain, that the venerable Franklin was probably in the last stages of life, which I feared might

* Mr. Vaughan was of American lineage. He was member of Parliament, upon the Whig side of the house; friendly to the cause of American Independence, and essentially aided our ministers in Europe in promoting the acknowledgment of our nationality. Although a friend to order and good government, his liberal views rendered him, in '93, obnoxious to the British government. He emigrated to America, and settled in Hallowell, Maine, where he died at an advanced age.

terminate, even before the first object of all his wishes was consummated—the establishment of our Independence. His triumph then would be complete over the insolent Wedderburn, and the regal George be humbled into the dust.

I determined to *avail* myself, if possible, of the packets now established between Dover and Calais, with the sole object of facilitating diplomatic communications, to plant my foot upon old England, the land of my forefathers. I found serious impediments crossing my path. If I should surmount the difficulties of effecting a passage, Doctor Franklin suggested in the most friendly manner, that I would encounter extensive hazard in going into an exasperated enemy's country, an avowed rebel, and exposed as I would be to the suspicion, from my commercial relations, of communicating information to American privateers, as well as diplomatists. He yielded, however, to my importunity, granted me a passport, and furnished me with letters to some of the most eminent philosophers and statesmen of England; and among them, Dr. Priestly of Birmingham; Dr. Price, of Hackney, and Mr. Burke. Mr. Vaughan entrusted me with a packet to Lord Shelburne, which I engaged to deliver the moment of my arrival in London. This fact gave me every assurance of safety and protection, shielded as I should thus be by the wing of the Minister.

I left Paris on the 9th Sept., 1782, for London, again passing through St. Denis and Chantilly.

The next day we travelled on one of those pure and exhilarating days, so cheering in France, along a level and highly cultivated country, passing through Clermont, Amiens, and Abbeville, in Picardy. We rode all night, and just as the day dawned, heard the distant roar of the surges beating upon the shore of the British Channel. We stopped upon the brow of a hill to listen, and soon after the sun rose in splendour and genial warmth, revealing in full view, the panorama of Boulogne "sur mer"—the channel, and the English coast. This was my first glimpse of the land of my fathers.

We continued upon an elevated road, parallel to the coast, with the spires of Calais towering before us. Poor La Fleur

had been pounding in the saddle on a bidet, all night and all the day before; sometimes in the dirt, and again astride of the horse, galloping away, reeling and pitching, half dead from the want of sleep and excessive fatigue. Yet he persisted, with the fidelity of a Newfoundland dog. I pitied him, but we must all pay for our curiosity.

At Amiens I had been perfectly enveloped by a crowd of beggars, of all sizes and descriptions. The prominent character among them presented a most ludicrous appearance, with his ragged ruffles hanging in shreds, and his clothes in tatters, begging vociferously, "Au mon Dieu!"

Boulogne is pleasantly situated, upon the declivities of a hill, and commands an extensive prospect. It was strongly fortified, and claimed to be a harbor, although the anchorage was bad and dangerous, being exposed to the sweep of the sea. The celebrated "Courier de l'Europe," edited by Brissot, was, from this point, diffused throughout Europe, guardedly disseminating republican sentiments.

At Calais, we thundered into the court-yard of Monsieur Dessein, immortalized by Yorick. We had hardly entered, before I saw him approaching, with his hat under his arm, and at once recognized him by the accuracy of Sterne's description. His manner, the position of the hat, his wig, and polite civilities, all attested the identity of the man, and whilst conversing with him, the scene of Sterne's description seemed to be realized by the approach of a monk, begging for his convent. The harbor is formed like that of Ostend, by a quay projecting into the sea for half a mile.

The remembrance of Yorick was familiar to Monsieur Dessein. I observed to him—"Sir, you are immortalized by Sterne; you are known to all civilized nations, and will live through many generations." "Ah! yes!" he replied, "but I do not thank Monsieur Sterne for comparing me to a Jew or a Turk."

We crossed the channel in about a three hours sail, ran along the white cliffs of Dover for some distance, and then,

suddenly doubling a point, dropped anchor in the harbor of Dover. We were at once boarded by the emissaries of hungry landlords, and in obedience to my rebellious propensities, I repaired to the "King's Head." I had been habituated, for the last three years, to the language, manners, and habits of the French and Germans. In a moment, as it were, the massive white structures of France gave place to the brick buildings of England—the whole scene was changed. I everywhere heard my native tongue. I saw the architecture and customs of my country, and even the boys in the streets were engaged in the games of my youth. I felt as if the workings of magic had transported me to America. This was the land of our rancorous foe and imperious tyrants; still it was the land of our forefathers.

On the eve of my departure from Paris, Mr. Sayer, an American by birth, but a former resident of London, who had been committed to the Tower on a ridiculous charge of plotting to seize the person of George III., and subsequently had been expatriated, solicited me to aid in the escape of a young Englishman, the son of an eminent barrister in London.

It was impossible to insert the name of Reynolds in my passport. There was no alternative but for him to pass as my servant and associate with La Fleur. He was equipped as a servant, and accompanied me in that capacity. Whilst La Fleur, however, was galloping along the road from Paris to Calais, Reynolds was snugly napping in the corner of my carriage. At Calais, whilst I was negotiating with the Commissioner for my passport to Dover, that of Dr. Franklin terminating at Calais, Reynolds was trembling in the court-yard, awaiting with La Fleur to be inspected and described. I succeeded in passing both as my servants, and marched to the wharf of embarcation, through the streets, with each of my servants bearing a bundle, to screen Reynolds.

When we arrived at Dover, my brother traveller, to the wonderment of La Fleur, threw off the masque, and as he stood on British ground, seemed an inch taller. With me the case was reversed. I felt apprehensive in an enemy's country,

and thought in turn I might want the protection of Reynolds, or of his powerful connections. Such are the vicissitudes of life!

I confess I could not divest myself of apprehension, standing alone upon the soil of that country, which for seven long years had torn my native land at every point, and had devastated her coast with fire and desolation. Even there, I could not repress the exulting reflection, that we had gloriously avenged ourselves by the capture of two entire armies, by numerous victories, and by ravaging her commerce in every sea, and even along her own coast.

Dover was not large; its streets were narrow, long, and dirty. It is romantically situated in a valley, with high, impending cliffs on either side. The castle which defends it is about half a mile east of the city, and was very strong and capacious. Its site spread over nearly thirty acres of ground. Here was the celebrated "pocket pistol" of Queen Elizabeth, that had a lie engraved upon its face, in the boastful promise of *carrying a ball to Calais hill*, a distance of twenty-one miles. I was shown at the castle a remarkable well of immense depth, perforating the solid chalk; its sides were perfectly smooth, and a mere pebble, dropped from the hand, and bounding in its descent from side to side, produced an astonishing report. From Dover Castle we enjoyed a fine panoramic view of the British channel, the French coast, a distant glimpse of the German ocean, with the town and harbor of Dover at our feet, and the waving fields of old England, spreading far west and north, studded by villages and towering spires.

We passed through Canterbury; its cathedral is in the style of the Gothic models of France, and other Roman Catholic countries. We traversed, in our progress towards the capital, an undulating, but richly cultivated and interesting country. In our rapid journey we passed through Chatham, Rochester, Dartford, Greenwich, and Woolwich. From various positions during the day, we caught a view of the Thames, covered with ships, like bees returning to their hives, bearing the collected sweets of every clime. The lofty dome of St. Paul's seemed to welcome our approach to London; now gilded

spires began to appear, then vast piles of chimneys, forests of masts, and the confused scenes of a world within a world, rapidly opened to our enraptured gaze, and attracted and absorbed all our faculties, as they thickened around and bewildered us.

I stopped at the rendezvous appointed with Mr. Laurens, at Nantes, and then immediately proceeded with my dispatches to Lord Shelburne, who graciously received me, and spent some time in a free conversation about American affairs, and inquiries relative to Dr. Franklin.

Since the first hour of my landing in England, I have been amazed at the difference in the aspect of every thing on the two sides of the channel. These old countries, in actual view of each other, are as unlike as if separated by the expanse of mighty oceans. The houses, the face of the country, the figure and size of the people, nay, the very animals, are changed. Everything but the houses are on an amplified scale in England. Most of the men at Dover seemed like moving butts of porter, compared to the meagre inhabitants of Calais. The Englishwoman appeared heavy and clumsily built, in contrast with the gay females of France.

In delivering my various letters, I waited first on the Duke of Manchester, at his splendid residence. His elegant person and imposing manners, impressed me with a high estimation of the dignity and character of the English nobleman. Sitting with him alone, I was not a little surprised by his introduction of the conversation.

"I observed by one of the morning papers," he remarked, "that a messenger of peace had arrived the preceding evening; are you the person, sir?" "Yes," I replied, "I brought dispatches to Lord Shelburne, and trust that this circumstance will ensure me personal safety, and an opportunity of freely travelling in England." He replied, "Undoubtedly, sir;" and I then perceived by his questions, that he was sounding me as to my knowledge of the fact, that the government had just come to a decision to acknowledge our Independence. He then gave me the first assurance I had obtained of that event.

In a few days after my arrival in London, I went to Black-

heath, near the city, to pass the day at one of the sumptuous seats in that vicinity. This was the first exhibition I had witnessed of English hospitality, and fashionable manners at their board. Everything was conducted on a style of great splendour and magnificence. Their table customs are very similar to those of the refined circles of America. The manners of the ladies of England and America are cold, distant and forbidding, when contrasted with the airy and animated carriage of the females of France. In gracefulness and elegance of manners, the ladies of France incomparably surpass those of England and America. Cordiality and simplicity characterize the manners of America.

Our scattered population, and the absence of the luxurious habits and customs incident to a greater progress in wealth and refinement, create these desirable distinctions; but as we advance in the march of empire, and our population becomes more condensed, our manners will more assimilate to those of Europe, and become less simple and more impure.

I have often speculated upon the probable influence on the happiness and progress of society, if the Sovereign of the Universe should, by His Almighty fiat, interpose a wall of separation between the Eastern and Western continents, The one, sinking into the dotage and imbecility of decay, would be deprived of the renovating influence of its young offspring, whilst the other would be protected from the contaminating effects of the matured corruptions of the old world.

The servants attending upon my friend's table were all neatly dressed, and extremely active and adroit in performing their offices, and glided about the room, silent and attentive. Their silence was in striking contrast with the volubility of the French attendants, who, to my utter astonishment, I have often observed in France, intermingling in the conversation of the table. Here, the servant, however cherished, is held at an awful distance. The English servant is generally an ignorant and servile being, who has no aspiration beyond his present dependent condition.

In America, our domestic feels the consciousness, that he in

turn may become himself a master. This feeling may, perhaps, impair his usefulness as a servant, but cannot be deprecated, whilst it adds to his self-respect as a man.

I noticed another custom of the English table, that associates it with the habits of America, and strongly variant from those of France. Instead of the ladies mingling in the arrangement at the table as in France, they are clustered around the lady of the house, at one extremity, as if seeking her protection. The effect of this usage is, to withdraw the ladies from the conversation of the social board, and to throw around them a studied reserve and chilling constraint.

The ladies of France take the lead in social intercourse, and talk upon every subject, whether they understand it or not. The day previous to my departure from Paris, I had an opportunity of witnessing a delightful exhibition of the warmth and tenderness of the French female character.

Whilst dining in a large circle, the awful catastrophe of the "Royal George" was announced. It was amid the heated excitement and burning animosities of a sanguinary war; yet every female was bathed in tears, and seemed to be oppressed by the most sincere sorrow and regret. I am aware this deep sympathy was evanescent, for the light-hearted French never dwell upon, or cherish any sorrow, but habitually dance over the ills of life.

We devoted the afternoon to rambling over Blackheath, Greenwich Hospital, and the Park. I noticed many elegant mansions upon the borders of the heath, and amongst others the residence of the late Earl of Chesterfield, where he spent the latter years of his life, and whence he wrote his celebrated letters to his son. Greenwich Hospital is a noble and benevolent Institution, worthy of the munificence of a great nation. In this last harbor of poor Jack, are moored about five thousand maimed and worn-down sailors, who have devoted their lives to sustain the glory of the flag of old England. Here they are comfortably maintained and preserved from want and suffering. The hospital occupies an imposing position, commanding a fine view of the Thames. Its noble terrace in front,

and extensive park behind the building, the court and colonnades, are all on a splendid scale of magnificence. The park is adorned by venerable oaks, and enlivened by herds of tame deer. In its centre is situated the Royal Observatory. On a side hill descending towards the park, we observed multitudes of the citizens of London, regaling themselves in sports and popular pastimes.

Blackheath and Shuter's hill, which descend towards it, have long been notorious in the annals of highwaymen. A gentleman with whom I had dined, witnessed in the evening, as he crossed the heath, the robbing of a coach. The gross violation of public safety, in the daring excesses of English highwaymen, casts a deep imputation upon the state of society in England. Nothing of the kind is apprehended in France. The excellence of the police of France, in the country as well as the city, affords an almost perfect security against the outrages so common in England. I travelled in France whole nights without a shade of apprehension. Loose articles of baggage may be left in a carriage, standing in an open court-yard during the night, with almost as much safety as in the wilds of America.

I had been favored by Dr. Franklin with a letter to Dr. Price,* of Hackney, and took an early occasion to proceed to that place, to hear this celebrated philosopher preach. The building and audience were plain, but respectable. After the congregation had withdrawn, the Doctor approached, with great

*Dr. Price was eminent as a divine, and writer upon the subjects of finance and politics. He was a zealous and eloquent advocate of civil liberty. He was enthusiastically regarded in America as a champion of her rights. His works bearing upon the American question had an important and decided influence. They were entitled, "*Observations on Civil Liberty and the Justice of the War with America*, 1776,"—"*Additional Observations*, 1777,"—"*The Importance of the American Revolution, and the means of making it useful to the World.*" It is said that Dr. Price was freely consulted by Mr. Pitt in instituting his financial schemes. Dr. Price ardently espoused the cause of the French Revolution, and publicly avowed his exultation in its triumph. His sermon on this occasion is said to have produced Mr. Burke's "Reflections," in which he was assailed with much acrimony and violence. I still possess the former work, which he presented me on that occasion.

politeness, and conducted us into his private room, behind the pulpit, and unbent himself, on various subjects, in a kind and social manner. My friend delicately alluded to his great reputation as a philosopher and financier, and to the obligation America owed his pen, and the effect of his influence in her cause. He replied, "however he might be esteemed among men, he had lived long enough to know that he knew nothing."

CHAPTER VIII.

Royal Family—Child, the Banker—Irish Giant—Anecdote—English Travelling—Country—Oxford—Woodstock—Stratford on Avon—Shakspeare—Birmingham—Tory Relatives—Peter Oliver—Dr. Priestly—Mr. Watt—Letter of Dr. Franklin—Anecdote—Letters from John Adams—Dr. Moyes—Sister of Garrick—Litchfield—Road to Liverpool—Alarm—Impressment—Liverpool—Warrington—Country Frolic—Manchester—Worsley Mills—Subterranean Navigation—Rockdale Church—Tempest—Beautiful Scenery—Halifax.

I OCCUPIED the succeeding week in exploring the spectacles of London. I made an excursion to Richmond, where I walked in the train of the Royal family, and saw the King for the first time. I went on a pilgrimage to Twickenham, and made a visit to the lovely Richmond Hill. In this vicinity is the magnificent villa of Child, the banker, whose only daughter recently eloped with a dissolute scion of the nobility. Child was worth an immense estate, one half of which, it is said, he had squandered on this princely edifice and its appendages. It was said to contain seventy-five apartments, the architecture of each of which is peculiar to some distinct nation, and that, at a vast expense, he procured from the different countries their appropriate furniture. As if to mark the reprobation of Heaven upon this absurd prostitution of wealth, which, worthily directed, would have carried blessings to thousands, within two days after he received the keys of this earthly palace from the hands of the builder, Child was himself consigned to the silent tomb, his only offspring in the arms of a bankrupt debauchee.

Near St. James' Park I observed a sign, "The Irish Giant to be seen here." I was alone, and had heard nothing of this personage, but, impelled by curiosity, I was induced to pay my fee and enter. I was alone in a room with a monster in human form. He was sitting upon a chair as high as an ordinary table. As I entered, he arose like a cloud; as he appeared intoxicated and ferocious, I involuntarily retreated towards the

door. His height was eight feet and two inches; and when I again ventured to approach him, I found my head (my height being about five feet eight inches), reached but little above his hip bone. The name of this monster was Burns. I afterward learned that he had sold his body to an association of surgeons, for five hundred guineas.

Having ascertained that the King would acknowledge our National Independence at the opening of Parliament, early in December, I determined to remain in England to witness the interesting and glorious event, and in the interval to occupy myself in attaining information and extending my views of men and things in that attractive country. In pursuance of this purpose, I hired, in connection with a friend, a post-chaise, and left London October 6th, 1782, on a contemplated tour into some of the most important sections of England. I proposed to visit their manufacturing districts, and to examine their agriculture, and the general improvements in roads and canals.

The day before leaving London, I dined at the "Cock" Coffee-House, near the Royal Exchange. Leaning over the piazza, I observed a carriage drive up with four fine horses, and servants in rich livery. I observed to an English gentleman with whom I was standing, "It seems we are to have some nobleman with us to-day." He laughed, and replied, "That nobleman is our landlord; having made an immense fortune in this house, he bought a large estate in the vicinity but after a year's trial of indolence, he returned to his old pursuit, necessary to him from the habits of twenty years. He comes in every day, in this style, and returns to his estate in the evening." I took my seat in a dining-box, and the landlord soon appeared with a white apron tied up to his chin. I cried out, rather more audibly than usual, "Waiter;" he promptly gave the "Coming, sir!" and ran up to me with all humility. Such is the supreme force of habit.

The stranger is delighted in England by their noble and fleet horses, comfortable carriages, excellent roads, sumptuous taverns, devoted landlords and landladies, and neat and civil post-boys, with their jockey caps. The postillions in France, I should remark, are often rude and brutal. If a man has his

pockets well-lined with guineas, no country equals England in the pleasures and facilities of travelling.

I left London, throwing myself upon the tide of circumstances, without any definite plan of movement; but governed by a desire of making a comparative view of my own country in its infancy, with the institutions and usages of the old and rival nations of France and England. In the two former I had already extensively travelled.

The afternoon was fine, and for the first time I found myself in a light and elegant post-chaise, bounding over the spacious gravelled turnpike to Brentford. Instead of heavy boots hooped with iron, and enormous spurs—heavy post-chaises, with shafts and ox-wheels—three horses, heavy and clumsy, abreast—and paved roads—as in France, I found in England handsome, fine-limbed horses, as fleet as the wind; light post-chaises, in form resembling chariots; the post-boys trim and neat, polite and civil; and roads well-gravelled.

We passed Maiden-head at full speed, where a fine stone bridge crosses the Thames, from which is commanded a brilliant view of meadows and valleys richly cultivated, spreading far and wide, with the placid river winding its peaceful course towards the capital we had left. The hills descend on each side gradually towards the plain, and are embellished with splendid seats and villas. Maiden-head is an animated place, full of fine houses; it being one of the great avenues towards the metropolis, and is all in commotion.

The little village of Bray, destined to immortality through its vicar, is situated at the foot of the hill.

At dawn the next morning we were rattling through the streets of Henly, on our way to Oxford, and in the evening descended at Portugal house, the elegant residence of my friend, Mr. Green, in Birmingham; having passed during the day through the counties of Oxfordshire, Buckingham, and Warwickshire. The country is generally level or undulating, and in an admirable state of cultivation. The peasantry have ruddy and healthy countenances.

We passed a turnpike-gate in every ten or fifteen miles, with an

average charge of fifty cents each. All the other disbursements of the road were proportionably extravagant, and were at least double those of France.

The expense of living in England is exorbitant. A gentleman of fortune assured me, that he moved with his carriage and family to the south of France, and lived for five hundred guineas annually, in a style that would have cost him, in England, two thousand.

Malt liquor is the universal beverage of the country, and in consequence, I believe I have seen more portly men in England in one day, than I met in three years in France.

Descending from an elevated country to low grounds, we crossed the Magdalen bridge, six hundred feet long, and immediately entered Oxford, the celebrated seat of learning. Here I could only devote the cursory examination of a few hours to objects that demand the close attention of days. The streets are spacious and clean, and the place healthy.

Oxford is highly interesting for its twenty colleges, and numerous students and professors. There is nothing marked or engaging in the architecture of these colleges, it being antiquated and inelegant. They are richly endowed, and contain extensive and valuable libraries.

The surrounding grounds are spacious and ornate, embellished by extensive walks, groves and gardens. The whole number of students and officers was estimated at three thousand. Three or four bridges cross the Cherwel, which glides by the town, and falls into the Thames. In an adjacent meadow we discovered the ruins of a nunnery, an interesting relic of bygone ages.

We made a short stay at Woodstock, sufficient to enable us to run over the splendid palace of Blenheim, erected by the nation to commemorate the victory of Marlborough.

We entered Stratford-upon-Avon, after crossing a large stone-arch bridge over the Avon, and alighted at the White Lion Inn, near the house in which Shakspeare was born. The sign at this Inn is a painting of the immortal bard, with the lines of his brother bard—

"Here sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbled his native wood-notes wild."

Stimulated by an ardent and deeply excited enthusiasm, I abandoned my friend at the Inn, and hastily ran to contemplate the object of my anxious inquiries—a little, old and dilapidated dwelling—the birth-place of Shakspeare. There I saw a decrepit old woman, who pronounced herself the only surviving descendant of the illustrious poet. She pointed out to me the remnant of an antiquated chair, which he had occupied; it is cherished as an interesting memorial. A considerable proportion of it had been cut off by visitors, in the course of several generations, and is often seen wrought into rings and bracelets, worn by ladies in memory of their bard.

From the house I proceeded to the parish church, to view the grave and monument of Shakspeare. The monument was erected by his wife, and a bust of him is placed against the wall. Opposite to this, in the centre of the chancel, is a white marble slab, embedded in the paved floor, upon which is inscribed the following lines, written by himself—

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To move the dust that resteth here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he who moves these bones."

Either the reverence that attached to the poet's name, or the dread of his malediction, has exempted his remains from the desecration too common to the tombs in English church-yards. Opposite the grave of Shakspeare, on the outside of the church, is a large charnel-house, with a door opening from the charnel into it. In accordance with ancient usage, when a new corpse is to be interred in the body of the church, the old and decaying bones exhumed in preparing the fresh grave are removed and thrown into a promiscuous pile, in the charnel-house, constituting an unhonored and forgotten wreck of poor mortality. How solemn and repulsive the contemplation!

Shakspeare, doubtless, from childhood, had watched the operation of this system, and had felt his sensitive mind agitated

and revolted in witnessing it. Hence arose the foregoing frightful denunciation.

Stratford is an incorporated city. The Avon washes it, and falls into the Severn at Tewkesbury.

We proceeded with rapid speed from this place to Birmingham, where I became delightfully domesticated in the family of my friend Mr. Green, brother-in-law to the Earl of Ferrers. On my arrival in Birmingham, I was surprised to learn that several of my Tory connections, exiles from America, were residents in the city; among the number was Chief Justice Oliver, of conspicuous distinction, in the early stages of the Revolution; and also a son of the notorious Governor Hutchinson.

Whilst walking with Judge Oliver, in the streets of Birmingham, he pointed out to me three gentlemen walking together, with the remark, that they were amongst the most eminent philosophers of Europe.

They were Doctor Priestly, Mr. Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, which had recently excited so much interest, and Doctor Moyes, of Scotland, who was totally blind; but who was then engaged in giving a course of philosophical lectures. I was introduced to them by the Judge, and afterwards frequently visited Doctor Priestly,* (to whom I had a letter from Dr. Franklin.) at his residence, about a mile from the city.

Doctor Priestly was a thin man, with a sharp nose and face, and wore a full, bushy wig. He exhibited to me his extensive electrical apparatus, which occupied a room; and his laboratory, which filled another apartment. No man has effected

* This eminent theologian and accomplished philosopher was of low origin, and descended from Calvinistic parents. Dr. Priestly passed through various stages of belief, some eccentric and peculiar, from Calvinism to Unitarian doctrines; but it is asserted, he was a uniform opponent of infidelity. He was highly distinguished as a man of science, in all its avenues; and eminent as a metaphysician. The known affinity of his feelings with the French Revolution, excited the outrage of a mob at Birmingham, which destroyed his house, and consumed with it his library, manuscripts, and philosophical apparatus. In 1794 he emigrated to America, and died in comparative obscurity in February, 1805.

more interesting developments in science. He showed me also his extensive library, but he himself was a library, a living encyclopedia. He was esteemed, I believe, throughout Europe, as one of the most distinguished and learned men of the age. He regularly officiates in a plain church, in the suburbs of the city, his tenets being Socinian.

I often met Mr. Watt at Doctor Priestly's, who was his brother-in-law, and was said to aid him in his steam investigations. Mr. Watt was entirely absorbed in his steam-engine projects. He informed me that he had erected several in the tin mines of Cornwall, at the expense of the proprietors, and that he received one half of the savings produced by his machines, compared with the former mode of working the mines. He assured me that he already received from this source a revenue of five hundred pounds sterling per annum. He was also concerned in the extensive works at Soho, near the city, where he had introduced his steam-engines, with great utility. Here they worked by ingenious mechanical contrivances invented by Mr. Watt, in gold and silver, and a variety of compositions. Their plate work is an admirable imitation of pure silver, and their ornamental work was much admired all over Europe. Previous to our Revolution these extensive works employed about twelve hundred operatives, but the number was at that time reduced about one half.

Birmingham may be pronounced one of the most active and busy cities of the world. Its manufactures were chiefly hardware, and scattered over the marts of the whole earth. Its business had been greatly enhanced by the various canals which concentrate here, and communicate with Liverpool and Manchester, upon one side, and Bristol and Oxford upon the other. These canals promoted the prosperity of the city, as well by rendering the coal region easily accessible to them, as by affording cheap transportation for the raw material they require for their own manufactured fabrics.

The city was enveloped night and day in a cloud of coal smoke, pleasant to the citizens, but exceedingly offensive to the olfactories of a stranger. It contained about forty thousand

inhabitants, being handsomely built upon a side hill, nearly in the form of a crescent. Mr. Watt informed me that the Birmingham canal, which unites with the Straffordshire and Worcestershire canal, about two miles from this city, is carried down the hill by twenty locks, which cost five hundred pounds sterling each, making in that distance one hundred and thirty-six feet fall, or about seven feet lift, to each lock. The boats which ply on it are seventy feet long, and very narrow. The stock divided from twelve to twenty-four per cent, annually. This canal was commenced twelve years before, under the charge of the famous Brinley, the self-created engineer, and has enriched the whole region.

On one occasion of my visiting Doctor Priestly, he read to me a letter from Doctor Franklin, describing the terrific battle between Rodney and De Grasse's fleets, in deadly conflict for several hours. It detailed the manœuvres of the former, said to have been suggested by the theoretical plan of a merchant, and then first put in practice, by which the enemy's line being broken in the centre, one half of it was enclosed in a double line of hostile ships, whilst the remainder was compelled to remain in the excrutiating agony of passive spectators of the dreadful work of destruction and death. Franklin imagined himself and Priestly suspended in a cloud, hovering over the scene, and witnessing its dreadful progress.

The first Sunday I spent in Birmingham I accompanied Judge Oliver to church, and when the clergyman in an audible voice pronounced, "Oh Lord! turn the hearts of our rebellious subjects in America," the Judge gave me a smart jog on the elbow, as if to make a personal application of the prayer. The progress of events enabled me to return the hint by a "retort courteous." I was again at Birmingham after the formal recognition of our Independence, and occupied with Judge Oliver a seat in the same church. After the service, I whispered to him, "Well, Sir, I waited in vain, *this time*, for a jog on the elbow."

The Tory refugees were vindictive and bitter in their hostility to the men and events of the Revolution. Judge Oliver

imputed much in its earlier movements to the influence and untiring energy of John Adams. He pronounced him one of the most dangerous men to British domination in America. This conversation I partly communicated to Mr. Adams afterwards in Paris.

In a letter, December 16th, 1790, Mr. Adams remarks to me in allusion to this topic :—

"I remember that you once told me at the Hague, '*that the American tories and refugees in England, dreaded me more than any, or all other men in the world.*' These expressions, although very strong, are of an ambiguous construction. There were some forged letters printed in my name in the London newspapers, breathing vengeance against that description of people, which was never in my feelings, nor consistent with my principles. From these counterfeits, they might be led to expect from me vindictive measures against them, which I never dreamed of. The refugees might entertain hopes, however weak and visionary, of again seeing the domination of Britain re-established in America, and think me their most determined opponent. In such a guess as this, they would not have been much out. I will thank you to explain the matter, as you know their sentiments."

In a letter I received from him in July, 1812, he again alludes to the subject thus :—

"You once gave me some dark and broken hints of a conversation you had with Judge Peter Oliver, in England, which appeared to me to have entered deeply into the causes of our Revolution.

"I know of no reason, why, at this time of day, that conversation or any other information relative to that event, should be concealed or withheld from the public. But if you will communicate it to me, though it should be in confidence, I should esteem it as a favor.

"*I have long expected and earnestly wished to see a Tory history of the Revolution, its causes, rise, progress and completion. That such a thing will appear, I have no doubt, and should be very happy to see it.*"

Again, in November, 1817, he refers to the subject, after receiving some explanations from me. He says :—

"When Chief Justice Oliver said to you, in 1782, *that he dreaded me more than any man in America,* he did not explain his reasons. *He knew that I was the first projector of the impeachment of the Judges, and he believed that measure to be the critical event on which the revolution turned.*"

No man familiar with the Revolution, could hesitate to ac-

cord to Mr. Adams one of the highest points of eminence among the patriots who animated the spirit, and who guided the measures of the Revolution.

Mr. Green, the night previous to my departure from Birmingham, gave a supper to the Americans in the city. There was about the board twenty-five besides myself, and I was the only avowed rebel in the group. It was agreed that they might talk tory, whilst I should be permitted to talk rebel; and thus being unconstrained, we passed an amusing evening.

On the point of resuming my excursion to the north, I sought from my friends information as to my route, and the objects of my journey; and it is a remarkable fact, that upon these subjects, and in respect to the road, country, manufactures, agriculture, &c., I received the most accurate and detailed information from Dr. Moyes, the blind philosopher, who never saw any of them. He was a man of very interesting scientific and literary attainments, endowed with fine native talent, which had been matured and invigorated by thought and reflection. Mechanical employment was the favorite occupation of his youth. At an early age he made himself familiar with the use of edge tools; and although totally blind, succeeded in constructing with his own hands, many nice and complicated pieces of machinery. The fund of intelligence he collected, and stored up in his memory, was truly wonderful. From these resources, always at command, he would pour forth in conversation the richest strains of wisdom and information.

He was not merely a distinguished lecturer upon chemistry, but his mind had garnered up rich treasures in the various departments of learning.

He possessed, it was said, an acute and general knowledge of most of the profounder sciences embraced in the Newtonian philosophy. The fact, that from infancy, he had been deprived of the use of his eyes, made him a prodigy of wisdom and attainments. He afforded a wonderful evidence of the triumph of genius and energy over the highest and most difficult of human obstacles.

Mr. Green accompanied me as far as Litchfield, and in the

last exercise of his kindness, introduced me to a sister of Garrick, with whom I passed an evening. Her eyes were full, penetrating, and jet black, like her brother's.

Litchfield is a venerable and well-built city, with streets clean, spacious, and well paved. The cathedral is one of the most magnificent old Gothic churches in England. I always contemplated these monuments of other ages, with awe and deep veneration.

I spent an hour in a sad sojourn in the church-yard, viewing the cathedral and the tombs around. The structure still remains in grandeur and beauty, whilst the hands that created it have long since crumbled into dust. I noticed an almost infinite number of rooks or ravens croaking around the towers, and sailing through the arches of this ancient pile.

Travelling in one day from Litchfield to Liverpool, and making a journey fraught with continued interest and excitement, we crossed the Trent twice, and often passed over, and once under the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, riding along its margin during most of the day. We galloped over a most interesting country. The scenery was enchanting, and constantly presented new features and changes.

Near Newcastle, we were enraptured by a most gorgeous and lovely view from an eminence, formed of a widely spread plain, diversified with fields and groves, and glittering streams, studded by villages and elegant villas, and animated by a thousand herds, lowing along its meads. During this day I noticed numerous country seats, of various peculiarities of architecture, and embellished by all the appliances of wealth and refinement. We traversed some bad roads, through artificial forests, planted by the hand of man; and over hills and dales, and along beautiful water-courses.

At Warrington I left my carriage, and took a seat in the stage coach for Liverpool. I was alone with La Fleur, and placing my loaded pistols under the cushion, was soon sound asleep, with folded arms, pitching and reeling in sympathy with the motion of the carriage. Suddenly I was awoke by a check to the full speed of our horses—rubbed my eyes—heard a con-

fused noise of voices, and looking out, saw by the light of the full moon, that we were surrounded by a band of armed men, their suspended hangers flashing in the moonlight. I heard a voice exclaim, "we will hang him, by G—d." At the same instant the carriage door was thrust rudely open, and in an authoritive tone, I was ordered to "come out." I was in dismay and astonishment at finding myself encompassed, as I supposed, by a numerous body of armed foot-pads; and the thought flashed through my mind, that by some unlucky event, the approach of a rebel might have been intimated to an excited populace, who designed to avenge the death of poor Andre.

I had no time to hesitate, but dropping a valuable watch in the carriage, seized and cocked my pistols, and ordered them to stand off. They hesitated, and then demanded "if I was not the commanding officer of the press-gang." I assured them I was not the man they sought, and to satisfy them I sprung out, and to my no small joy was permitted to pass. They were sailors who had been hunted down by the blood-hounds of the government, until driven to desperation, and were in pursuit of an officer of the press-gang, to avenge themselves for the cruelties to which they had been subjected by him. He had been pointed out to me that evening at Warrington, and thus narrowly escaped the hands of these self-constituted avengers.

The barbarous and demoralizing system of impressment would disgrace the most despotic government on the earth; and yet in this country of boasted liberty and laws, it is tolerated by the government, and sanctioned by established custom.

When the peril of this scene was over, I trembled like an aspen leaf; but, happily, when the hazard was imminent, I retained full control of my nerves. The excitement of danger, I have often noticed, will sustain us in the crisis.

Late in the evening, we penetrated into the heart of the great commercial emporium, Liverpool, drove into the court-yard of the Golden Lion, and were conducted, without ceremony, into a dirty little chamber in the attic, which produced

the shrewd remark from honest La Fleur, in French, "Monsieur, if we rattled around the court-yard in our own carriage, and made a thundering noise, *comme en France, Par Dieu! nous aurions un beau chambre en primier étage.*" I devoted the next day to the examination of this interesting city and its vicinity.

Liverpool is situated upon the east side of the Mersey, and lies low. The adjacent country is flat and sandy. In 1699 it was only constituted into a parish, and in 1710 the first dock was constructed. A little more than a century ago, it was an insignificant fishing borough, giving a precarious occupation to about one hundred sailors. It now contained nearly 40,000 inhabitants, and was rapidly advancing in wealth and population. Elegant new houses were erecting upon large and capacious streets. From the summit of the Exchange, I had a fine view of the city and environs. The merchants, I noticed, transacted much of their business in the street fronting the Exchange.

In spring-tides, it is stated, the water rises thirty feet; in consequence, wet and dry docks are much required for the facilities of commerce. Previous to our Revolution, the commerce of Liverpool with America was very extensive and important. Canals connecting it with various points in the interior are already constructed, and others are projected. On this point they are deeply indebted to the enterprise of the Duke of Bridgewater, and the genius of Brinley.* Like all

*James Brinley was born in 1716, and was early distinguished by his remarkable mechanical inventions. He served an apprenticeship to a millwright. His wonderful and intuitive genius soon elevated him into fame and consequence, as the inventor of many ingenious and important mechanical improvements and labor-saving machinery. His powerful mind was at length turned to internal navigation. He was advised with by the Duke of Bridgewater, on the subject of his contemplated scheme of running a canal from Worsley to Manchester. Brinley declared the project practicable, and was employed to perform it. At Barton he proposed to carry it over the Irwell by an aqueduct, at an elevation of thirty-nine feet above the surface of the water. The project was ridiculed as wild and chimerical; yet, supported by his noble patron, he began and accomplished the design. This was the first work attempted in England with navigable subterranean tunnels and elevated aqueducts. To preserve the level of the water, he

other projectors, they were esteemed wild and visionary in their contemplations; but the result has proved the wisdom and sagacity of their plans. The authors of projects designed to advance and meliorate the condition of man, are too often sneered at and derided by the multitude, who bow down and shout hosannas to a long purse, whilst they consign native merit over to the gratitude of posterity.

I disposed of part of the day in an interesting examination of the manufactures and commercial resources of Liverpool. The extensive salt-works, which afforded the article of commerce so universally known as Liverpool salt, was an object of much interest, and a source of great wealth to the place. The water is pumped by machinery and evaporated in large pans, and, in some instances, the salt is raised from its bed by the same process.

I returned to Warrington, which presents a very uninteresting appearance, with antiquated buildings and narrow streets. I here resumed my carriage and proceeded towards Manchester, through an interesting country. Allured by the animating tones of a violin, we stopped at a farm-house, and found a country frolic in full tide, lads and lasses dancing with all their might and hearts their four-handed reels. I soon mingled with them, drank their slops, warmed myself, and took my leave. Divested of their broad pronunciation, I could easily have imagined myself at a frolic in the bosom of New England; yet one Yankee, in the same sphere, possesses more mother wit than half this circle. I believe this remark may be made with

carried his canal over rivers, and many deep and wide valleys. Brinley was subsequently engaged in many other equally important and extensive operations His whole energies were absorbed in his professional pursuits. He had no relish for the ordinary relaxations of life; he was once induced to visit a play in London, but declared nothing should persuade him to witness another, as it disturbed his mind, and incapacitated him, several days, for business. When any unusual difficulty occurred to him, in the execution of his works, he would retire to bed, and sometimes remain there three days till he had surmounted it. This extraordinary man was almost mean in his appearance, and uncultivated in his manners, and could scarcely read or write, and yet was one of the most consummate civil engineers that has ever lived.

justice in reference to a large mass of the rural population of England.

Manchester is very conspicuous as a manufacturing city. The manufacture of cotton, in every variety of fabric, forms its most important business. The introduction of machinery has wonderfully facilitated the processes of this work. They perform, by this means, almost the entire labor, to the exclusion of thousands of famishing poor, who are thus deprived of their ordinary occupation.

Manchester derives immense benefits from the canal of the Duke of Bridgewater and the Leeds canal, which proceeds onward to Liverpool. I hope, most ardently, that I may live to witness in America the application of machinery to these purposes, and the introduction of canals, with all their infinite advantages. Manchester is an opulent and elegant city, with fine streets and extensive squares; it is one of the largest inland cities of Great Britain, containing about 30,000 inhabitants, and is situated at the junction of the Irwell and Irk. The city is ancient, but much of it is of modern construction.

I went to Worsley Mills, a distance of seven miles from Manchester, to view the stupendous works of the Duke of Bridgewater, accomplished by the surpassing genius of Brinley. The execution of these projects was attended with vast expense and hazard, but secured to their projectors an immense estate. Not content with skimming along the surface, with traversing valleys, and crossing rivers by their artificial navigation, they decided to plunge into the very bowels of a mountain, in pursuit of coal. A vast reservoir is constructed at the foot of the mountain, from which a subterranean tunnel extends nearly three-fourths of a mile, to the coal pits in the heart of the mountain; at this point the tunnel divides and shoots off into two branches, of about three hundred yards each, in the midst of an immense mass of coal. The tunnel is about seven and a half feet high, including three feet of water, and six and a half feet wide. The boats which navigate it are about fifty feet long, four and a half broad, and two feet deep. The tunnel is occasionally arched with brick or stone.

The circuit going and returning by the tunnel and branches is about three miles of dark and subterranean navigation. Having procured a ticket, we proceeded with lighted torches, towed along by the railway. The sensation that one feels is indescribable, in approaching through this gloomy avenue the dark colliers, who were just discernible by the red glare of their lights, in the region of blackness and night. The coal is brought from the pits in low wagons, propelled on a platform to the sides of the boats, which hold about eight tons, and several being connected, are drawn on the canals to Manchester and elsewhere. Shafts or funnels are opened at intervals, from the top of the mountain, a depth of from thirty to forty yards, for the purpose of ventilation. These works form an astonishing exhibition of the ultimate and certain success of enterprise and genius.

Leaving Manchester, we crossed over a mountainous road to Halifax, the first bad road I had seen in England. Our progress was tedious and uncomfortable. The church at Rochdale (which, situated in a valley, is encircled by mountains,) stands on an eminence that is approached from the town by a long flight of stairs. We ascended it, and had an extensive view of the surrounding scenery, with the mountains already (October 17th) capped with snow. The air was keen and wintry. In ascending the fearful mountain at Blackstone-edge, we were assailed, when half-way up, by such a pitiless storm of hail and wind, that my apprehensions were seriously excited for the safety of the post-boy, carriage and horses. I descended from the post-chaise for greater security, but could hardly sustain myself amid the raging of the tempest. The atmosphere was wild and squally, and whilst this circumstance in some measure obstructed the prospect, it added infinitely to the grandeur and novelty of this wild mountain scene. A snow storm next attacked us, whilst still ascending, and in a few minutes, the surrounding hills and mountains held up their heads, as if rejoicing in their white mantles. In truth it was, in all its phases, a regular transatlantic snow-storm.

We continued on to Halifax, eight miles, travelling over a

dreary mountain tract, and as night approached, houses began to appear in closer contact, and drawing nearer the city, the lights from the villages in the valleys, and along the hill-sides, with the solitary rays streaming from the numerous farm-houses, gave animation and beauty to the scenery. The mountains we had traversed, were filled with vast bodies of coal, and bright streamlets were constantly bounding down their declivities.

Near almost every house I noticed tenters, on which were stretched shaloons, kerseys, or cloths. The manufacture of these fabrics, was the occupation of the spare hands of the cottages.

The loveliness and repose of the scenes exhibited to us in descending the hills towards Halifax, were indescribably impressive. At their base, the river Calder gently glides, dividing them from another parallel chain of hills upon the opposite side. As soon as the moon had disengaged herself from the mass of clouds which still hovered about the mountains, and had obscured her during the evening, she emerged in great beauty and brilliancy, tipping the surrounding clouds with a silver edging, and then poured her light upon us—through the trees—upon the hill-tops mantled in snow, and gently touched by her tremulous beams the little river, in the valley below.

Immediately upon leaving this picturesque scene, we descended a long declivity, and entered Halifax, which is situated in a valley, and environed by a circle of abrupt hills. Halifax was a considerable town, of about six thousand inhabitants, irregularly built, and offered nothing remarkable to the observation of the traveller, except a Clothiers' Hall, which includes five hundred rooms. To this mart, all the adjacent country bring, on every Saturday, all their cloths for sale. The streets and tops of the houses were covered with snow, and presented a wintry aspect like an American December.

CHAPTER XV.

Establishment—Leeds—Clothiers' Hall—Political Sentiments—Sheffield—Matlock—Lead Mine—Singular Petrifaction—Derby—Broom Grove—Worcester—Tewksbury—Bristol—Bath—Death of Colonel Laurens—Devizes—Rottenborough—Earl of Effingham—English Nobility—Edmund Burke—Prince of Wales—Destiny of England—Opera—Portrait by Copely—House of Lords—King's Speech Recognizing American Independence—Reflections—House of Commons—Interview with Lord Shelburne—Windsor—Royal Family—Return to Paris—Treaty—Anecdote—Letter of Monsieur Demmartin.

The road continued rugged and mountainous, until we approached Leeds. We journeyed very pleasantly along the banks of the river Aire, near which we saw the ruins of an ancient monastery. Happily for England, popish institutions no longer preponderate upon her soil, but in their stead, however, the people of England are ground to the earth by the intolerable abuses of a political national religion. To this establishment every religious sect is made tributary. The poor farmer, no matter to what mode or form of worship his conscience may direct him, is compelled to yield one tenth of his hard earnings, to sustain a host of bishops and priests, a class of whom riot in wealth and luxuriance.

Leeds was a populous commercial and manufacturing city, situated on the Aire. Its inland navigation, by the river on the east, and the canal on the west, which connects the two seas, confers upon it great advantages. There was a cloth fair in this city twice in each week. I attended one of them in their spacious Clothiers' Hall. As soon as the Hall bell began to ring, each man shouldered his piece of cloth, and took his position in a very large room, at the side of tables running parallel through the entire length. When the bell ceased, the merchants entered without noise or confusion, and passed through

the room, inspecting the cloths. They whispered their price in the clothier's ear, and thus, with privacy and dispatch, and without a knowledge of each other's business, a traffic amounting to from £15,000 to £30,000 was accomplished in the period of an hour.

I spent the evening in a large and elegant circle, at the mansion of a gentleman to whom I brought letters. I perceived to my astonishment, that the group were warmly and openly American in their feelings, whether selected in compliment to me I am ignorant, but I really felt myself as if in the midst of my rebel friends in America. I noticed during my progress in England, that the popular feeling upon the subject of American affairs, appeared to run in a sympathetic vein. In one locality, I remarked the prevailing sentiment to be deeply and inveterately hostile, whilst in another our cause was almost universally cherished, and advocated with the most decided, cordial, kind feeling; but our enemies, and even the Tories, treated us with much more respect after the recent and decisive events. In general I avoided politics.

I determined, October 22d, from the general aspect of the weather, to abandon my projected tour into Scotland, and to turn my face again towards sunny France.

In approaching Sheffield, I was agreeably surprised by a sudden view bursting on my vision, of this large manufacturing city, which rests upon the side of an opposite hill, and appeared to great advantage, although half immerged in coal dust and smoke. We descended a long declivity, and crossing a bridge over the Dan, entered the city by a steep ascent.

I here found a precious packet of letters from friends in Europe and America, affording the choicest solace to a way-worn and solitary sojourner. In the evening I attended the play, with a party to whom I had been introduced by my letters. The audience was thin; the actors bad; and in truth, this people appeared too much absorbed by their manufactures, to encourage or participate in amusements.

After devoting two days to examining the interesting manufactories and hydraulic works of Sheffield, we left that city,

and travelled by moonlight to Matlock. Sheffield is situated at the confluence of the rivers Dan and Sheaf, and contained about 30,000 inhabitants. The land in the vicinity commands a high rent; the farmers make extensive use of an excellent fertilizer, formed by bones and horn shavings, pulverized by grinding.

The road passed along the borders of the little river Derwent, amid a range of craggy mountains. The post-boy galloped off at a rapid rate upon the edge of precipices, through narrow defiles, and beneath rocks impending over us. This rugged avenue, combined with the murmurings of the river below, among the rocks and rapids, and the effect of the moonlight glimmering upon the various points of the scene, produced one of the most romantic and curious associations I have ever witnessed. We drew up in front of a long building, planted in the midst of the mountains. I soon introduced myself into the room where was assembled the sad relics of a brilliant summer company, which had resorted to this celebrated bathing-place, and had been dispersed by the frosts of autumn. I spent one day, perched upon this mountain rock. The scenery was grand and imposing, the view ranging over several counties.

At the foot of one of these mountains, I entered a lead mine, penetrating with my guide, who bore a torch, one thousand yards, which brought us to a point directly beneath the top of the mountain, towering five hundred feet over our heads. Here the miners were at work, wearing out a wretched existence. The atmosphere was damp and confined, although ventilated by shafts.

The mountains in the vicinity of Matlock abound in a great variety of the most curious petrifactions, which are converted into many highly polished and beautiful ornaments. Singular stones are also often found in this region, which, when polished, exhibit neat and striking landscapes. I prevailed upon the head workman to accompany me in search of some of them, and was fortunate enough to discover one, that apparently afforded, after being polished, a beautiful rural scene, of about six by twelve

inches in size, presenting a view of a river, with three small islands covered with trees. In another view was displayed a variegated scene of hills, trees in rich foliage, and clouds. This strange vagary of nature was seen by Doctors Priestly, Franklin, and a vast many other persons, who all pronounced it a most wonderful natural curiosity. I brought it with me to America, and presented it to one of our literary institutions.

In the evening I enjoyed a refreshing bath. The water is of the temperature and mild softness of new milk. The bath is lined with polished white marble.

In journeying towards Derby, we wound up a long hill, to a great height, and then gradually descended into a level country, highly improved, laid off in regular lots, here and there occupied by clusters of trees, or devoted to gardens, but generally covered with cattle and sheep grazing, and checkering and animating the landscape. After traversing this extensive and luxurious plain, we entered the city of Derby.

I devoted some time to exploring this interesting city, and examining, in the suburbs, a silk manufactory, on an expanded scale. It employed two hundred persons, who tend one hundred thousand movements, all propelled by a single water-wheel, which revolves three times in a minute, and at each revolution works upwards of seventy thousand yards of silk, ready for the warp.

There was also, in this city, a large porcelain manufactory, which made a very admirable imitation of China porcelain; the blue and gold coloring was executed with exquisite beauty and perfection.

On my return to Birmingham, I again enjoyed the courteous and refined hospitalities of my friend, Mr. Green. During my sojourn, I visited the seat at Hagley, of many of the extraordinary exploits of the younger Littleton.

There he made his remarkable exit from life, under circumstances which are the constant theme of conversation. We also made a trip to the seat of the Earl of Ferrers, a relation of the lady of my friend. Mr. Green assured me, that at this house he introduced the unfortunate Major Andre to Miss

Seward, afterwards so well known for her genius, her connection with Andre, and her sorrows. Whilst in Birmingham I enjoyed much intercourse with Doctor Priestly and Mr. Watt, and felt my mind elevating and expanding under its influence.

I left Birmingham on the 10th of November for London, by way of Bristol and Bath, and passed through a charming agricultural region, and many cities and towns fraught with interesting associations of the past, and filled with objects claiming the attention and examination of a stranger.

Broomgrove was a large town, in which the linen trade was extensively conducted.

We next entered the fine city of Worcester; it is neat, well built, admirably paved, and situated in a valley on the Severn river. Many of its public and private edifices are very elegant structures. Its manufactures were chiefly gloves, carpets, cloths, and porcelain of an inferior quality.

Riding fifteen miles farther along the banks of the Severn, we reached Tewksbury. Travelling on both sides of the river, amid spacious orchards of apples and pears, I could scarcely divest my mind of the idea, that I was journeying over the most highly cultivated districts of New-England. At this place the river Avon enters the Severn.

Gloucester is another important town, through which we rapidly passed, and reached Bristol at about ten o'clock in the evening, utterly exhausted with fatigue, after riding eighty-nine miles over, in many parts, a rough road, and in an open, pounding stage-coach. I devoted the forenoon to the delivery of my letters, and an examination of the city.

Bristol is built chiefly in a vale, surrounded by pleasant eminences; it stands upon a narrow, but very deep river, that admits to the bridge vessels of one thousand tons. The quay was a mile in length and very spacious; the cranes in use upon it were very ingenious, and well calculated to economize labor in loading and unloading vessels. The dry and floating docks were also great conveniences, one of the latter, two miles below the city, would contain one hundred and fifty ships. Bristol had about sixty thousand population, and embraced twenty sugar-

houses, and numerous manufactories, which gave employment to all the surplus hands not engaged in commerce. In the American maritime cities, a large proportion of the inhabitants eat the bread of idleness, from the absence of manufactories.

Early the ensuing morning, I proceeded on foot to Brandon hill, near the celebrated hot-wells bathing-place. At this point I had a glorious view of the city and adjacent country—hills and towers—Bath—the Welsh mountains, and the Avon. I descended from the hill to the hot-wells, a fashionable summer resort. Music was here discoursed every morning. The water is warm, and very efficacious in nervous and scorbutic diseases. Ascending from the bath, another lofty pinnacle, I discovered ships at anchor in King's roads—others sailing apparently at the foot of the hill, and had a wide distant view of South Wales. Between Bristol and Bath, the country which stretches along the borders of the Avon is delightful.

I approached Bath in the evening, riding along the banks of the Avon. The lights glowing in front of the splendid crescent, presented an animated and enlivening scene, for some miles before I entered the city. I remained several days, filled with delight and fascination, in the gay and dissipated circles of Bath. It is large, magnificent, and almost entirely sustained by the fashionable and opulent, who resort here, allured by its celebrated waters. The city is principally built upon the declivity of a hill, gradually descending towards the river Avon. Many of the public and private edifices were truly elegant and imposing. Public and private baths abounded in every part of the town. At the King's bath, the buildings are constructed on a scale of gorgeous magnificence and splendor. An obelisk, seventy feet high, rises from the centre of the bath, having recesses and seats at the base, to accommodate those who are boiling out their various disorders. Strange to relate, after performing this expurgatory office, the same water is pumped up and drank by the diseased, in the room which overlooks the bath. This bath is sixty-five by forty feet wide, and surrounded by apartments containing small rooms, with steps conducting into the water. In these rooms persons of both sexes

were equipped in proper dresses, and indiscriminately descend into the bath, and walk about in the water up to their necks. The *Bath Guide* has it:—

"'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex,
All wading, with gentlemen, up to their necks, &c."

I looked down from the pump-room into the bath. The heat of the water produced a vapor, which, gathering over the heads of the bathers, partially hid them from view; but an occasional puff of wind would present to me a most singular and ludicrous spectacle; old and young, matrons and maidens, beaus and priests, all promiscuously wading and splashing in the bath, a band of music the while playing some solemn march or exhilarating dance.

At my lodgings I found my highly esteemed and distinguished friend, Henry Laurens, whom I had not been able to rejoin since our separation at Nantes. I was at his own apartments the day after, when he received a packet from London, announcing the death of his gallant son, Colonel Laurens, who had been killed in a skirmish near Charleston, South Carolina. The intelligence burst upon him with the force and suddenness of a thunderbolt.

At first his faculties seemed to be crushed and paralysed; his philosophy forsook him, and he abandoned himself to the agonies of a bereaved father. His anguish no human means could mitigate, and I could only yield him my tears and my sympathies.

After a few days, he became more calm and submissive, and proceeded to London, where I engaged to meet him.

Leaving Bath, I returned to London. We passed Devizes, a large town, in the market-place of which, the magistracy have caused to be erected a monument, commemorative of a striking interposition of Divine judgment.

The fact perpetuated by the inscription is this:—A woman having purchased some commodities in the market, upon payment being demanded, an altercation ensued, when she uttered the imprecation, "May God strike me dead, if I have not paid it." She fell down, and immediately expired, and in the

clenched hand, which she had impiously raised to Heaven, to attest her perjury, was found the money in controversy.

I afterwards knew in America a gentleman of great respectability, a native of Devizes, who assured me he was an eye-witness of this memorable judgment and remarkable coincidence. Let sceptics deny, and philosophers deride; facts like this bear fearful and powerful admonition of the interposition of an Omniscient God in the affairs of man.

We next reached Marlboro'. This town consisted of one broad street, containing about five hundred inhabitants, and yet sent two members to Parliament, whilst many of their large modern cities were deprived of all representation. The rotten Borough system of England is one of the most corrupt and abhorrent features of their political institutions.

From Marlboro' I proceeded through Hungerford, the spacious town of Reading, and Maidenhead to London, where I was rejoiced to find Mr. Laurens, surrounded by kind and sympathising friends. In this circle was the celebrated Edmund Burke, to whom I was introduced by Mr. Laurens. Mr. Burke treated me with much polite and cordial attention, and invited me to attend the approaching debates in Parliament. He had a noble and dignified countenance; his language, even in common conversation, flowed in a copious stream of pure and elegant diction. As an American protegé of Mr. Laurens, I found myself moving at once in the high circles of the Metropolis. Dining on one occasion at Mr. Vaughans, the father of the secret negotiator at Paris, I met a brilliant circle, and among them the Earl of Effingham, at whose side I was seated at table. The Earl was emphatically a friend of America, and his name had resounded through our continent, for the early and decisive course he adopted in the House of Lords in our vindication and support. Congress, in gratitude, named a frigate the "Effingham."

In moving among the nobility of England, I have been astonished to discover so much ignorance and vulgarity in the same class that exhibit so much that is exalted and ennobling in the character of man. With a few admirable exceptions,

the distinction is vast and obvious between those Noblemen of nature, who, by the force of native energy and greatness, have attained that eminence, and those *creatures of accident*, who are Noblemen by inheritance.

I had the gratification of breakfasting in a familiar manner with Mr. Burke, the distinguished author, eloquent orator, and accomplished statesman. He was, even in the ordinary intercourse of life, a most extraordinary man. I felt my own insignificance in his presence, but as he conversed freely, I was rather a listener than speaker, and relieved from the necessity of revealing my powers, in contrast with this intellectual giant. In my variegated life, I have often been brought into intimate intercourse with great and accomplished men, and have always found myself at ease and self-possessed; yet the glare of this transcendent luminary humbled and embarrassed me. With Dr. Franklin, always kind and familiar, I could hold converse as with a venerated father; but Burke seemed a being of another sphere. He had ever been a devoted friend to America, and in co-operation with Fox, Sheridan and Conway, has been the primary cause of wresting from the reluctant King a decision to recognize our Independence.

The Earl of Ferrers presented me with a card of admission to the House of Lords, on the occasion of the delivery of the King's speech. At the Opera I met the Prince of Wales, the heir-apparent to the throne. He is elegant and dignified in his appearance, but debauched and profligate in his private life. During the interludes, I walked in the promenade near his person, contemplating the features of one who would probably soon wield a mighty influence over this great nation, for evil or for good. What destiny awaits this powerful nation? was a question that often occurred to my mind. All mighty empires have their epochs. Savage in their origin—civilized—potent—warlike—luxurious, and finally sinking into decay and imbecility. Is such to be the fate of Britain?—and was this man to be an agent in accelerating her downfall?

The Opera, although formed of foreign material, and puffed by fashion, was not congenial to the habits or genius of the Eng-

lish. The stage dances of the English, and indeed all their dances, (although a mania pervaded every city and village in England to possess an elegant ball-room,) hold no comparison with the gay and lively movements of the graceful French. To me an opera is a most insipid jargon of nonsense. The music and singing are unintelligible and an unnatural affectation, a jumble of musical sounds, grating to my savage American ears.

Soon after my arrival in England, having won at the insurance office one hundred guineas, on the event of Lord Howe's relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copley, the distinguished painter, who was a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a splendid portrait of myself. The painting was finished in most admirable style, except the back-ground, which Copley and myself designed to represent a ship, bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of Independence, with a sun just rising upon the stripes of the union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete save the flag, which Copley did not esteem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery is a constant resort of the royal family and the nobility.

I dined with the artist on the glorious 5th of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the King, formally receiving and recognizing the United States of America into the rank of nations. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe an American heart, attached to the ship the *stars and stripes*. This was, I imagine, *the first American flag hoisted in old England.**

*I brought this splendid painting with me to America, and it is still in my possession. It is pronounced by artists, second to no painting in America, and has, at their earnest request, been deposited in Academies and schools of painting, as a study for young artists. Copley assured me that it would not, in his own language—"ripen in forty years"—and now, after an interval of more than half a century, its colors appear clearer and more brilliant than on the day they left the painter's pallet, (1821.)

At an early hour on the 5th December, 1782, in conformity with previous arrangements, I was conducted by the Earl of Ferrers to the very entrance of the House of Lords. At the door he whispered, "Get as near the throne as you can—fear nothing." I did so, and found myself exactly in front of it, elbow to elbow with the celebrated Admiral Lord Howe. The Lords were promiscuously standing as I entered. It was a dark and foggy day, and the windows being elevated and constructed in the antiquated style, with leaden bars to contain the diamond cut panes of glass, augmented the gloom. The walls were hung with dark tapestry, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. I had the pleasure of recognizing in the crowd of spectators, Copley, and West the painter, with some American ladies. I also noticed some dejected American royalists in the group.

After waiting nearly two hours, the approach of the King was announced by a tremendous roar of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself upon the Chair of State, in a graceful attitude, with his right foot resting upon a stool. He was clothed in royal robes. Apparently agitated, he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The Commons were summoned, and after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, he proceeded to read his speech.

I was near the King, and watched, with intense interest, every tone of his voice, and every emotion of his countenance. It was to me a moment of thrilling and dignified exultation. After some general and usual remarks, he continued:

"I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect, whatever I collect to

This magnificent painting, equal, probably, to any in America, in style and execution—becoming, by age, more brilliant in its coloring, and mellowed and ripened by time, is now at the mansion of Charles M. Watson, Port Kent, Essex County, N. Y. Copley was the father of Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor of England, and present head of the Tory party.—Ed.

be the sense of my Parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures, in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offer to declare them"— Here he paused, and was in evident agitation; either embarrassed in reading his speech, by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very *natural emotion*. In a moment he resumed:—"and offer to declare them *free and independent States*. In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the Empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved, in the mother country, how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries."

It is remarked, that George III. is celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, free, and impressive manner. On this occasion, he was evidently embarrassed; he hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties of the occasion, with an ill grace that does not belong to him. I cannot adequately portray my sensations, in the progress of this address; every artery beat high, and swelled with my proud American blood. It was impossible not to revert to the opposite shores of the Atlantic, and to review, in my mind's eye, the misery and woe I had myself witnessed, in several stages of the contest, and the wide-spread desolation, resulting from the stubbornness of this very King, now so prostrate, but who had turned a deaf ear to our humble and importunate petitions for relief. Yet I believe that George III. acted under what he felt to be, the high and solemn claims of constitutional duty.

The great drama was now closed. The battle of Lexington exhibited its first scene. The Declaration of Independence

was a lofty and glorious event in its progress, and the ratification of our Independence by the King, consummated the spectacle in triumph and exultation. This successful issue of the American Revolution, will, in all probability, influence eventually the destinies of the whole human race. Such had been the sentiment and language of men of the profoundest sagacity and prescience, during and anterior to the conflict, in all appeals to the people. In leaving the house, I jostled Copley and West, who I thought were enjoying the rich political repast of the day, and noticing the anguish and despair depicted on the long visages of our American Tories.

The ensuing afternoon, having a card of admission from Alderman Wool, I attended in the gallery of the House of Commons. There was no elaborate debate, but much acrimony evinced in the incidental discussions. Com. Johnson assailed Lord Howe's late expedition to Gibraltar, because he had not gained a decisive victory, alleging that with proper effort he might have done so; when Mr. Townsend defended him with zeal and spirit. Capt. Luttrell, a naval officer, then attacked Fox with much severity, accusing him of treating the Navy, in some of his speeches, with disrespect. Fox replied with his wonted keen and sarcastic style, in a short and rapid speech. Mr. Burke at length arose, and attacked the King's Address, of the day before, in a vein of satire and ridicule; he said "it was a farago of nonsense and hypocrisy." Young Pitt, the newly created Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied to Mr. Burke, and handled him with dignified severity, imputing to him buffoonery and levity. Gen. Conway said—"the recognition of American Independence was explicit and unconditional."

When the House was about adjourning, Alderman Wool came to me in the gallery, and invited me to descend to the floor of the house. On my entrance, I was met by Mr. Burke, who introduced me as *a messenger of peace*, to Messrs. Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Gen. Conway, and other members, grouped together on the floor. Mingling thus by a happy concurrence of events with the great luminaries of England, I felt that I

was occupying exalted and privileged ground. It would be preposterous, were I to attempt to decide as to the relative merits of these distinguished men. Their acts belong to history, and their high fame to their common country and posterity.*

I made a visit to Windsor, the royal residence, situated twenty-one miles from London. It will sustain no comparison, in point of architecture and grandeur, or in the splendor of its palaces and gardens, with the French palaces and gardens, but in its natural position infinitely surpasses them, and, indeed, is unrivalled. The town of Windsor rests upon the bank of the Thames. The castle is a venerable fortress, crowning an eminence, within which is the regal palace, and two courts, with a tower between them. The royal apartments command a view of the terrace. The prospect is most delightful, and the air pure and invigorating. Pope has exhausted his poetic extasies in describing this interesting situation.

The road from London to Windsor is beautiful and engaging, passing for several miles along the margin of the Thames. I walked upon the noble terrace, which, covered with fine gravel, and always dry, affords a charming promenade. It was Sunday, and the king and royal family were walking here, with a long train of the nobility, in a free and unconstrained manner mingling with the people. I attended Divine service at the King's Chapel, which is much inferior, in style and compass, to the royal chapel at Versailles; the King and Princesses were present.

Circumstances again calling me to France, I left London on the 12th December, 1782, and reached Paris on the 15th, late

*I find among the documents of Mr. Watson, notes from Lord Shelburne, addressed to him both before and after the Speech of the King, Dec. 5th. One of these, couched in the following language:

"Lord Shelburne presents his compliments to Mr. Watson, and shall be glad to see him to-morrow morning between nine and ten.

Shelburne House, Dec. 9th."

and has this endorsement, in Mr. Watson's writing: "This card of invitation from the Prime Minister of England, was written four days after the Speech of the King, acknowledging our Independence. The object of the interview was to inquire relative to commercial intercourse under existing circumstances."

at night. About noon, on the ensuing day, I was awoke by an earnest debate, in a room adjoining mine, and separated only by a folding-door, and was surprised to learn that it was the English and American Commissioners, who, having assembled in the room of Mr. Laurens, were discussing the subject of the Canadian boundary. The next day I dined at Mr. Adams', in company with the Commissioners, and was gratified to learn that the minor points in controversy would soon be adjusted, and that a definitive treaty of peace would, at an early day, be signed.

Immediately on my return I waited upon Dr. Franklin, and presented him with a recent London paper, containing a particular and detailed account of his death and funeral. He was very much amused, and assured me that this was the third instance, since his residence at Passy, that the London papers had buried him alive. My journey, from Paris to Nantes, occupied three days and nights, owing to the excessively bad condition of the roads. At the dawn of the second morning, I perceived poor La Fleur, reeling and pitching upon his bidet, overcome by drowsiness. The bidet is a small and active horse, trained to canter from one post-yard to another, in advance of a post-chaise, with a servant, or 'avant courier," to announce its approach, and to prepare a relay of horses. Perceiving the condition of La Fleur, and actuated, in part, by compassion, and to gratify the whim of the moment, I placed him in the carriage, and mounting, myself, the bidet, went off in advance, at full speed. In this style I cantered through the streets of Angers, into the yard of the Post-house. The bidets are well known on the road they traverse, and I perceived, as I passed through the streets, that I attracted more than the curiosity ordinarily excited by a courier, and when I descended in the post-yard, the astonishment of the master and postillions were but ill-disguised. I could at times overhear the remarks and inquiries advanced in respect to my rank, or rather, that of the person whose approach I was supposed to announce. I heard some assert that my master must be a Prince of the blood. A little barber, at length, more curious or

impudent than the rest, approached, and inquired in direct terms, "What nobleman I attended." I readily replied, "My Lord Bostonè." The news flew rapidly in all directions, and the populace began to assemble to see an American lord. I hastened upon the back of a fresh bidet, and struck off in a quick gallop, on the high-road to Nantes, leaving the court-yard just as the carriage with my Lord Bostonè approached.

Upon my arrival at Nantes, among a mass of letters from Europe and America, I found the subjoined from Capt. Demmartin, an officer of the French army, of great literary distinction in France, and who, at a subsequent period, became a General under Bonaparte's dynasty. I introduce this letter to illustrate the state of feeling in respect to our Revolution, and the liberal sentiments which prevailed at that time in the French army and throughout the French nation, which was daily exhibited to my observation.

I supposed at the time that Dr. Franklin had instigated Demmartin to furnish the translation he speaks of, with the purpose of animating the liberal sentiments diffusing in France, by the promulgation of the events, and a knowledge of the principles of our Revolution. It was by these influences, acting upon the seed scattered by the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and others, and the spirit of liberty introduced by the French army, on its return from America, that the elements of the French Revolution were matured and quickened:

"*Nancy, Lorraine, Dec.* 30, 1782.

"My Dear Sir:—The hurry of my affairs, since my return to Lorraine, has hindered me from making my best thanks, for I owe to your letter of civility, the kind reception of your excellent Dr. Franklin. I have been so happy as to dine with him at Passy, and had neither sufficient eyes nor ears to admire and listen enough to that noble and learned man, who has acted so considerable a part in the revolution of your country.

"I consulted his Excellency upon my design of translating the *History of the Revolution in North America.* He showed me the two first volumes, already printed in French, but he informed me another and more elaborate history was soon to be published in America, which would be superior, both in exactness and in exhibiting the order of events.

"As you know, my dear sir, that it was not in my power to employ my sword in the service of your country, I desire to indulge myself in the pleasure of giving to my own country, notice of the great events performed in a cause so illustrious.

"The names of your heroes are known and famous throughout the world, and will live in the memory of posterity, as long as noble spirits and magnanimity are honored by mankind. It will be deeply interesting to exhibit to the politician, the events and incidents which prompted the revolution, and the means which accomplished it; and to the military, the art of disciplining raw recruits, ill furnished with arms and material, and yet enabled, in a few months, to cope with and achieve victories over veteran, accomplished, and well-armed troops, as much by their own gallantry, as by the wisdom of their generals, in the face of internal factions.

"You will add to the obligations I am already under, by sending me a copy of the work referred to, as soon as it shall be published in America."

"JA. DE DEMMARTIN.

"MONS. WATSON, Nantes."

1783

CHAPTER XVI.

Nantes—Roman Tower—Leave Nantes—Royal Hunt—Commercial Distress—Margate—Portsmouth—Isle of Wight—Salisbury—Old Sarum—English Election—Fox and Howe—Ignorance of America—Wildman—Bees—London and Paris.

The city of Nantes is situated on the river Loire, about thirty miles from its mouth. In the ancient section of the city, the houses are four and five stories high, each story projecting over the lower as they ascend; so that in narrow streets, the attics approach very near, excluding the sun in a great measure, and rendering their ill-paved streets dark, muddy, and damp. This awkward and absurd mode of building cities universally prevailed in Europe two centuries ago, but is now entirely exploded. The modern houses in Nantes, fronting the river, and upon the public squares, are most splendid edifices, constructed generally of white hewn stone. I have never heard the cry of "fire," (so appalling in English and American cities,) during my residence in France. Indeed, it would be no slight effort of skill, for an incendiary to accomplish his work in a French house. The inner and outer walls, and stairs, are formed of stone, the roofs are slate or tile, and the floors brick, or formed of a composition that is incombustible.

The internal trade of Nantes is very productive; their domestic manufactures, which are very extensive and valuable, occupy all the surplus hands of the community. There are several convents in the city, and also an Institution where husbands have the power of confining wives guilty of infidelity.

Near the venerable Cathedral there stood a Roman tower, which the corporation of the city found expedient to demolish. I witnessed the first attempts, and saw it blown to pieces with

powder, like a solid rock. The Roman mortar was so excellent in its composition, as to perfectly incorporate with the stone, and to form an entire and infrangible mass. In blasting this tower, I observed that the fracture was oftener through the solid stone, than at the seams or junction.

In the large cities of France, few families occupy more than one story; the stairs wind from story to story, and are as common and as dirty as the adjacent street. Although in the habit of perpetually passing those who live above and below you, under the same roof, you may reside there for years, without a knowledge, even, of their names.

Having adjusted all my affairs, and determined my plans, I bade a final adieu to Nantes, on the 30th March, 1783. I met, on the confines of the city, my faithful La Fleur, my companion in many trying scenes, and my devoted servant for several years. He was in waiting to take his farewell, and I parted from him with deep emotion.

We stopped at Versailles to examine the royal palace, and had an opportunity of seeing the King and Queen departing for a hunt, attended by hounds, horses, and huntsmen. We rambled over the palace and grounds, with interest viewing the numerous exhibitions of taste, luxury, and magnificence. On the road to Paris, we perceived a cloud of dust in the distance, and were soon met by couriers, following each other in rapid succession, to announce the approach of the hunt, and to clear the road. We instantly drew up, in accordance with etiquette, and dismounted to witness the sport. The affrighted deer soon appeared at its greatest speed, approaching us in the road—the King close at his heels, with all his train in full cry. Within twenty feet of us, the deer bounded over a hedge, and darted off in a new direction. This move in the chase brought his Majesty very near us; he seemed much animated and absorbed in the chase. He was attired in a lace cocked hat, short coatee, and heavy boots and spurs. Quickly dismounting, he cried out in a loud voice, "vite donnez moi un cheval frais," instantly remounted, and sprang over the hedge, followed by his retinue. We lost sight of the

chase, and could only hear the sound of the hounds and horns gradually sinking upon our ears.

During the spring of this year, the National Bank of France, by a royal decree, was ordered to suspend payment for one year. The army and navy bills on the government had been made payable at this Institution, and the distress and prostration of commercial affairs, which resulted from this measure, were universal and most disastrous. In common with all other Americans, whose business connections were complicated with French fiscal operations, our House was overwhelmed by the effect of this ordinance, and I returned to London, in the summer of 1783, prostrated and impoverished.

In September I visited Margate, the fashionable resort for bathing. The town is small, but spread over an extended suface, being built in the form of an amphitheatre. It enjoys a fine view, and the advantage of a free circulation of the fresh invigorating sea-breezes. I was amused at the mode of bathing at Margate; horse carts are constructed for the purpose, forming, with canvas, a very convenient and private apartment, provided with chairs, a table, looking-glass, and other necessary appliances. At the end of the cart, steps are formed, which descend into the water. The bather embarks—the cart is driven into the sea, and backed towards the ocean. These vehicles are stretched along side by side, in a line; the bathers descend the steps, or plunge from them into the water. They make, it is said, sometimes ludicrous, if not serious mistakes, in regaining their respective carts.

Invited by a kind friend, who sympathized in my affliction, to accompany him, in a tour to the Isle of Wight and South of England, I left London in March, 1784, for that purpose.

Portsmouth is the principal depot for the English Navy. It has a noble and capacious harbor, protected on the South and West by the Isle of Wight. I saw several ships of the line at anchor in the harbor and at Spithead; and the top-gallant masts of the "Royal George" projecting above the water. Portsmouth is built upon a peninsula, and was then esteemed the best fortified place in England. Gosport, which contained

the Military hospital, is situated upon the opposite side of the port. We examined every thing of interest at Portsmouth and Portsea nearly adjoining, where we inspected the extensive Naval arsenal. Here lie the sinews and power of old England.

The country still wore its winter drapery. As we approached Portsmouth, a most extensive and exhilarating view of the city was revealed to us, with the harbor studded with ships, and in the distance that Ocean gem, the Isle of Wight. At this place, we embarked on board a miserable passage boat. In our transit to the Isle, we ran along side several of the ships at anchor—passed Calshot Castle, at the entrance of the harbor, and proceeded under a brisk gale along the coast to Cowes. I noticed numerous country seats, and was charmed with the appearance of the Isle of Wight, its gently sloping hills descending towards the sea, and evidently in a superior state of cultivation. We remained on this lovely island fourteen days, making daily excursions on horseback in different directions; but the season and the weather limited our rambles. Cowes is the stopping haven for American vessels, seeking the most advantageous European markets; here they wait for orders.

Newport is the capital of the island. It is built upon a plain, encircled by hills; the houses are neat and pretty; the population about 2,500. In the vicinity of Newport still stands, upon a lofty hill, the venerable castle of Carisbrook, rendered famous by the treacherous reception and delivery of Charles I. The island is generally broken, especially on the South. From the summit of a steep hill, we commanded a fine view of the channel, enlivened by ships sailing in every course: among their waving flags, I was gratified to perceive the proud stripes of America, now in their infancy; but if I mistake not, destined in the next century to be borne in triumph through the domains of Old Neptune. Scarcely a tree was to be seen upon the island, save fruit trees and those of ornament. It was totally stripped of the livery of Nature,

but was remarkably healthy and pleasant—celebrated for its agricultural productions, excellent sheep, &c.

We passed in a gale, from the Isle of Wight to Southampton, in an open packet-boat. This city contains about 7,000 inhabitants, and is environed by ancient fortifications and Roman towers. The same evening we reached the venerable city of Salisbury. A small river runs through the town; and from it flowing streams are conducted along many of the streets. In summer these streamlets necessarily have a cooling and healthful influence upon the atmosphere. I spent a long time, the next day, in exploring a noble cathedral, which is pronounced one of the most perfect and magnificent specimens of Gothic architecture in England.

About two miles north of Salisbury lie the venerable ruins of old Sarum. Although it contains no inhabitants, it sends two members to Parliament; it has happened that one man exercised the franchise which elected the two members. Six now hold the poll under a tree; while some of the most popular cities of England are deprived of all representation. What an outrage upon common sense, as well as political justice and equality! This is with emphasis called a rotten borough. Such incongruities demand a radical change—a revolution, if need be, although it may pass through the confines of blood. If abuses such as these cannot be corrected by pacific means, to purge and purify this noble nation, a temporary sacrifice must be made for the welfare of millions yet unborn.

On Salisbury plains are fed the choicest flocks of sheep in England. They are guarded by shepherds and well trained dogs. The country between Salisbury and Plymouth was in all the exuberance of high tillage and beauty; abounding with cattle and fine sheep, and adorned by hills and valleys, hedges, and costly mansions; but destitute of forests and white cottages to cheer and enliven the face of the country.

Plymouth is situated at the bottom of a spacious bay. The harbor is more exposed than that of Portsmouth, but affords a safe anchorage. At its mouth stands Eddystone light-house, built upon a rock, amid the surges and tempests of the ocean,

and presents a wonderful triumph of human art and energy. Plymouth was well-fortified, and defended against a naval attack by three hundred heavy cannon. Had D'Ovilliers, who invested this place with his 76 sail in 1779, landed the 60,000 men which were on the coast of France, ready to be embarked, it is more than probable that the fleet in the harbor would have been destroyed, and other momentous consequences achieved. Near Plymouth is situated Mill Prison, in which so many suffering Americans were confined and oppressed, during the late war.

I attended, for three successive days, in Covent Garden Square, the violently-contested election for Parliament, between Fox, Lord Hood, and Wray. It was a spectacle of the deepest excitement and interest; but disgraceful in the outrages and violence constantly attending it. I occupied a position near the hustings, upon a temporary stage, which afforded me a view of every occurrence.

The candidates, with their immediate friends, were stationed in front of a small church, the hustings being enclosed within a railway. From my elevated station, looking upon the sea of faces, I judged there were assembled within the square, at the windows commanding a view of it, and in the adjacent streets, twenty-thousand spectators, to witness *freemen* giving in their suffrages.

The contest had already continued several weeks. Instead of the silent dignity that usually characterizes an American election, here all was confusion and conflict; bloody noses and broken heads—intimidation and corruption. In the midst of the canvas, two self-created armies were seen entering the square, at different points; the one headed by a son of Lord Hood, (a Captain in the navy,) consisting of sailors, and armed with bludgeons; the other led by a champion of Fox, composed principally of hardy Irish chairmen. They bore banners inscribed with the names of their respective candidates.

The purpose of each party was to secure to its friends access to the polls. These zealous and *intelligent* champions of British liberty and *free* elections, met with a rude shock

exactly in front of the hustings. A violent conflict ensued; each party made great efforts to prostrate the standard of its opponents. They fought with proverbial English ferocity. The excitement instantly spread in every direction, and clubs, fists and canes were in brisk motion throughout the crowd. Such a scene I had never witnessed. Victory soon declared for the sailors; the chairmen were scouting through every avenue, with the sailors in brisk pursuit.

The poll was in consequence open exclusively to the friends of Hood and Wray. Within two hours, the chairmen, strongly reinforced, returned, and a new conflict ensued. I saw Fox, in front of the hustings, clapping his hands and shouting with the utmost engagedness. The sailors, in turn, were compelled to fly, leaving many of both parties mangled and bloody, who were borne into the adjacent houses. A French gentleman at my elbow, justly exclaimed, "If this be liberty, Heaven deliver my country from it."*

I was highly entertained by a conversation between two ladies, genteelly dressed, and evidently of a respectable class in society, in a coach, near London, and record it as illustrative of the prevailing ignorance in England, of the people and condition of America. One remarked to the other, "I have seen a wonderful sight—a little girl born in a place called Boston, in North America; and what is very astonishing, but I pledge you my word it is true, she speaks English as well as any child in England; and, besides, she is perfectly white!" "Is it possible!" exclaimed the other, in no counterfeit astonishment at the recital. Many of the people of England suppose us to be a nation of Indians, Negroes, or mixed blood.

During several weeks of the summer of 1784, I stopped at Highgate, near London. My residence was upon a height, which commanded a view of the city, like a picture, before me. In front, a diversified scene of villages, gardens, verdant meadows, and fields in luxurious vegetation; whilst in the back ground, I viewed the distant undulating hills of Kent.

*This was only five years before the bursting forth of the French Revolution.

Whilst sojourning at Highgate, I became intimately acquainted with Wildman, so distinguished through Europe for his almost magic power over bees. He was a gentleman of fortune. Wildman was accustomed to take a hive, and in an incredibly short time would make the mass of bees totally subservient to his purpose, in performing many astonishing feats. Among other exhibitions, I saw him form, by his amazing influence over them, a hive, in the shape of a cap, upon his daughter's head. In a moment, at the word of command, they were dispersed. He was in the receipt of a large income, derived from his bees, which he had arranged in glass hives, in various gardens, near the city of London.

He invited me to visit him, at one of his principal depots, on a particular morning, when, he said, "he expected fine sport." I fortunately entered the garden at a critical moment, when two or three hives were swarming and intermingling. He saw me, and exclaimed, "Run! run! I am now exercising my highest skill." He stripped off his coat and dashed into the midst of them, crying out to me, "come up—they dare not hurt you in my presence." Although I confided in his assurance, I approached him with caution, apprehensive I might be stung to death. I saw the bees engaged in a terrible conflict, the dead falling like rain drops. Wildman was all motion and activity, performing his *hocus-pocus* operations, in the midst of a cloud of bees. At length they separated, filing off to their respective hives. He came up to me, all in a foam, like a general from a great battle, saying, "the rascals, this time, have given me a great deal of trouble."*

Circumstances afforded me the control of a few weeks; I decided to occupy them by a tour upon the continent, without any definitive plan as to its extent or course. The brief term of twelve months had witnessed the deepest vicissitudes in my affairs and position. At its commencement, moving in the first circles of London, associating with the eminent

*An article in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, under the head of "Wildman," fully explains the instrumentality used in effecting these truly wonderful and mysterious performances. (1821.)

statesmen and philosophers of England; at its close, the victim of misfortunes, and humbled to the dust.

Whilst in prosperity and affluence, I had kept an open table at Nantes twice a week, for French and American guests alternately; and had my purse constantly put under contribution by clamorous friends. At the end of the period I refer to, many of those who basked in the sunshine of my favor, passed me in silence as a stranger. Misfortunes, to such minds, appear a crime, and expose the unfortunate to the contempt of the despicable, whose abject souls have once bowed to them in cringing servility. While in health, and gliding pleasantly along the tide of prosperity and happiness, and all things bearing a cheerful and smiling face, we are prone to forget the source of these blessings; but deprived of them, and shunned by the cold and heartless world, we recollect with a guish what we have been, and leaning upon a *holier Arm*, we are taught submission and contentment. Adversity tests our virtues, and tries sincerity; above all, teaching us to look deeply into the treacherous volume of the human heart. In these trying scenes, the man of honor and spirit must think and act superior to the world.

Before leaving London, I was induced to combine some reflections, upon the relative character and interests of that metropolis and Paris. The houses in London of the better class, are generally three or four stories high, occupied usually by one family; those of Paris are from five to seven stories, each story containing ordinarily one family. The external aspect of the buildings of Paris, (which are constructed of white hewn stone,) is like the character of their occupants, lively and cheerful. In London, the houses, equally characteristic of their inmates, are of smoked brick—dark and gloomy. The internal arrangement of the latter is more neat and elegant, while the palaces and hotels of Paris, its gardens and monuments, far excel those of London. In London the streets are clean and spacious, with comfortable side-walks; in Paris they are narrow and muddy, and destitute of side-

walk. The London street is paved arching, that of Paris, concave.

Paris, unequalled for its police, is protected by a horse-patrol; London by numerous watchmen. Few thefts escape undetected in Paris; in London you are every moment exposed to a foot-pad or pickpocket. The population of Paris is civil, and that of London, brutal. The light and fanciful character of the French excels in the opera and pantomime, while the deep toned sentiment of the English better sustains the blood and horror of the tragedy. This peculiarity of the English is strongly exemplified by their almost universal fondness for pugilistic exhibitions; a practice alike brutal and abhorrent to Christian civilization. The shops and stores of Paris far surpass in beauty, richness and decorations, those of London; particularly in the evening, when dazzlingly illuminated.

The lamps of London are more numerous, but badly arranged on the margin of the walk, and dimly lighted; those of Paris, suspended over the streets, are much larger, and are provided with reflectors; their light shining upon the white buildings, produces a pleasing moonlight effect. Paris is awkwardly supplied with water by horse-carts; London has the new river poured in iron conduits along its streets. London occupies one of the most commanding commercial positions in the world; Paris, situated in the interior, is divided by a small river, and depends principally upon its canals for foreign intercourse. London is sustained by its commerce; Paris by its manufactures, and the fascinating charms that allure all nations within its walls.

CHAPTER XVII.

Passage to Holland—Helvoetsluys—Storks—Brielle—Revolution—The Maese—Rotterdam—American Flag—Dutch Chimes—Braakle—Truckscutes Country—Delft—William of Orange—Hague—Churches—Mr. Adams—North Sea—Gardens—Mon. Dumas—La Maison du Bois—Ryswick—Incident—Letter of Mr. Adams—His position and Character—Letter from him—Description of Hague—Leyden—Mon. Luzac—Description of Leyden—Monument to Boerhaave.

On the 26th of May, 1784, I left London, bound for Holland by the way of Harwich. After resisting unsuccessfully the villainous exactions of the British revenue officers at Harwich, we submitted to their extortions, and embarked in the evening, on board of the packet, bound for Helvoetsluys. On the afternoon of the next day we approached the coast of Holland, without having seen it, until very near, from the fact of its lying even lower than the Ocean.

We sailed along the coast of Zealand upon our right, where windmills, light-houses, avenues of trees, and distant spires, were continually arising to our view. The breeze improving, pressed us rapidly forward to the pier of Helvoetsluys, which we soon doubled, and in another instant were in its harbor, with the town directly before us. The pier was lined with spectators, and the first object that engaged my notice, was a Dutchman smoking his long pipe, his national characteristic.

The pier is strong, constructed of piles, driven deep into the mud, and calculated to resist the utmost impetuosity of the waves. The streets are well paved, with small Dutch clinkers or bricks as hard as stone, which are placed edgeways. The town is small but well fortified. The streets neat in the extreme, being daily thoroughly washed. In truth, the houses, dress, and every thing around us, bore the impress of that peculiar neatness so distinguishing to this people.

The transition had been so sudden and so marked since we landed, that I could scarcely realize my position. The archi-

tecture of many of their old buildings indicates the Spanish style, which almost loses the attic story in a narrow peak. The women of the lower classes were singularly dressed; their caps set tight upon the head, and they generally wear enormous common brass ear-rings.

We crossed the Island of Voorn, over miserable and muddy roads, to Brielle. We could not prevail upon our mulish driver to receive the baggage at our quarters, although starting within six doors, its remove being a perquisite of the porter's. Placing our baggage in one wagon, six of us mounted into another, and dragged slowly through the mud. I observed upon almost every church immense storks' nests. These birds enjoy protection and security from a superstitious prejudice in the popular mind. The swan is here known as the imperial bird, and none but the higher ranks are allowed to keep them.

In approaching Brielle, we passed along an avenue of beautiful trees across a drawbridge leading over a wide fosse, and then entering the gate, traversed the best part of the city. The Brielle is memorable in the history of human liberty as the scene of the first event in the tremendous conflict that severed Holland from the tyranny of Spain. Here a band of exiles first planted the standard of revolt, and maintained possession of the city, in defiance of the power of the Duke of Alva. The flame thus enkindled spread with electric velocity through the seventeen provinces, which were soon supported by the great William, who was at the time employed in levying forces in Germany. The patriots of Holland were habitual in imploring the blessing of Heaven upon their efforts, and were animated through their fearful struggle by the conviction, that the arm of the Almighty was stretched forth as their avenger. Such was the prevailing sentiment during the progress of our revolution; and no class of our citizens were more devoted and zealous patriots than the clergy of New England. The descendants of the Hollanders in America exhibited, during our Revolution, the same love of liberty which distinguished their ancestors, and were eminent for their patriotic devotion.

There is a certain unique peculiarity combined with ele-

gance about the venerable edifices of the Breille, which cannot readily be described, that communicates to them a high degree of interest. The streets are wide and lined with two rows of trees, along the banks of the canals, which run through their centres. The deep verdure of these ancient trees, strongly reflected from the large windows of mirror-like glass, which are bright and free from dust, add much to their lustre and richness. A custom prevails here, which has an odd appearance to my untutored American notions. A reflecting glass is arranged upon the outside of the most genteel windows, thus affording madam the opportunity of sitting unobserved in her own window, and at her ease reconnoitering every thing that occurs in the street. It would seem, that the great business of life, in this city, is washing and scrubbing, for it is the apparent vocation of all, from early dawn to night.

Ships sailing up the Maese, to Rotterdam, pass directly under the ramparts of this city. The river is, at this place, one and a half miles wide. We sailed up the Maese, through a charming country, to Rotterdam, passing many fine villages, among them, Delfhaven, famous as the birth-place of Van Tromp, the pride and glory of Holland, and will be ever dear and memorable to the heart of an American as the point of embarkation of our Puritan forefathers. The country, from the deck, appeared on a line with the water, and nothing impeded our view but the intervening trees. The drooping willows, along the margin of the river, seemed as if floating upon the stream. A fascinating feature in the scenery of Holland, is their numerous ornamental trees, arranged in the most tasteful and judicious manner. The reclaimed meadows afford the finest pasturage for cattle, who seem to be rioting in clover.

As we sailed along the front of Rotterdam, I admired the beautiful effect of the line of trees, planted upon the margin of the river; standing so thick as to interlace their limbs and mingle their foliage, and half depriving us of a view of the most magnificent dwellings I can recollect to have seen anywhere. Our skipper informed me that the promenade under these trees is eminently attractive, and a great resort for the

beau monde of Rotterdam. As we occasionally glided by an avenue, or an opening among the trees, we penetrated, with the help of our glasses, into the heart of this lovely city. When I contemplated the singular confusion of masts, spires, trees, canals, and houses, all jumbled together, I was almost led to think that nature and art, in a whimsical moment, had combined to plan this enchanting compound. All the embellishment and verdure of Holland is, however, the creation of the industry and energy of man; and yet the mighty ocean, as if indignant at this usurpation of his domain, has often resumed his terrible empire, and overwhelmed the land.

Rotterdam is the second emporium of the republic. The harbor is secure from naval attack, but inconvenient of access, on account of its remoteness from the sea, and the shallowness of the water. The port is, however, very commodious, and admits, by means of large canals, heavy ships, quite up to the doors of the ware-houses, in every part of the city. Rotterdam is populous, the houses large and elegant, and constructed with flat ground brick, neatly seamed with white. The streets are wide and well-paved, and along the canals, have broad side-walks, often made of polished white marble, in front of the dwellings.

Walking in a pleasant promenade, under the shade of a fine grove, I observed many of the citizens pass on the way to their country-seats. Their horses are good, but the carriages are heavy and clumsy; some of them I observed built in the form of triumphal cars. The Dutch gentlemen seldom ride on horse-back, and never without being exposed to the ridicule of the rabble. Their habits in this respect singularly contrast with those of England. The English pride themselves on their superb horses, and are unequalled equestrians; even the ladies of England ride with great courage and elegance, often leaping, at full speed, high fences and wide ditches, with infinite spirit.

We were often puzzled, in the streets, for an interpreter; but seldom failed to be understood, when we addressed persons of genteel appearance, in French. It surprised me to perceive

how universally this language is now spoken throughout Europe. Indeed, as far as my own observation has extended, it is almost vulgar in the *beau monde*, to speak the native tongue. A knowledge of French is becoming almost the criterion to distinguish a gentleman. A foreigner is always addressed in this popular and charming language.

No two dialects bear a greater affinity than the Dutch and English. When I first arrived in France, it was several weeks before I could understand a consecutive French phrase; but the moment I landed in Holland, I recognised and comprehended entire sentences, English in their structure, but divested of its hissing sound. In examining a letter written in Dutch, I discovered so many words and phrases of English analogy, as to have no difficulty in collecting its import. And yet the English cockney habitually sneers at what he calls the uncouth jargon of the Dutch.

The John Bull London cockney, of all civilized men, is the most national, the most illiberal, and the most ignorant, save in his immediate vocation. He tests everything in nature and art, by the scale afforded by England, (in his exclusiveness,) the standard of perfection. Even the fruits of America growing ten degrees nearer the equator, suffer with him in this comparison. He pronounces our soldiers and sailors inferior to those of England, and yet we have discovered the secret of relieving them from two entire armies, and our gallant tars have almost uniformly beaten them, gun for gun.

The market-place of Rotterdam contains a fine statue of Erasmus, who was born here. At the Church of St. Lawrence, we ascended a lofty tower, whence an extensive view is commanded. The city appeared like a highly finished and curious picture below us, and the country beyond, cultivated like a continuous garden, furnished a rich back-ground, spotted here and there by walled-cities, and slightly shaded by two or three small forests, and intersected in every direction by long lines of blue canals. I know not that I ever passed a more pleasant hour than in thus gazing upon the beauties of

this wonderful country, which seemed like an enchanted fairy land.

In ranging with our glasses over the extended prospect afforded by our elevated position, we encompassed, in our view, Delft, Dort, Hague, Brielle, Utrecht, and Amsterdam, which embrace the best part of the province of Holland. It seems beyond the power of the most brilliant and active imagination to conceive a spectacle more attractive. This country never fails to impress even Europeans, (habituated to superior agricultural cultivation,) with wonder and admiration; but the effect is still more powerful upon the mind of an American, accustomed to contemplate nature in her wild and unadorned condition. This is a region of art, moulded by industry and labor into beauty and productiveness.

My heart bounded, when I saw our glorious *stripes* streaming among the shipping in the harbor of Rotterdam. Notwithstanding their youth, they are forward in introducing themselves into the company of the antiquated flags of Europe, which have waved upon the ocean until they have begun to fade with age; but the stars and stripes shine with the lustre of a rainbow after a thunder-storm. The tempest has subsided, and a serene repose pervades the nations. In addition to the American ships, we observed several large Dutch vessels, freighted to carry over to the United States more than one thousand German emigrants.

What a proud satisfaction the consideration affords that by a bold and arduous conflict, America has opened in her bosom an asylum for the oppressed and suffering of every nation. This ennobling fact—when we reflect on its extended effects and probable duration—is worth all the dangers and woes we have endured in the fearful struggle. The persecuted, under the benign protection of our laws, will find security and peace, and tortured virtue and exiled worth, through succeeding generations, will receive among us refuge and defence. I pray God, our recent fabric may never be shattered by the clashing interests of the different States, that the Confederacy will pursue its illustrious career, and that local views will be nobly

sacrificed to the common weal. Such were the sentiments and hopes inscribed on my *original journal.*

The Dutch chimes are so exceeding musical and sweet, that I often stopped in the middle of the street to listen to their harmonious notes. The bells are clustered in great numbers, in niches around the towers of the churches. In the church of St. Lawrence, we noticed graves, from which bones and skulls were protruding. A horrid spectacle! An old sexton was busily employed in collecting the bones and arranging them in separate boxes, about three feet square, to be re-interred in this compact form. This I find in the ancient cities of the continent is the prevailing custom, and is less abhorrent to the human mind than the promiscuous and unhonoring mingling of them in the piles of the charnel-houses of England.

There is a monument erected in the church of St. Lawrence, which bears a Latin inscription of the following import:

"JOHN BRAAKEL,
The terror of the sea. To whom
Fire, earth and water submitted,
Is covered with this stone.
His spirit, even now, seems ready to burst into flame,
And to break from its earthly habitation,
As he broke the chains of iron."

I was impressed and pleased with the bold and poetical thoughts of this epitaph, and on examining the history of Holland, I found that Braakel was a Dutch Admiral from Harlem, who distinguished himself in a memorable exploit in the Holy War, in 1245. The passage of the Nile, near Damietta, was obstructed by an enormous iron chain, which Braakel succeeded in severing, by means of an immense saw, attached to three of his vessels. The invention was successful, and the fall of Damietta ensued in consequence. The idea was said to have been suggested by a Harlem boy. The city has adopted, from that incident, the motto—"Valour overcomes power."

Holland presents the aspect of an extensive cultivated gar-

den; but it wants that variety of scenery, so essential to engage and fix the imagination. England and France are more diversified and romantic, and are generally under almost as high improvement, In each of these countries we meet here and there an artificial forest; we admire their spacious and extended canals, their venerable castles, splendid country mansions, their large and magnificent edifices, their delightful roads, and infinite other objects of interest and attraction, which allure and fasten the attention of an American. When we abandon the contemplation of these exhibitions, the results of art, and enter upon the broad domain of nature, we find her works on this side of the Atlantic but in miniature, when contrasted with the vast lakes, the immeasurable rivers, the bold harbors, the giant trees, and lofty mountains of America.

We jumped on board of the truckscute, or packet boat, just without the gates of Rotterdam, and were put in motion by a single horse, trotting along the embankment of the canal. Our boat was a floating house, sixty feet long. The cabin, which was situated upon the deck, was calculated to hold conveniently eight or ten persons, who secure it by a small extra charge. It was prettily arranged, with a narrow table, cushioned benches and sash windows. The rest of the boat was covered by a flat roof, strewn over with small shells or gravel cemented in tar, which forms, for the passengers, a pleasant and secure foothold. The progress of the boat was exact, being three miles an hour. The Dutch compute distances along their canals by hours, and not unfrequently by the number of pipes smoked. Clouds of tobacco smoke were constantly issuing from the little windows attached to the common room below us. I was surprised to notice with what dexterity the boats avoid each other, and pass below the numerous bridges. The higher classes of the Dutch people reside most of the summer at their villas, many of which are constructed on the most elegant and magnificent scale; all are neat and picturesque, and generally situated near a canal, with a fairy summer house directly on its banks. These houses are comparatively all windows. The gardens appeared, as we moved along the canal, picturesque and beautiful,

not unlike splendid and extended paintings. The Dutch seem inordinately attached to evergreens and box; many of their summer-houses are enveloped with them, and we often noticed them shaped into grottos, arches, and other pleasing and fantastical forms. The fragrancy of the meadows and flower-gardens enhance, at this season, the pleasure of this agreeable mode of travelling in Holland. From the top of our boat, we ever and anon caught a transient glimpse into their airy dwellings, where we perceived the happy citizens regaling themselves in parties, sipping their tea, smoking, playing cards, hearing music, reading, or enjoying some other domestic comfort. I almost envied them the calm and delightful repose of their country life.

Delft appeared a pleasant and elegant place, containing about 20,000 inhabitants. It was well defended from enemies and the sea, by an old wall and three embankments. The Stadthouse is a stately, ancient, Gothic structure; it contains many excellent paintings; one that demands particular attention, represented the assassination of William of Orange, which was affectingly impressive and finely executed. They pointed out to us the spot where he fell, and a hole in the wall, perforated by the ball which had passed through his head.

Both the old and new churches were noble structures adorned by lofty spires. The chimes were unusually harmonious; they were in active performance as we entered a stupendous pile, where rests the ashes of the Prince of Orange. In contemplating his magnificent tomb, my heart swelled with the deepest emotion. The struggle of Holland for freedom, so fraught with blood and suffering, seemed like a type of our own conflict for emancipation.

The character of William of Orange; his untiring and devoted patriotism; his stern and unyielding integrity; his fixed and determined purpose, and firm reliance upon the support of Heaven, presents the portraiture of our own immortal Washington. Their fame and their achievements entitle their names to be inscribed in letters of light upon the arch of heaven. As these thoughts revolved in my mind, standing beside the mau-

soleum, I felt the tear involuntarily start, and my breast heave with the sigh of enthusiasm and homage. The Prince's statue, in marble, lies upon the top of the tomb, with the effigy of his favorite dog at his feet, which, tradition says, died of grief immediately after the death of his master. The succeeding Princes of Orange have all been interred in this Church.

Delft was celebrated for its earthenware, and formerly produced a fine imitation of porcelain; but the English have eclipsed them in the manufacture of the former, whilst the French have superseded them in the latter. The streets of Delft are very broad; two of them extend a mile in length. The pavement in front of many dwellings was constructed of black and white marble, beautifully inlaid in fanciful forms.

We reached the Hague late in the evening, and although the moon shone brilliantly in the heavens, the dense exhalations from the canal obscured our view of the adjacent country. The lights from the summer-houses glimmering through the mist, had a fine effect. The dampness of the evening air in Holland is exceedingly uncomfortable, and must prove very unhealthy. The stench arising from the canals as we approached the Hague, was almost intolerable. We were astonished at being offended by such a nuisance so near one of the most elegant cities of the world.

I had formed an exalted conception of the splendor and richness of the Hague, but I found what is so unusual, the reality far surpassing my most ardent imaginings. My first visit of observation was to the churches of the city. All Dutch churches which I have seen, are divested of those gaudy and flaunting ornaments, so common in France and other Roman Catholic countries. The walls of the former are occupied by the *arms* of the principal families, worked upon velvet, and encased with broad, black frames. They present the appearance, or at least the idea of the interior of large tombs, and communicate a dark and gloomy air to the spacious apartment. The ministers were speaking to crowded and attentive audiences, who all wore their hats.

From the churches I repaired to the grand parade, where

the garrison was reviewed by the Prince of Orange, amid a great concourse of the nobility and citizens. The troops appeared soldierlike, and well drilled. The uniform was blue, faced with red. After the parade, I strolled through this most magnificent and interesting city. Every thing bears the aspect of splendor and grandeur. I called at the hotel recently purchased by Mr. Adams for the American government. It is respectably furnished in accordance with Republican simplicity—contains a fine library, and has attached to it a tasteful little garden.

I was received in the most cordial manner by the Ambassador, and in the afternoon took an airing with him through the most interesting sections of the city, and extended our ride to the pleasant fishing-town of Schrewling, two miles from the Hague, upon the margin of the sea. The weather was fine, and the roads and avenues thronged with people, all pressing onward, on foot and carriages, to inhale the sea-breezes, and to walk upon the beach. The Ambassador's livery is the same as the American uniform, and is recognized by all ranks of the citizens, who pay so much respect to it, that a few more jaunts with him to Schrewling, would have compelled me to buy a new hat.

The road was charming, and in the whole length shaded by a row of trees on each side, so precisely in lines, that we saw the steeple of the village church from the gates of the city, through an arch formed by the limbs of the trees. The North Sea opened suddenly to our view, at the termination of the avenue. Nature has provided a very effectual barrier against the ocean, in the Downs, which have been thrown up by the waves, along most of the coast of this low country. I noticed the same circumstance on the coast of the Austrian Netherlands. The principal and permanent security of the country, however, rests upon their artificial dykes and embankments.

We passed in this route the celebrated gardens of the Count de Bentick, and stopped to examine them. They are distinguished from other gardens in the province by their style, simplicity and picturesque views. They had a fine orangery,

grottos, water spouts, a forest, lake, and hills, in miniature, a terrace walk and menagerie. On every side the eye was enrapt and fascinated by objects of interest and novelty. I spent the evening with Mr. Adams, in company with the eminent M. Dumas, who made himself conspicuous by his diplomatic qualities in the early part of our contest, at the court of France, as well as in Holland. Communing with two gentlemen of such enlightened genius and deep learning, I could not fail to collect all the information I was eager to obtain relative to this country and the present convulsed state of its complicated government. I shall recur to this subject in a succeeding page.

I visited, the succeeding day, with Mr. Adams, "La Maison du Bois," which is situated about one mile from the Hague, in the midst of the largest natural forest of Holland. This place was built by the widow of the Prince Henry Frederick, to consecrate and perpetuate his memory. It is an elegant structure, and entirely sequestered from the gay world, being in a manner embosomed in a thick grove, which is penetrated by numerous romantic walks, leading from the palace. Over the gate we observed the arms of Orange-Nassau. The grand saloon, with its exquisite paintings, is the peculiar object of attraction. They were principally the works of the great masters, Rubens and Van-der-worf, exhibiting, in very large pictures, the brilliant triumphs of Frederick Henry, who consolidated that fabric of Independence, which was erected by his immortal father, and vigorously protected by his gallant brother, Prince Maurice. Full length portraits of William I. and Maurice, are also preserved here, and their marble busts adorn the mantel. The floors of this palace were of black-walnut, with rich carpets. In one apartment we saw an India japanned-railing, inclosing the princess' bed, which is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and cost 28,000 guilders. We also examined a splendid painting, forming a flower-piece, by a remarkable Flemish master, and another, "Vulcan in his Shop," by Rubens.

Mr. Adams discharged his carriage, and we occupied an hour or two in strolling about the forest. The lofty oaks,

thrown promiscuously together, revived lively recollections of American scenery. The trees were alive with birds of brilliant plumage, whose sweet melody echoed through the woods. In the afternoon we made an excursion to the village of Ryswick, situated between the Hague and Delft. The road is ornamented by lofty trees, and skirted by verdant meadows. This village is memorable for the Peace of 1697, concluded here. A palace belonging to the Prince of Orange stood in the environs, eleborately built of hewn stone, but at the period of my visit was rapidly falling into decay.

The ensuing day was occupied in generally exploring objects worthy of attention, in the city, and in the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Adams, I went to Delft. Returning in the evening, along the border of the canal, Mr. Adams suddenly espied a child struggling in the canal; he instantly darted forward, and was in the act of bounding into the canal to the rescue, when I restrained him, as I perceived a lusty fellow already in the water, in aid of the child. This incident is alluded to by Mr. Adams, in a letter to me dated Philadelphia, December 16, 1790:

"I have this moment received your favor of November 30th; and the volume* inclosed with it, an acceptable present, for which I thank you. I have not had time to read it, and therefore can form no opinion of its merit. By a kind of '*Sortes Virgilianae*," I stumbled upon the anecdote of the child drowning in the canal at the Hague, which brought to my recollection the feelings by both experienced at that distressing moment, which was abundantly compensated by the joy at the unexpected deliverance of the little urchin. * * * * *

"My rambles abroad appear to me like a dream, and if your book had not recalled the drowning babe, I might never have thought of it again. My imagination is always refreshed by the recollection of my walks and rides about the Hague, and by those in the 'Bois de Boulogne' which are charming, much more than by the splendid scenes at the courts and in cities."

The lofty position occupied by Mr. Adams in the diplomatic body at this Court, was alike honorable to himself and elevating to the American character. He was universally esteemed for his deep sagacity and extensive political acquirements. He talked but little, but thought profoundly. Conversant at a momentous crisis with the politics of two hemis-

*"Tour in Holland," printed in 1790.

pheres, his comprehensive and discriminating mind seemed readily to grasp, and intuitively comprehend, all the conflicting questions of the day. He did not ape the graces of a Chesterfield, but yet had fully attained every important accomplishment of the statesman. America was deeply and essentially indebted to Mr. Adams for those important measures—the extension of our boundaries, and the protection of our fisheries. The defeat of Sir Joseph York secured the *support* of Holland at a critical epoch. His talents, and the stern *republican* simplicity of his character, endowed him with a strong and peculiar influence in the government at the Hague, and Holland, I then believed, may yet probably be indebted to his practical judgment for suggesting some radical reforms in its unwieldy and convulsed system.

The mind of this devoted patriot was then intently engaged in meditating upon the policy, and in promoting the glory and power of his country. On one occasion at the Hague, dining alone with Mr. Adams, the dessert upon the table, and the servants withdrawn, a long silence ensued; he seemed unconscious of my presence, his eye was fastened upon the table, and his mind apparently absorbed in a deep reverie. This posture of affairs continued so long as to arouse some degree of excitement in my feelings, and I was in the act of leaving the table, when his countenance suddenly flashed and brightened up, and turning to me, he exclaimed, with much animation, "Yes, it must be so; *twelve sail of the line supported by a proportion of frigates.* When America, my friend, shall possess such a fleet, she may bid defiance upon her own coast to any naval power of Europe."

In connection with this anecdote, I transcribe a letter from Mr. Adams, written thirty-four years after this period, and containing a familiar and playful allusion to my imputing to him the paternity of the American Navy.

"Quincy, *April*, 14, 1819.

"Dear Sir—Your letter of the 3d inst, is like the recognizance of an old friend, after the separation of several years.

"I lay no serious claim to the title, *of father of the American Navy*, or of any thing else, except my own family. Have you seen

the History of the American Navy, written by a Mr. Clark, and edited by Mat. Carey? I gave the name of Alfred, Columbus, Cabot, and Andrew Doria, to the first ships that sailed under the flag of the United Colonies.

"My country has been to me so very capricious and fastidious a mistress, that she would never receive my addresses long enough to give me an opportunity of becoming a father, legitimate or illegitimate, of any child, son or daughter. You have a much better claim to the character of father of American Agricultural Societies. You have preached with more success and much better effect. I claim no fatherhood but that of a family.

"I have had six children, two of whom Heaven took to itself in their cradles. Four grew up, and had families; two have departed and left children. Two, thank God, yet live. I have now living, two sons—fourteen grandchildren and five great grandchildren. Of this tribe, I claim to be a father; but I assure you, the duties I owe to this little flock are greater than I can perform with my utmost exertions. Talk not then to me in future, of any other fatherhood than this; for my capacity is inadequate even to this. I am, Sir, with agreeable recollections of our acquaintance in different countries,

"Your friend,

"JOHN ADAMS."

Hague is situated two miles from the sea. Although it was called a village (from the fact of its not being walled, and sending no deputy to the states) it enjoyed other advantages sufficient to place it in the class of the first cities of Europe, for opulence and luxury. Lord Chesterfield pronounced it "the most elegant city in the world." It is environed by a spacious canal, ornamented by lofty trees. The situation is somewhat elevated, and is esteemed healthy. It occupies a favorable position, in the heart of a fertile country, surrounded by fortified cities and villages—splendid villas—fine gardens—and rich meadows. Most of the streets are pleasantly shaded, and generally broad. The houses were many of them large and elegant, being chiefly built of hewn stone, and yet scarcely a pebble could be gathered in a natural deposit, in the whole Republic. The squares are numerous, and planted with ornamental trees. The inhabitants of the Hague are modelled upon the Parisians: exceedingly polite, entirely *a la Français;* seldom speaking their native language, and much addicted to dissipation. The

ladies are generally very handsome and refined. The Vyverburg was occupied on one side by a range of elegant edifices, and opposite to them a stately row of trees; between these was a spacious basin of water, formed of hewn stone, with a romantic little island in the centre, crowned with shrubbery. Near this, is a large grove embracing a Mall, which is enclosed.

The Hague is the seat of government of Holland, and of course the residence of the diplomatic corps. This gives it a glare of splendor and show, which I fear adorns merely the surface. The Council of State, the Council of Nobility, the Courts of Justice, and every description of national business, concentrates at the "Court," the residence of the Stadtholder. This was surrounded by a deep fosse, and approached by three draw-bridges, where guards were stationed to raise them on any emergency. The idea of thus interposing a barrier between the people and their legislators, is totally repugnant to American notions of the free debates of a Republican Assembly. The existence of this fact in Holland, seemed more extraordinary, as history attests the strong and too well founded jealousy of the Dutch, in respect to their Stadtholders.

The palace is very old, and more remarkable for its venerable aspect than elegance. The great saloon is in the antique style, and filled with historical paintings and trophies of their victories. The chamber of the States General was hung upon one side with rich tapestry, ornamented by the portraits of several Stadtholders, and on the other side by many excellent paintings. The chamber in which the twelve years' truce was established between Spain and Holland, in 1609, still retained its original ornaments; the republic was personified by a female figure, occupying a position over the mantel. In the audience room there was a fine portrait of William III. The Prince's cabinet, on the opposite side of the court, was probably one of the most striking curiosities at the Hague. The collection embraced among other objects of interest, very curious and beautiful specimens of precious stones, fossils, minerals, petrefactions, and every department of inanimate natural his-

tory. The gallery of paintings, embracing sacred and historical pieces, landscapes, and portraits—principally the works of Raphael, Rubens, Holbein and Van Dyke—was eminently interesting, and demanded the closest examination.

The celebrated De Witts, two patriotic brothers, and enemies to the aspirations of the Prince of Orange, were massacred in a prison near this palace, by an infuriated mob. Mr. Adams conducted me to the spot, and warmly execrated this dark event in the history of Holland.

The canal between the Hague and Leyden is fifty feet wide. The country, rich in culture and loveliness, is equal to that I had already crossed over. Leyden is distinguished for the terrific siege (one of the most tragic in the annals of war), it maintained against the Duke of Alva. The city was ultimately relieved by the bold and desperate expedient of opening the dykes, by which the country was immediately inundated. Leyden is second only to Amsterdam in population. The city was well laid out, adorned with trees, and traversed by elegant streets and spacious canals.

The Stadthouse is an ancient structure, built in the pure Dutch architecture. We noticed many superior pictures in it, and were struck with the peculiar appropriateness of one, representing the relief of the city from the siege referred to, by boats ladened with provisions, approaching it over the artificial sea, formed by the inundation. I visited at Leyden, with deep and thrilling emotion, the humble church where the Puritans worshipped, before their emigration to Plymouth. The building is old and inelegant, but I viewed it with greater satisfaction than a palace. The deacon of the church, who accompanied me to the edifice, remarked that Mr. Adams, when visiting it, was deeply affected, and could not refrain from weeping. A descendant of the Pilgrims should not stand within these consecrated walls, without yielding the homage of his tearful veneration.

I owed to the letters of Mr. Adams the most marked kindness from Mons. Luzac, a very eminent lawyer, but more distinguished still for his remarkable abilities as a political

writer, and editor of the Leyden Gazette. In returning from Mons. Luzac's, along the line of the canal, about eleven at night, I was astonished to notice the repose and silence, almost that of the country, which rested upon this quiet city.

Leyden yielded alone to Amsterdam in importance. It then, however, contained only 40,000 population. Mons. Luzac informed me that it formerly was computed to embrace 70,000. The increase of the woollen manufactories of England had greatly depressed its prosperity. This city was strongly fortified, and surrounded by a broad ditch, which is adorned with rows of trees. The edifices were elegant, the streets spacious and clean. The principal avenue, which stretches from the Hague gate to the Utrecht gate, the entire length of the city, was elevated, finely paved, and without a canal. Most of the other streets had canals running along their centres, ornamented, as usual in this country, by lofty trees, standing occasionally in three parallel rows. This arrangement gave to the canals the aspect and effect of long alleys in a beautiful garden. The city is built on the old Rhine, which divides it into fifty islands, thirty of which may be sailed around by boats. It had one hundred and forty-five stone bridges, and forty-two towers on its walls. The Stadthouse is a large structure, built in 1597, in the pure Dutch architecture.

The large church of Leyden is a vast pile, with no particular beauty or interest, except as it contains a monument of great beauty and simplicity, raised to consecrate the memory of the illustrious physician and distinguished philosopher, Boerhaave. The reputation of this great man extended into China, and the tradition at Leyden asserts that a Mandarin addressed him with this superscription—"To Boerhaave in Europe," and that the missive came duly to his hands. The monument erected to him in the church of St. Peter, bears the inscription, "Salatifero Boerhaave genio sacrum." It is formed by an urn, resting upon a pedestal of black marble, which represents the four ages of life, and two of the sciences in which Boerhaave excelled. The capital of the base is decorated by a drapery of white marble, in which is exhibited, by the artist,

emblems of diseases and their remedies. Above, upon the pedestal, is the medallion of Boerhaave; at the extremity of the same, a ribbon displays his private motto, "Simplex, vigillum, veri."

I visited an old castle, in the centre of the city, called the Burg, which is said to have been built in the ninth century. It is more than six hundred feet in circumference. We ascended by fifty steps to the summit, from which we enjoyed an expanded and delightful view of the city and the adjacent country, the Downs and Haarlem lake. Within the Burg, a well has been constructed, of vast depth, in which, the annals of the city aver, the inhabitants, during the memorable siege, caught a large fish, which they in triumph exhibited from the walls to the Spaniards.

The university of Leyden possesses great eminence, and is the principal Institution of learning in Holland. It was founded in 1575 by the States, as a tribute of gratitude for the glorious defence of the city. The building is antiquated. The Professors are probably among the most distinguished in Europe. The botanical garden attached to the University, with its statues, the cabinet of natural curiosities, the library, anatomical preparations, and petrified remains, are all highly interesting. In the garden we saw the American aloe, the tea and coffee plants. This University enjoyed great, and some singular privileges, even the infliction of death; but the Professors are subordinate to the government of Holland. The manufactories of this place were formerly very extensive, especially in broadcloths, which they possessed the secret of dyeing in great perfection. Their fabrics also embraced narrow cloths and camlets. A peculiarity of manner and feeling is said to characterize the middle classes of the Dutch. Their sensibilities are keen, their manners quiet and serious; they can suffer neither a jest nor a compliment—the first, their jealousy construes into an insult; the last confuses them. They seldom laugh, and never without an adequate cause. When the laugh of a company falls upon an individual, his sensibility is always deeply affected, and is proclaimed to all by messengers

flying from the heart, and bursting into a blaze upon the cheek. Such being the effect of a joke in Holland, surely every generous mind will avoid this resource for amusement, and will wisely graduate his conduct here, as he should in every country, by the prejudices and prevailing customs of its people, who are prone to be governed by some common caprice peculiar to themselves.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Haarlem—Koster—Printing—Faust—Haarlem Organ—Lake—Amsterdam—Public Buildings—Spill House—Rasp House—Punishment—Sardam—Bruck—Utrecht—Political Excitement—Canal Travelling—Rhine—The Seven Provinces—Scheldt—Antwerp—Roads—Country Manners—Holland—Zealand—Friedland—Reflections—Form of Government—American Confederacy—Canals.

Early the next morning we were moving towards Haarlem, upon the smooth surface of another splendid canal. I cannot find words of sufficient energy to express my admiration, and the delightful influence upon my mind, excited by this sailing above the surface of this beautiful, but artificial country. We traversed a pleasant district between the downs of Haarlem Lake, on our right, and the downs which run parallel to the ocean on the left. Within a few miles of Haarlem, the country assumed a new aspect, and was beautifully diversified by elegant country-seats, cottages, an extensive forest, villages, and charming views. It was in this forest that Koster, an Alderman of Haarlem, as the Dutch allege, first suggested the invention of printing with types, in 1440. He was rambling, the legend runs, carelessly, and amusing himself in forming, with his knife, letters upon pieces of wood; with these he made impressions, and from the circumstance derived the conception of movable types. John Faust, a servant of Koster, stole the types, and transported them to Metz, and assumed the merit of the discovery. This was the Doctor Faustus, so familiar to the minds of the vulgar in America, for his reported league with the Prince of Darkness. I saw at Haarlem specimens, which were carefully preserved, of the first essay Koster made with his wooden types. A statue had been erected to him, with an elegant Latin inscription, and was standing in the Town House of that city.

I saw in the old cathedral at Haarlem the finest organ in existence, made by the ingenious Müller, in 1738. It is a stupendous work, as vast in its dimensions as it is ingenious in its execution and contrivance, containing eight thousand pipes the largest of which is sixteen inches in diameter, and thirty-eight feet long. It combines sixty-eight stops. This organ imitates, with admirable accuracy, the human voice, both solos and in chorus, various kinds of birds, trumpets, fifes, flutes, and the kettle-drum. The deep-toned flourish of trumpets is succeeded by the softer notes of gentler instruments, and then sinks into the melodious harmony peculiar to the organ itself. Its power and the variety of its tones are most wonderful. The instrument is played twice a week for the gratification of the citizens and strangers, and on other occasions by paying gratuities to the performers. There are two silver bells upon the church, which were captured by the famous Braakel, at Damietta. There were three small ships suspended on the inside of the buildings, with saws adjusted to their sterns, to commemorate the sawing of the chain across the Nile, an incident I have already referred to. Bullets were exhibited to me which were cut out from the ceiling, into which they had been fired by the Spaniards, during the terrific siege the city sustained in 1572, against the Duke of Alva's army. The city was gallantly defended on that occasion by 4,000 troops, heroically supported by the women, but were obliged by famine ultimately to surrender, when 2,000 persons, in infamous violation of the terms of the capitulation, fell victims to Spanish barbarity.

The architecture of Haarlem, and the arrangement of the streets, assimilate it to Leyden. The population had decreased from 50,000 to 30,000. The Irish formerly sent immense quantities of linen to this place to be bleached, the water of Haarlem Lake being esteemed peculiarly favorable to this process. The fields in this vicinity were as white with linen, spread upon them for bleaching, as our American meadows are after a snow-storm. Haarlem Lake is about fourteen miles

square, and was formed by an inundation three centuries before. This appalling catastrophe overwhelmed seventy-two villages in its flood, with a frightful destruction of life and property. This body of water would be ranked scarcely above the ponds of America, and yet the Hollander regards it with as much admiration as the American esteems his Lake Superior, which would embrace several republics like Holland upon the area of its bosom. Between Haarlem and Amsterdam we crossed a narrow causeway which separated the river Wye from Haarlem Lake, and we had from its summit a full view of the lake and river, with the stately palace Zwanenberg. From the causeway to Amsterdam, the course of the canal was direct, enabling us to see the city the entire distance. I was disappointed in the approach to Amsterdam—nothing of interest was presented, while the stench from the stagnated water of the canals was excessively offensive.

The harbor of this commercial metropolis presented a forest of shipping, but far inferior to that upon the Thames. The magnificent docks contained several new ships of war of the largest dimensions, and some old ones. These ships are conveyed in and out of these artificial docks, and quite to the Texel, by the agency of very curious and ingenious machines, which receive the hull of the vessel within their bodies, and thus securely transport them. These machines are appropriately called "camels."

Amsterdam stands upon the river Wye, near the Zuyder Zee, and contained at that time about 300,000 inhabitants. The number of dwellings was equal, and they were of the same size, as those of Paris, although the inhabitants were one half less. This city was scarcely known in the thirteenth century, and owes its subsequent rise and magnificence to the flood of population which poured into it from Antwerp during the civil commotion. It is built in the form of a crescent, and was well fortified with a strong wall and bastions. The ditch which encompassed it formed a spacious canal, embellished by a double row of trees. It was esteemed hardly second to London in the extent and value of its commerce, although

then conceded to be upon the wane. More than two thousand ships, from every quarter of the globe, annually enter the Wye. The shallowness of the Zuyder Zee is a serious embarrassment to this commerce, but it effectually protects the city from naval enemies. Amsterdam is built on the site of a salt marsh. Its edifices principally stand upon piles prepared at an enormous expense. Thirteen thousand piles were required to create the foundation of the Stadthouse. The streets are usually wide and well paved; canals are constructed through the centre of many of them. The vista of stately and umbrageous trees which uniformly almost bordered the canals in the cities of Holland, communicates to the scenery a beautiful and agreeable feature.

The squares of Amsterdam were small and inelegant. The Stadthouse stands upon the most considerable of them. This edifice was a noble structure, and the principal object of beauty and attraction in the city. It is 282 feet long, 235 wide, and 116 feet high, constructed of hewn stone at an expense of two million pounds sterling. The material points of interest in this huge pile, are the armory, the bank, the Burgher's Hall, and its bells and paintings. The Hall is a spacious and gorgeous room, 120 feet long, 57 broad, and 90 high, entirely built of marble. The floor exhibits a representation of the earth and heavens, with the constellations curiously inlaid in marble. The dwelling-houses of Amsterdam are chiefly constructed of brick, and occasionally of hewn stone, but in general they are not so elegant as those of Rotterdam. The arsenal and the dock-yard adjacent, which contained a vast amount of naval stores, were worthy of careful examination. The hospitals and other charitable institutions were very numerous in the city, and highly important. They supported, it was estimated, 20,000 paupers. Every religion was tolerated, but Calvinism predominated. Bells were allowed upon the churches of no other denomination. Trumpeters were maintained upon the steeples and towers during the night, to sound the alarm in case of fire. The revenue of Amsterdam was computed at 50,000 florins per diem. Its trade extended to every sea, but the most lucrative

commerce was at this period with the Indies. The chime on the Stadthouse was said to be the finest in Europe. I examined it minutely, and found it truly a stupendous work. We remained on the roof until it sounded the hour, and our ears were almost stunned by the ponderous tones. It is similar to an organ in its mechanism, and a person can play upon it with equal facility.

Among the splendid paintings in the Stadthouse, I was particularly impressed by one of Van Dyke's, which represented the Duke of Alva in conference with the bourgeois of Amsterdam before they abjured the Spanish yoke. It singularly portrayed that dark and bloody character he afterwards exhibited, combined with a bold and martial expression of countenance.

I proceeded to the Exchange, during the hours of business, to deliver my letters from Mr. Adams. The room was not so large as the Exchange in London, nor could it compare, in neatness and elegance, with that, or the one at Rotterdam. It was built of brick, and totally destitute of all ornamental arrangement. At "full-change," it was completely crowded. I retired into a corner to indulge my curiosity, and contemplate the busy scene. I could compare it to nothing so appropriately as the glass bee-house I had recently examined at Wildman's garden. The latter was, in truth, the Amsterdam Exchange in miniature; there was the same buzzing sound, the same eagerness of the bees to enter, the same industry and ardor in the accumulation of the honey in each. These active merchants are roaming abroad from flower to flower in the wide world, everywhere sucking and collecting the sweets of commerce.

I have seldom read in books, or heard in conversation, a particular reference to the character of Amsterdam, without observing an allusion to a singular institution, known as the spill-houses, or legalized brothels, under the license and regulation of the police. The apology for their creation is in the idea that they accomplish a protection to virtuous females. I felt a curiosity to examine them, and under the guidance of an official of the police, visited one of the most celebrated. The

spectacle, however, was too loathsome and abhorrent to be endured, and we remained but a few minutes. At the door we were compelled to pay for a bottle of vinegar, which they called wine, with the option of drinking it or not. A dense cloud of smoke enveloped the apartment, which was thronged by Jack-tars, boors, and vulgar citizens. We pressed our way through this assemblage to the farther extremity of the room, where a strapping negro was dancing with a spill-house lady, to the music of an old reprobate, sawing upon a broken violin. The dancing was unique; they seemed to slide heavily upon their heels, sailing along the floor without either figure or animation. There were about forty of these debased and wretched victims, arranged around the room like so many painted dolls. They presented to my mind the idea of a butcher's shamble, where the lambs are hung up for the highest bidder. Alas, poor humanity, in scenes like this, fallen and degraded below the beasts of the field!

I also visited the rasp-house, a place of punishment of great celebrity. I found it an excellent institution, but with no remarkable feature. The punishment, in addition to the confinement, seemed merely to consist in their being compelled to cut lignum vitæ with a rasp saw. We were closely followed during our inspection, and stunned by the cry of "charity, charity!"

Another curious mode of correction prevailed in Holland: those who obstinately persisted in refusing to work, were placed in a cistern with water up to their chins, where they were fastened to a pump, and compelled by involuntary labor to avoid drowning, as the water is made to run in as fast as it is discharged by the pump.

I dined in Amsterdam at the house of an eminent merchant, with a brilliant company. On leaving the hospitable table of the wealthy Dutchman, we paid our two florins to the servant at the door, with as much precision as at a table d' hote in Paris. This disgraceful custom had been exploded only a few years before in England, where it formerly cost a gentleman a half guinea to dine with his friend.

I made an excursion from Amsterdam to Sardam, which is situated upon the Wye, six miles from the former. The harbor was filled with shipping, arranged with perfect order and system. In approaching Sardam we perceived a battalion of windmills drawn up on our front. This extraordinary town appears small, when viewed from a distance, but I was astonished at the deception in this respect, and delighted by the peculiarity of the architecture, and by the arrangement of the houses, gardens, and, indeed, of almost every object. All were strange, and indeed unlike anything I had before seen. Sardam is situated in North Holland, and contained nearly 40,000 inhabitants, who were conspicuous for their great wealth. They have acquired their affluence by the wood trade, ship-building, and the operation of a multiplicity of curious mills, appropriated to the manufacturing of paper, tobacco, boards, &c.

I examined here a saw-mill that worked forty saws simultaneously by one movement. It was intended to keep in a state of preparation timber, well seasoned in the ship-yard, adequate to the average construction of one ship a week. Three hundred vessels were usually built at Sardam every year. This city looked like a finished Chinese palace, and realized the idea of perfect beauty and elegance. The buildings were small, but unique, and universally beautiful. They were painted in various colors, and had their roofs constructed of glazed tiles. Handsome porticos spread in front of their dwellings, with gardens arranged with a magnificence and skill that cannot be described, which extended very far in the rear. Sardam covers a large area. The canals run along the streets in every direction, bordered on each side by long chains of these fairy houses. Rambling for hours with unabated delight through this charming place, we were at length conducted to the small house in which Peter the Great boarded among the common operatives, the most faithful and laborious man in the yard, whilst he was here practically learning the trade of ship-carpenter. The woman of the house exhibited, with much exultation, a gold medal which had been presented her by the Empress of Russia.

The habits and genius of the people of North Holland are strikingly dissimilar to those of the other provinces, and many of them are very strange and peculiar. They extend their ideas of neatness to such an excess, that I was assured the master of the house was positively constrained by custom to pull off his shoes at his own threshold, where a servant was placed prepared to supply him with a pair of slippers. The front doors of their dwellings were only opened on occasions of deaths and marriages. The women were strangely metamorphosed, and totally unlike their more Southern sisters in their attire and taste. Their heads were encircled by broad gold or brass bands; across the forehead they wore tight caps, with the hair cut short in front. Immense ear-rings dangled at the sides of their faces, which were surmounted by broad flat calico hats, cocked up in the air. Under all these disadvantages I saw many beautiful faces; but the female figure was generally bad. I noticed a remarkable uniformity in their features, that made them all appear like sisters.

We extended our excursion to Bruck, which, in many respects, is even more curious and impressive than Sardam. In beauty and style, as well as cleanliness, it was the very model of a perfect city. It was mainly inhabited by merchants who had retired from Amsterdam, immersed in wealth. Banking and insurance operations are their peculiar occupation. Neither carriages nor horses were allowed to enter the precincts of this enchanted village. The streets were finely paved with variegated stones, fancifully marked in various figures, and strewn lightly over with sand, as carefully as the inside of their houses. Everything we saw glittered so strongly in neatness, that our eyes were fairly pained in gazing upon them. This people are represented as exceedingly coy of strangers, and as usually intermarrying among themselves. On our return to Amsterdam we were overtaken by a severe thunder storm, and about a hundred passengers were crowded together in the dark, beneath the hatches. Even Dutch phlegm, in such a situation, yielded to merriment and frolic. A Dutch Jew in the boat had a peculiar talent of imitating the crying of a child, with an empty pipe. This he did with the nicest perfection,

whenever the curtains were dropped. Every one supposing a child to be in the canal, thrust out their heads into the rain, when the crying would instantly cease, and we hunted in vain for the sufferer. This artifice was repeated several times before we detected the imposture.

I left Amsterdam on board a truckschute for Utrecht, and in nine hours reached that city, a progress of twenty-three miles. We traversed a beautiful country, more profusely occupied by elegant country-seats and villas than I had seen in any part of Holland, especially as we approached Utrecht, where we saw a continuous series of splendid residences, some exhibiting the gorgeousness and magnificence of palaces.

Utrecht occupies a small natural elevation, and was esteemed a healthy city. It is rendered conspicuous in history for the celebrated treaty in 1579, which cemented the union of the Seven Provinces. It contained between 20,000 and 30,000 population. Party spirit was highly exasperated in the city. The citizens were arming and exercising in military evolutions, preparing to oppose the Prince of Orange, whose party denounced these movements as rebellious, and instigated by a French faction. The citizens were so deeply hostile to England, that it was almost dangerous for an Englishman to appear in the streets. Martial excitement beat high in every vein. My mind revolted at the thought that these blooming fields might soon be occupied by parks of bellowing artillery, by encampments and scenes of civil war, in which kindreds would be darting at each other's bosoms the weapons of death. I visited the ruins of the old Cathedral, the centre of which had fallen, but the tower remained. I saw here a monument of a Bishop, with several others in basso-relievo, the heads of which had been battered off during the harsh religious persecutions which produced the revolt under Philip II. We ascended the tower, which is three hundred and seventy feet high. From this elevation the view stretched far over the Low Country, the Downs, Haarlem Lake and the Zuyder Zee. The atmosphere was hazy, and thus limited our horizon. I was informed that in a clear day fifty walled cities might be comprehended in one view from this summit. The country in the vicinity of

Utrecht appeared like a broad and unbroken garden. The wind blew a gale, and I was almost apprehensive that the crazy old tower, which had withstood sieges and tempests for almost a thousand years, would at length tumble down and bury me in its ruins. The terrific roar of the wind through the hollow arches, and amid the ruins of the old church beneath us, was calculated to excite these emotions. I hastened down and proceeded to visit the University. A celebrated garden next attracted my attention, which belonged to a Mad. Van Mollem. It was constructed on a magnificent plan, and seemed to embrace every object that can render such a spot curious and delightful. It was copiously adorned by cascades variously arranged, grottos, statues, vases, and evergreens formed to represent innumerable objects, and with the utmost ingenuity. Two grottos, chiefly constructed with rare collections of marine shells, collected from different parts of the earth, were formed in unrivalled taste and beauty, at an expense, we were informed, of ten thousand pounds each. Near this garden a silk manufactory was established, and constructed nearly upon the plan of the one at Derby, which I have described. A single water-wheel, which is a marked curiosity in Holland, propelled the entire machinery.

The Mall of Utrecht is said to be the largest in Europe. It is three quarters of a mile in length, and enclosed by four double rows of lofty and venerable trees. When Louis XIV. seized the city in 1672, he gave special instructions for the preservation of this delightful promenade. Utrecht possessed no particular curiosities or imposing public edifices.

On my departure from Amsterdam I had embraced in my contemplated movements a tour through Saxony and Westphalia, that I might see and pay my homage to the immortal Frederic; but I received letters at Utrecht which compelled me to retrace my steps, and hasten to London. I embarked in a truckschute for Leyden, and the first time since my arrival in Holland found my French unintelligible to all on board. I occupied a cabin alone, but wandered into the smoke and crowd of the boat in search of society, and after a vain pursuit returned to my seclusion, and spent the night upon the

cushioned benches, reading, sleeping, and contemplating the country through the cabin windows, by a glowing moonlight. We travelled upon the canal to the city of Worden, where we entered a branch of the Rhine, and yielded the boat to its gentle current. We descended the river in this pleasant and luxurious manner, passing many beautiful residences, and through a charming country, until we reached Leyden. I was charmed with this mode of travelling—the wide river, the clear and pure water, the splendid scenes afforded by the adjacent country, viewed through the trees, which lined the shores of the stream, by the moonlight beaming upon it. Hastily passing through Leyden to embark upon the Delft canal, I perceived some of the bourgeoise under arms at the Stadthouse, and understood that the antagonistic parties, since my visit to the city, had had a slight conflict.

The Seven Provinces which constituted the Republic of Holland, and once attracted the gaze and admiration of the world, were Holland, Zealand, Friesland, Guelderland, Overyssel, Groningen and Utrecht. They embraced an area of about 150 miles wide and 100 miles broad, including the Zuyder Zee and Haarlem Lake. The surface of water they contained, combined with the numerous canals and rivers, make it doubtful whether the land or water occupies the greatest space within the boundary of the country. Travelling was cheaper at the period of my tour, in Holland, than in any other region I had visited. The ordinary disbursement did not exceed one penny sterling the mile. The level and depressed face of the country, often lower than tide water, creates the impression upon the traveller's mind that it has been wrested from the dominion of the ocean, and that he may, at some period, resume his empire, seems almost probable from the frightful events which appear in the history of the country. The heavy and moist atmosphere that envelops Holland is undoubtedly healthy to the acclimated inhabitants. Their winters usually commence in October, and terminate in March. The summers are generally hot, short, and subject to severe changes. The estimates of the population were extremely discordant, but from the best data I could procure, it did not

exceed two and a half millions, and was evidently on the decline. This fact is chiefly attributable to the insensible but progressive decline in their manufactures, which naturally bore with it a depression in their commerce. More luxurious living and less industry than characterized their lofty spirited ancestors, were regarded as other causes of this declension. Those who assume to pry deeply into the future, predicted the total annihilation of the Republic as an independent power. They remarked that should the Emperor of Germany persevere in his wise and ambitious design of opening the Scheldt, and reviving the commerce of Antwerp (once the Emporium and commercial glory of Europe), it must inevitably tend to accelerate the fall of Holland. The Scheldt is a noble river, and is capable of admitting ships of any burthen quite up to the city, which had also secure access to the North Sea, and a communication with the Rhine, Meuse and Lis. In the event of this navigation being restored, a doubt was not entertained that Antwerp would regain its former splendor. As Amsterdam had arisen to opulence on the ruins of Antwerp, it was regarded as possible that the latter might be restored to prosperity by the decline of the former.

The main spring of Dutch wealth existed in the East India, and chiefly in the spice trade; and in this they were considered then in great danger of meeting formidable competitors and rivals.

The canals in Holland were so generally used that the roads were neglected, and almost uniformly bad. No regular post-coaches existing, travellers were compelled to use wagons, and the charges of these not being regulated by law, they were subjected to every imposition and extortion. The country was curious because it resembled no other; but a continued uniformity soon cloys the mind of a traveller, although the objects he views are pleasant and beautiful. After seeing one city of Holland, you may form a pretty accurate idea of the rest. The country, without the walls of the cities, maintained the same general symmetry—a prolonged marshy plain, thronged by cattle. The Dutch, in high life, are counterparts of the French. The merchant, and those of that rank in society, are esteemed

more elegant and refined than the English of the same class. The Dutch are esteemed a cold, phlegmatic, and inhospitable people, especially in their intercourse with strangers, but are brave, frugal, and industrious.

The province of Holland was divided into North and South Holland, and is partially separated by the river Wye. The customs and style of life between these divisions were very unlike. The province of Holland exhibited an entirely flat surface, except the downs along the sea-coast. The soil is light. In November, the country, particularly North Holland, is almost submerged. Few objects appear above the waste of waters, but dykes, steeples, and buildings. The inhabitants, at this season, seemed almost like amphibious animals. These inundations, after fertilizing the fields, are drawn off in February. The process is accomplished by machinery worked by windmills which discharges the water with great rapidity into the canals. The country is protected from the sea by artificial dykes and the downs. They had little arable land. The meadows afford fine grazing for the vast flocks of cattle which covered them. Holland is, indeed, a wide-spread meadow, intersected by rivers, lakes, and canals, which are profusely stored with fish.

The commerce of Holland once knew no limits but the confines of the globe. It had no grain of its own culture, but was the granary of Europe—no vineyards, but it supplied Europe with the choicest wines. It had no staple of its own production, but supplied in its own ports every commodity cheaper than any other nation. Such are the energies and effects of industry and enterprise. But alas, poor Holland! thy sun had passed its meridian splendor, and. as in a long summer's day, it was slowly approaching the horizon. In power and wealth, Holland equalled all the other six provinces.

The province of Zealand is situated at the mouth of the Scheldt, and is divided into eleven islands by that river. It is entirely protected from the sea by dykes, which are maintained at an enormous expense. The land lies low, and is subject to frequent inundations. It was reputed to be more fertile, but less healthy than Holland. The inhabitants car-

ried on extensive herring fisheries, principally upon the coast of England. Their fisheries are an admirable nursery of seamen, and a source of great wealth. It surprised me that so enterprizing a people as the English, should permit their great commercial rivals to monopolise this immense business on the very shores of England. The people of Zealand possessed few manufactories.

Friedland is the most northern province. The soil is generally very fertile. In some sections it was sparsely inhabited. It produced considerable grain, and possessed very superior horses, cows, and sheep. The latter were peculiar for their long and soft wool. Occasional forests occurred, which were filled by great quantities of wild fowl. Their commerce was extensive. Their linens were highly esteemed. The people of this province had preserved, in an eminent degree, the habits and customs of their ancestors. The remaining provinces were less important, and similar to the others in their general physical features, and the characteristics of their people.

The following remarks and reflections upon the government and prospects of Holland, as they existed at that period, I have deemed proper to preserve, although the whole fabric has, since they were written, been swept away in the overwhelming tide of change and revolutions. Each province, in most of its functions and prerogatives, was independent of the others, while many of the cities possessed powers and immunities independent of the provinces in which they were situated. Their "High Mightinesses," or Deputies of the States General, could neither make war nor conclude peace without the concurrence of every State represented by Deputies in the General Assembly. In this the people were most unequally represented. Thus the province of Overyssel exercised the same voice as Holland, the latter paying half the expenses of the Union. And the little city of Purmeren enjoyed the same power as Amsterdam, which bore half the financial burdens of the whole province.

The States General assembled regularly four times a year at the Hague, and in case of emergency were convened at an

time by the Council of State. One negative arrested a decision. This power often produced tedious procrastination, and disastrously clogged the wheels of public operations. Hence arose their slow and feeble efforts in the war with England which had just terminated. The chamber of accounts managed the revenues of the Republic. The States General was composed of thirty-four members. No Stadtholder, Governor, nor officer, could vote in the National Assembly. They change the President every week, each Province supplying him in turn. In common cases the majority of votes decided a question, but in specified, extraordinary matters, the vote must be unanimous. Five courts of Admiralty existed, and were located at different ports. These held the control of naval operations, subject to instructions of the Assembly. The powers and duties of the Stadtholder were merely those of Commander-in-Chief of the Armies and High Admiral, and were exercised in subordination to their High Mightinesses.

The legislative authority of each city was vested in a Senate composed of thirty or forty members. These held their offices for life. A vacancy was filled by the survivors. The Representatives of the several Provinces were chosen from this Senate. Practically, therefore, the people (with all their boasted liberty) had no voice in the selection of the power by which they were governed with so much despotism.

In contemplating the ponderous and complicated machinery of the government of the Dutch Republic, I thus recorded my sentiments at the time.

"I fear we shall realize in our confederated system the inconveniences and weaknesses the Dutch experience under their ill-modelled government, which, whilst it seems to be grounded on the basis of a scrupulous jealousy of power, in its operations exhibits the most grinding despotism. During the external pressure of a common enemy, our temporary government answered all the purposes for which it had been organized; but now that weight is removed, every State may draw into itself, and, like the sensitive plant, shrink from the representative body of the Union. Our Confederacy em-

braces many of the defects, without the coercive power and energetic independence of the Dutch government. God only knows what will be the end—but I dread to look forward, from a deep conviction that we cannot long be bound together by the feeble ties which now unite the States. State will soon contend with State, hatred and alienation will ensue, and perhaps the whole continent is destined to be deluged in the mutual slaughter of Americans, whilst yet smoking with the blood of our foes. And finally, we shall become a prey to some power of Europe; or some audacious Cromwell will step forth to impose despotic laws and more than kingly protection. I cannot, I will not indulge in these gloomy apprehensions, but will rather hope that the lofty anticipations of an admiring world will not so soon be blasted, and that the Providence which conducted us, with so much glory, through the Revolution, will combine the wisdom of the nation to devise a form of government that will bless this and future generations."

The revenue of Holland amounted to almost twenty-one millions of florins per annum, and was produced principally by the Custom and Excise duties, which are so extended as to meet almost every article. Upon an emergency, they had recourse to the hundredth penny.

The naval armament consisted of seventy sail of all classes. The army was composed of thirty thousand troops.

The canals of Holland can scarcely be enumerated, or their number computed. They traverse the country and intersect each other in every direction. They are substitutes for roads—the medium of intercourse in summer by boats, and when frozen they afford delightful avenues for business or pleasure. These canals were the channels of an immense trade with Germany and France. The proprietors of these works derived a large revenue from them, which is estimated to average a net annual income of $2,500 per mile. The original capital stock had ages before been reimbursed. The canals of Holland usually require two acres of land for each mile; those of England an acre and a half.

England embraced, in 1784, almost 600 miles of artificial inland navigation, which yielded from 10 to 30 per cent. on its stocks.

The first canal in that country was constructed to convey the New river into London. The year 1758 may be adopted as the epoch of the introduction of the policy into Great Britain, through the agency of the Duke of Bridgewater, and from the genius of Brindley, who was an accomplished engineer, from the instincts of nature. The canals of Holland possess a vast advantage over those of nearly every other country, from the fact that its low and level surface almost universally exempt them from the inconvenience and expense of locks.

I reached the packet at Helvoetsluys at the moment of her departure.

CHAPTER XIX.

Land in England—Tea Drinking—Anecdote—Incident—Granville Sharp —Ignatius Sancho—Homeward Voyage—Gale—Sailor's Superstition—Land — American Farmer — Discontents — Lecture—Home—Gen. Green.

After a tempestuous passage of twenty-four hours, we made the English coast near Yarmouth, and ran along its lofty cliffs until abreast of Lestoffe. The passengers, fourteen in number, were obliged to embark on board an open fishing-boat, two miles from shore, in a heavy sea, and beneath dark and threatening clouds. We landed safely, however, amid a rolling surge, and soon refreshed ourselves, and settled our giddy heads with a comfortable dish of tea. I have often experienced the salutary effects of this favorite herb after a fatiguing journey or sea-sickness. It produces a relief as effectual as opium does in other cases. The French use tea as a medicine, the English, Dutch and Americans, to an infatuated extent, as a beverage. Consumptions and bad teeth were generally imputed to the excessive use of the hot tea. I will not assert the truth of the theory, but it is rendered plausible by the fact that in France consumptions are almost unknown, and the teeth of the French are generally fine, while in the tea-drinking countries that disease is frightfully prevalent, and the teeth of the people are very generally bad.

On landing, we immediately started for London, but, in the absence of every better vehicle, were compelled to travel twenty-five miles in a common horse-cart, across the country to Sexmundy, like so many condemned criminals on their way to Tyburn. This mode of travelling was novel in England, and afforded us no small amusement, although we were incommoded by the rain, and subjected to the wit and ridicule of the country people.

After my return from Holland until my departure for America, in the following August, I was employed in the final adjustment of my affairs and the enjoyment of the hospitality of my friends in the vicinity of London.

A ludicrous incident, which occurred during this interval, afforded general amusement to the metropolis for the hour. A newly arrived and verdant Irish merchant requested a friend to show him Bedlam. Without explanation, he was taken into the midst of the Jews, at the Stock Exchange, at the height of its uproar, who began to hustle him as a green duck. He rushed to his friend and exclaimed in a loud whisper, "They're all loose, By J——! and I am off," and rushed out of the room.

My last adventure in London was of a ridiculous character, but quite illustrative of English habits. The day previous to my departure, I was on my way to dinner with a friend, dressed according etiquette, with silk stockings, powdered hair, and all the other appliances of fashion, and was threading a narrow lane near St. Paul's, when I detected a pick-pocket in the act of flirting a handkerchief from the pocket of a gentleman. On such occasions custom had ordained a summary punishment on the spot. The culprit was dragged to the nearest pump, placed under it, and deluged with water until half drowned.

Indignant at witnessing this daring transaction in open daylight, I seized the villain by the collar. In the struggle we both fell into the muddy gutter. I clung to him, and assisted in holding him under the pump until I was completely drenched with mud and water.

The last evening I spent in England was in the capacious library of Surgeon Sharp, a man of eminence, and brother of the philanthropist Granville Sharp, who was a bachelor and an inmate of his brother's house. I was, in a manner, enchained, for several hours, by this noble enthusiast in the cause of African emancipation and colonization. His ardor was so intense that I could not extricate myself from the earnest outpourings of his devoted zeal. With untiring effort, he had secured a territory on the coast of Africa, which he had named Sierra Leone, and had, at his individual expense, fitted

out an expedition bearing the first emigrants, but the ship was unfortunately lost, and all had perished. Still he was boldly persevering.

Mr. Sharp confided two bundles of books to my care, embracing his entire publications on emancipation and other congenial topics, directed to Washington, which I subsequently delivered to him at Mount Vernon.

Some months before, while lounging in the same library, I had accidentally looked into a book, which had riveted my attention. It was an odd volume of a work which contained occasional, and chiefly domestic letters of Ignatius Sancho, an educated African. I purchased and read the work, and was impelled by the interest it excited, to seek the humble residence of his widow, of whom he spoke with so much deep affection. As a pretext to cover the real object of my visit, I purchased a few articles from her little shop, and soon introduced myself, by a reference to the letters, frankly confessing that my call was induced by sympathy and naked curiosity. I entered her dwelling with strong prepossessions in her favor, which were amply confirmed by her general appearance, the intelligence of her conversation, and her warm sensibilities. She showed the original letters of Sancho, written with a free and manly hand. Her tears flowed copiously in referring to her deceased husband. She conducted me into a neat back parlor, prettily furnished, and introduced me to her family. Sancho was a jet black Negro, and she a Mulatto. One of the daughters, when we entered, was sitting at a harpsichord, and a white gentleman, in appearance, singing with her in concert. One or two other white persons came in, and we spent a pleasant hour in conversation, interspersed with singing and music, and yielded to the females the same respectful attention that we should have extended to white ladies.—"And why not?" exexclaims the philanthropist. The potent influence of prejudice cannot readily be subdued. A family of cultivated Africans, marked by elevated and refined feelings, was a spectacle I had never before witnessed.

On the 21st of August, 1784, I embarked on board the ship

George Washington, Capt. Smith, on my return to America. We weighed anchor in a stiff gale and threatening atmosphere, and by the time we reached Godwin Sands were in the midst of a violent storm, surrounded by breakers, with the whole rake of the German ocean beating tremendously upon our larboard side. We were running under a reefed foresail; the foremast rocking and straining at every plunge. The old Captain, with his mouth half full of tobacco, and his under jaw in constant motion, was discharging the tobacco juice in every direction. I heard him say to the mate, "if the sail or topmast gives away, we are gone." Fortunately we had a most resolute and skilful pilot. A man forward critically watched the buoys, as we were obliged to follow a channel in the midst of breakers, the spray thick, the rain pouring in nearly a horizontal sheet. These obscurities made it extremely difficult to trace the buoys, by which alone we were guided; and the failure of a moment would probably have caused our immediate destruction. Happily we arrived off Deal in safety, and there landed our gallant pilot. We then steered directly before the gale towards the Atlantic; but during the night the wind veered to the West, and we were detained for several days beating about the Channel.

Although it was impossible for me to contemplate England, the home of my ancestors, in which I had found much to admire, and had left many valued friends, without interest and emotion; yet I frankly confess my sensations were warmer and deeper, as I viewed the hospitable shore of happy, bright, joyous France.

During the voyage I was involved in a serious difficulty with our worthy skipper, by a most frivolous occurrence. I record the incident to exemplify the singular superstition, which then prevailed among the most intelligent class of our seamen. Capt. Smith I had known from my boyhood, as a man of sense, and of more than ordinary intelligence and cultivation.

I had observed that our cook was in the habit of bringing the egg-shells on deck, and carefully breaking them into small

pieces, before they were thrown into the sea. I was persuaded there was a hidden superstition under this singular practice. Determined to decide my suspicions, I one evening seized the bowl containing the shells, and cast them overboard unbroken. The cook darted into the cabin, and in a moment the captain rushed on to the quarter-deck, and approaching in a menacing attitude, abused me most vehemently. I could hardly believe him in earnest, until I saw his countenance actually distorted by rage and apprehension. It was casting feathers against the wind to reason, and it was dangerous to ridicule. He swore that he had been to sea forty years, and had never known egg-shells thrown whole into the sea, but that old bitch, Mother Carey, got into them, and raised a gale of wind. I could scarcely suppress a smile, and was amazed that a man of his intelligence and judgment should be the victim of such folly.

However, the second or third night after, I was aroused by an unusual noise on deck, and the agitated motion of the vessel. The egg-shells and the captain's denunciations flashed upon my mind. I hastened up the companion-way, and, by the vivid flashes of the lightning, saw the sailors aloft, striking yards and topmasts, preparing for a gale. The aspect was most appalling. The Captain caught a glimpse of my face.

"There!" he cried, "didn't I tell you so!"

We were soon involved in all the horrors of a hurricane. At dawn I crawled upon deck, and contemplated the frightful scene. The wind roared and whistled among the rigging and blocks, the atmosphere was black and ominous, the ocean, swollen into mountains, was fearfully convulsed—the rain was dashing in torrents. Our ship was tight and sound; and, by the vigilance of our old Captain, under Providence, we survived the storm. To our great joy the wind lulled, the clouds dispersed, and a bright sun gladdened our hearts; although for several hours after we were exposed to a tremendous swell, which rolled our yards almost into the water. What connection existed between the storm and the egg-shells I could not determine; but I had reason to believe that the coincidence

tended to confirm the faith of the skipper and sailors in the powerful influence of Mother Carey.

On the 30th of September we struck soundings, in thirty fathoms water, off the coast of New-Jersey, as was determined by the coarse black gravel, which became attached to the tallow, at the bottom of our sounding lead. Standing N. E., on the 3d of October we were rejoiced by the cry of "Land." The wind was in our favor, and we ran along the coast of Long Island, by Point Judith; then passed Block Island, and were soon in the midst of the beautiful islands of Narraganset Bay.

An absence of more than five years, occupied in traversing various sections of Europe, had much obscured the recollection of the features of my native land, and familiarized my mind to those of other countries. In returning to America I was able to view objects comparatively with a foreign eye. A clear blue sky, brighter and more numerous stars, broad fields of corn, wooden farm-houses, expanded forests, all varied the scene from an European landscape, and led me into a wide range of contemplation. I exulted in the comparative view of Europe and America, although scarcely two centuries had elapsed since the latter was the home of the untutored Indian and savage beasts. I hoped to act my humble part, in contributing to the high destiny which I felt awaited my country.

We dropped anchor abreast of Warwick Neck. The Captain being anxious to forward his letters, I tendered my services, and was put on shore about ten o'clock at night. I wandered about with my three sailors, from dwelling to dwelling, in pursuit of a horse, and at length entered the spacious yard of a respectable farm-house. We knocked, and the first word I heard from an inhabitant on this side of the Atlantic, was the well-remembered salutation, "walk in." I entered without ceremony, at this familiar sound, the door being without a bolt, and discovered, by a momentary flash, an old man blowing up a light. As the candle caught the flame, he surveyed us, and "Sit down, sit down, my friends," was his cordial greeting. "Where from?"

"London," I replied, "and I wish a horse to proceed to Providence."

"It is too late," he responded, "to-night. You are welcome to a bed with us."

I decided to embrace his kindness, and having dispatched the sailors, lighted a pipe with this hospitable farmer, whose curiosity led him to ask a thousand questions, and his wife, lying abed, in the corner of the kitchen, soon joined in our chat. She expressed great regret at not being able to provide me with a warm supper; but baked apples, rye and Indian bread, and a pan of milk, afforded the materials of a delicious repast, and vividly recalled the recollections of my boyhood. I then retired to a neat and comfortable bed, in a commodious and well-furnished room. "These," I exclaimed, as I reposed my head on the pillow, "are the blessings of an independent American farmer!"

At early dawn all was in motion, below and about the house. I arose also, and with infinite pleasure contemplated, from my chamber windows, which were nicely shielded by paper curtains, a fine farm, in excellent order, and a barn-yard filled with noble cows, which the boys and women were engaged in milking. I soon took my generous host by the hand in the farm-yard, and was expressing to him my delighted emotions in glowing language, when, to my utter astonishment, he responded with a heavy sigh, and evident marks of despondency and discontent.

"Oh, yes, I have a fine farm, well-stocked, and owe nothing; but these horrible taxes are devouring a poor farmer."

Not knowing his burthens, although every appearance indicated that they could not be very severe, "Pray, sir," I inquired, "how much taxes do you pay in a year?"

"About thirty dollars," he replied, "and before the war they did not exceed three dollars."

"Is it possible so small a burthen can give so much uneasiness. You are now, for thirty dollars annually, in the enjoyment of the blessings of liberty and independence. You know not how to prize the great privilege. Can you so soon have

forgotten the common language during the Revolution, 'I will sacrifice half my property to secure the rest.' I wish," I continued, "it had been possible for every farmer in the nation to have passed over the ground I have traversed the last five years in Europe, and witnessed the suffering and oppression I have seen among the farmers there, governed at the point of the bayonet, and even in England, overwhelmed by taxes, tithes, and rents. They would kiss the soil of America, and call it blessed, and raise their hearts in pious gratitude to the Giver of all good."

I was pleased to see that my morning lecture had made a favorable impression, and I wished that I could have uttered it in the hearing of every discontented citizen of the republic.

I called upon Mr. Brown immediately on my arrival in Providence; but was so much changed by time and travel, that I was compelled to announce to him my name. The same incident occurred a few days after, with my own father. I remained in the vicinity of Providence for several weeks, and there became familiarly acquainted with Gen. Green, second alone in the annals of our country to Washington himself, for his military exploits and fame. He favored me with a letter of introduction to his immortal chief, which was of inestimable service in affording me a delightful interview with him, at a subsequent period.

CHAPTER XX.

Passage to New-York—Hurl-Gate—New-York—Long-Island—Dr. Moyes—Journey to Philadelphia—Robert Morris—Philadelphia—Journey to Baltimore—Baltimore—Alexandria—Visit Mt. Vernon—Washington—Falls of the Potomac—Canals—Annapolis—Stage Sleighs—Journey North—Journey to North Carolina—Norfolk—Mode of Travelling—Interior of North Carolina—Marine Shells—Mrs. Ashe and Col. Tarleton—Halifax—Warrington—Anecdote—Deer-Hunting—Nutbush Adventure—Scotch-Irish—Battle-Ground of Guilford.

On the 3d December, '84, I embarked on board a sloop packet, for New-York, with Rufus King, Elbridge Gerry, and Judge Sullivan, on their way to Congress. I record this fact, to exhibit a striking illustration of the mode and facilities of travelling existing at that period, even upon so important an avenue as the direct route between Boston and New-York. We were driven through Long Island Sound by a furious gale. The shores on both sides appeared in an advanced stage of improvement, mingled with tracts of unreclaimed forest-land. We passed Hurl-gate with considerable exposure. A short canal on Long Island, with a lock, would readily obviate this dangerous navigation.

I landed in New-York for the first time. It had been deeply involved in the sufferings and sacrifices of a long civil war, and I was surprised to see, in approaching it, a vast multitude of masts already clustered in its docks. The elasticity of its rebound has been truly wonderful, and I saw in it a sure presage of its ultimate destiny, sustained, as it will be, by the vigorous impulses of a youthful interior country, in the full glow of health, native affluence, and independence.

Here I remained a month, under the roof of my uncle, John Sloss Hobart. In this interval I made an excursion upon Long Island. At Brooklyn I passed over the scene of the murderous conflict, in 1776. Had the British pressed their advantages on that disastrous day with vigor, Washington's entire

army must have been sacrificed; and we should, probably, have remained British Colonies, for a long term of persecution and suffering.

Hampton Plains spread before me like a sea, without a tree to interrupt the view over the wide expanse. The pretty village of Hampton stands upon its western border. Huntington was then a small village, with a secure harbor, from which light craft plyed to New-York, bearing the produce of the country. The soil of this island is light, requiring, to ensure successful culture, to be constantly replenished with manure. I feel confident that the practice prevalent in England of using marine sand, which is transported some distance into the interior, or salt itself, would be highly advantageous upon this land.

On my return, I again met in New-York the Blind Philosopher, Dr. Moyes, with whom I became acquainted at Birmingham. At his request I conducted him to the Hudson, a little north of the Battery, and described the course of the river. He then pointed his cane up the stream, desiring me to explain the objects and distances in that direction; continuing to move his cane from point to point, he inquired relative to every spot with the utmost exactness. When this examination of the bay and river was concluded, he exclaimed, "It is the finest harbor, and the most beautiful view, I have ever *seen*, and it will never be effaced from my memory!"

New-York then contained about 1,400 houses, and 20,000 population. The streets were very irregular. The sad vestige of a desolating war met the eye at every point. In the subsequent tour from New-York to Philadelphia, I passed over and examined many scenes of thrilling interest, associated with our recent history. We crossed the Hudson in an open ferry boat, to Paulus' Hook; and the Hackensack and the Passaic, upon the ice.

The first night we spent at Newark, a handsome town, with spacious streets, bordered by rows of trees; the contiguous country was celebrated for its fine orchards and advanced culture.

Since my return, I noticed, with regret, the general absence of that agricultural science, and high tillage, so characteristic of England.

The next morning we proceeded in a stage-sleigh, and late in that evening reached Princeton, and the day after arrived in Philadelphia. During my sojourn in that city, I dined with Robert Morris. He lived in great splendor, and bore upon his marked features the stamp of that nervous and powerful genius which he had so eminently displayed in his vast mercantile enterprizes, and the distinguished financial ability he manifested in the critical crises of the last campaigns. When I contemplated the advanced condition of Philadelphia, and recollected the fact that in 1681, its site was occupied by a primeval forest, my mind was impressed with wonder and admiration. The streets are generally broad, extending from the Delaware to the Schuylkill river, a distance of three miles, and crossed by others at right angles. It is known that the original plan of that city was conceived in the enlarged mind of Penn, who embraced posterity in his views. Most of the other American cities originated by chance, and received their formation from accident or caprice.

Philadelphia embraced numerous squares; the streets were well paved with wide and clean side-walks. It was dimly lighted in the same manner as London, but efficiently guarded by a police and watch. It contained about 6,000 dwellings, chiefly built of brick, and a population of 50,000. The prison and the State Hall were the only public edifices of interest; the latter gloriously associated with the events and progress of Independence. It was here the first Congress assembled in 1774,* and here was enacted the Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776. The exports of Philadelphia were transported to every section of the world, and comprehended flour, wheat, iron, lumber and provisions. I was gratified to observe an infusion of French manners and habits in the social amusements of the people, and in the aspect of their refined circles.

*I think this an error. The first Congress met in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia.—EDITOR.

1785 I left Philadelphia on the 13th of January, 1785, in a stage, and crossed the Schuylkill over a floating bridge of three hundred feet in length, jointed with large hinges, by which it was elevated and depressed in the action of the tide. This bridge was constructed by the British in '78. Our road run parallel to the Delaware. We found the country pleasantly occupied by spacious farms, with excellent enclosures, and orchards, and adorned by villages and country seats.

Wilmington, in the State of Delaware, is pleasantly situated upon an eminence on the Delaware river. It appeared regularly laid out, and contained about two hundred and fifty neat brick dwellings, nearly all of recent erection. At the Brandywine creek, near this village, we stopped to examine the most extensive flouring mills on the continent, which had in operation a new kind of machinery, invented by Evans, and calculated to effect, in manufacturing, an immense saving of manual labor.

The country, along the road to Christina, was principally covered by the original forest. We arrived that evening at Elktown, near the confluence of the Elk Creek, with the Chesapeake. At this place Washington was encamped upon the landing of Howe in '77, and here he commenced his retreat. The roads from the Elk to Baltimore were excessively bad, the country thinly settled, and chiefly in its primitive forest condition. The stage was merely a common wagon, with spring seats, and canvas top and sides. In the character of these accommodations, we were a century behind England.

The appearance of Baltimore had totally changed since my visit in '78. It included at that time about 1,000 dwellings and 6,000 inhabitants; both had doubled in the short term of seven years. I proceeded to Alexandria from Baltimore, travelling over infamous roads and through extensive woodlands, as if in a newly-occupied territory. The second day after our departure from Baltimore, we reached the banks of the Potomac, opposite the former city, and crossed the river in a barge, contending at considerable risk with the floating ice. Alexandria

1785

had made decided advances since '78, but exhibited no comparison, in its progress, to its vigorous rival, Baltimore.

I had feasted my imagination for several days in the near prospect of a visit to Mount Vernon, the seat of Washington. No pilgrim ever approached Mecca with deeper enthusiasm. I arrived there in the afternoon of January 23d, '85. I was the bearer of the letter from Gen. Green, with another from Col. Fitzgerald, one of the former aids of Washington, and also the books from Granville Sharp. Although assured that these credentials would secure me a respectful reception, I trembled with awe as I came into the presence of this great man. I found him at table with Mrs. Washington and his private family, and was received in the native dignity and with that urbanity so peculiarly combined in the character of a soldier and eminent private gentleman. He soon put me at ease, by unbending, in a free and affable conversation.

The cautious reserve, which wisdom and policy dictated, whilst engaged in rearing the glorious fabric of our independance, was evidently the result of consummate prudence, and not characteristic of his nature. Although I had frequently seen him in the progress of the Revolution, and had corresponded with him from France in '81 and '82, this was the first occasion on which I had contemplated him in his private relations. I observed a peculiarity in his smile, which seemed to illuminate his eye; his whole countenance beamed with intelligence, while it commanded confidence and respect. The gentleman who had accompanied me from Alexandria, left in the evening, and I remained alone in the enjoyment of the society of Washington, for two of the richest days of my life. I saw him reaping the reward of his illustrious deeds, in the quiet shade of his beloved retirement. He was at the matured age of fifty-three. Alexander and Cæsar both died before they reached that period of life, and both had immortalized their names. How much stronger and nobler the claims of Washington to immortality! In the impulses of mad and selfish ambition, they acquired fame by wading to the conquest of the world through seas of blood. Washington, on the contrary,

was parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen, and stood forth, the pure and virtuous champion of their rights, and formed for them, (not himself,) a mighty Empire.

To have communed with such a man in the bosom of his family, I shall always regard as one of the highest privileges, and most cherished incidents of my life. I found him kind and benignant in the domestic circle, revered and beloved by all around him; agreeably social, without ostentation; delighting in anecdote and adventures, without assumption; his domestic arrangements harmonious and systematic. His servants seemed to watch his eye, and to anticipate his every wish; hence a look was equivalent to a command. His servant Billy, the faithful companion of his military career, was always at his side. Smiling content animated and beamed on every countenance in his presence.

The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a full hour at table by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired. I was extremely oppressed by a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted by the exposure of a harsh winter journey. He pressed me to use some remedies, but I declined doing so. As usual after retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened, and on drawing my bed-curtains, to my utter astonishment, I beheld Washington himself, standing at my bed-side, with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. I was mortified and distressed beyond expression. This little incident, occurring in common life with an ordinary man, would not have been noticed; but as a trait of the benevolence and private virtue of Washington, deserves to be recorded.

He modestly waived all allusions to the events, in which he had acted so glorious and conspicuous a part. Much of his conversation had reference to the interior country, and to the opening of the navigation of the Potomac, by canals and locks, at the Seneca, the Great and Little Falls. His mind appeared to be deeply absorbed by that object, then in earnest contemplation. He allowed me to take minutes from his former

journals on this subject, of which the following is a partial summary:

"The Stock of the company is divided into five hundred shares, at £50 sterling each. The canal Company has been incorporated by both Maryland and Virginia." (Washington had accepted the Presidency.) "The preliminary preparations are in full train, to commence operations in the ensuing Spring, not only to remove the obstacles in the Potomac to a boat navigation from Georgetown to Fort Cumberland, a distance of one hundred and ninety miles, but to the ultimate construction of a canal to Lake Erie, which is intended not only to give a direction of the fur trade from Detroit to Alexandria, but to attract the eventual trade of the country north of the Ohio, which now slumbers in a state of nature." This scheme was worthy the comprehensive mind of Washington.

To demonstrate the practicability and the policy of diverting the trade of the immense interior world yet unexplored to the Atlantic cities, especially in view of the idea that the Mississippi would be opened by Spain, was his constant and favorite theme. To elucidate also the probability that the Detroit fur trade would take this direction, he produced to me the following estimates, which I copied, in his presence and with his aid, from the original manuscript:

"From Detroit, at the head of Lake Erie, via Fort Pitt, (now Pittsburgh,) and Fort Cumberland, to the head of the

Potomac, is	607	miles.
To Richmond,	840	"
" Philadelphia,	741	"
" Albany,	943	"
" Montreal,	955	"

Thus it appeared that Alexandria is 348 miles nearer Detroit than Montreal, with only two carrying places of about forty miles.

Since my travels in 1779, I had been deeply and constantly impressed with the importance of constructing canals to connect the various waters of America. This conviction was confirmed by the examination of numerous canals in Europe,

and travelling extensively on several of them. Hearing little else for two days from the persuasive tongue of this great man, I confess completely infected me with the canal mania, and enkindled all my enthusiasm.

Washington pressed me earnestly to settle on the banks of the Potomac. At his suggestion I proceeded up the southern shore of the river, twenty-two miles from Alexandria, to examine the proposed route of the canal. The extent of this artificial navigation was designed to be about a mile respectively at the Seneca, Great, and Little Falls. Eleven miles above Alexandria occur the Lower Falls, where the river descends in curling waves thirty-six feet in a quarter of a mile. Here the contemplated canal will be a mile and a quarter, situated on the north side of the river. We reached, eleven miles further, the Great Falls, which are a stupendous exhibition of hydraulic power. The whole river rushing down amid rocks and impediments, wave pressing upon wave, like the surging of the ocean in a tempest, produced a roaring which we distinctly heard at the distance of a mile. At this place the entire fall is seventy feet, embracing a vertical descent of twenty-three feet, which adds infinitely to the imposing scene. Here existed the most serious obstacle to the execution of the work.*

I travelled across the country on horseback, from Alexandria to Annapolis, a distance of twenty-four miles; the roads were excellent, but obstructed by innumerable gates. I crossed the Severn, a bold stream, that admitted vessels of three hundred tons for twelve miles. Annapolis, situated at the mouth

*In 1808 I again visited these places. Canals and locks had been completed round the Little and Great Falls, and also at the Shenandoah and Seneca Falls. Considerable improvements had been made in the bed of the river, above these works. The navigation of the Shenandoah, an important branch of the Potomac, had been opened at an expense of nearly half a million of dollars; but much still remained to be done to perfect the navigation of the Potomac to Fort Cumberland. As the Potomac is a rapid stream, this inland navigation can never successfully compete with the Lake Erie Canal, to the Hudson River, especially as the sloop navigation, from Albany to New-York, is superior to any n America, if not to any in the world. (1821.)

of the river, commands a fine view of the Chesapeake. The State House, the Capitol of Maryland, was reputed to be the largest and most elegant edifice in America. The chamber in which Washington presented his resignation, contains an excellent painting of him, with Rochambeau and La Fayette in the group.

On my return, I rode in a stage-sleigh from Philadelphia to New-York, slipping over the snow at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. I had never, previous to the present journey, travelled in this manner, and thought it preferable, even to English post-chaises, for ease and expedition. I resumed my travels eastward from New-York on horseback to the Harlem river; the island appeared barren, rocky, and broken. The road which ran parallel to the Sound was unpleasant and without interest. In this journey I became personally acquainted with two of the most eminent poets of America, whom I met at Fairfield, in Connecticut—John Trumbull and Dr. Dwight.

My former partner in France, Mons. Cossoul, came to America the following summer. We renewed our connection; he was to proceed to Port-au-Prince, and I was to return to North Carolina in co-operation with him. In conformity with this arrangement, I left Newport for the South, in March, 1786. I proceeded from Baltimore in a Norfolk packet, and occupied three days in sailing down the noble Chesapeake. We dropped anchor in the bold harbor of Norfolk, in which were lying many large ships and numerous craft, loaded with tobacco and other products from James river.

Norfolk was the most prosperous town of Virginia, before it was burned by Dunmore in '75. It was, at the time I saw it, recovering from the blow, and already presented the aspect of a thriving city. Here I was obliged to delay two or three days, waiting for some conveyance to Edenton, North Carolina. Despairing of success, I hired two negroes to convey me, with my baggage, in a canoe, up Nansemond river to Suffolk, a distance of thirty-five miles. It was not only an extremely awkward and unpleasant mode of travelling, but hazardous, and exposed me to many inconveniences and mor-

tifications on the route. Yet I enjoyed it, as affording a fine opportunity of seeing the river, and the beautiful plantations on its shores.

At Suffolk, I had no alternative but to embark in a returning coal cart, and with one miserable horse, and a black boy as driver. I embraced this mode of conveyance in order to reach the house of Mr. Granby, a wealthy planter of Gates County, where I had been hospitably entertained in '77. I was compelled to travel two hours in intense darkness in this Tyburn-like style, amid a storm of rain, and arrived dripping with wet and bespattered with mud. On my arrival in this humble condition, I found the mansion occupied by a dancing party, and although I endeavored to recall to his mind the previous hospitality I had received, Mr. Granby received me coldly, and had no recollection of my person, and evidently from my suspicious mode of travelling, hesitated in receiving my story. Yet I had no alternative, as it began to rain furiously, and there was no tavern within several miles. At length he began to unbend, and my experience in the world enabled me to soon surmount his scruples; but my sensibility was deeply wounded by the occurrence. I was in the habit, in the succeeding two or three years, of often seeing Mr. Granby, who never ceased his apologies. In the succeeding summer, during a journey which I shall immediately narrate, I again, at the close of day, for the third time in my wanderings, approached the mansion of this gentleman. He now received me as he might have received a General, as in truth I and my man Mills made quite a military display. I in obedience to the fashion of the day wore a cocked hat and a blue coat, with a crimson velvet cape, while Mills was equipped in a half-military coatee with pistol-holsters, and a buffalo skin over his saddle. Mr. Granby appeared much gratified at the opportunity, as he said, of expiating his previous offence against Southern hospitality. Such are the ordinary effects, which I have often observed, produced by external appearances.

I remained at Edenton and in its vicinity for several months. In August, I commenced an extensive tour in

the interior of North Carolina. The pursuit of health in its elevated districts and the promptings of curiosity, were my motives.

I started in a sulky, with a sprightly black lad, as my attendant, named Mills, on horseback, both well armed. Our route lay along the South borders of the great Dismal Swamp. A scheme had been suggested by Washington previous to the Revolution, of connecting the Chesapeake with Albemarle Sound, by a canal to penetrate this tract, which may be supplied with water from Lake Drummond, lying in the centre of the swamp.

Our road traversed the country, near the boundary of Virginia and North Carolina, which is generally low and sandy, although bearing majestic pines. We crossed the Black River near its confluence with the Nottoway. At one point I was compelled to employ oxen to transport my luggage through the slough of the deep muddy roads. On crossing this ferry, we ascended a considerable hill, the first I had seen in three months, and which seemed to afford a purer air. From thence to Murfree's landing, on the Meherrin, the road was good, the country level; producing corn, flax, and some inferior tobacco, but sparsely settled.

After crossing the river in a wretched flat, we ascended a sharp hill to Murfree's plantation, then a mere landing-place, but which has since expanded into the important town of Murfreesboro'. In an excavation, on this ascent, I observed a wide stratum of perfectly defined marine shells. Their position is one hundred miles from the ocean. Here I spent a day with Major Murfree, an intrepid officer of the Revolution, and found his mind full of projects for the development of the great natural advantages of his position.

Approaching Halifax on the Roanoke, I was delighted to see the country broken by small hills, here and there streams purling and fretting along, and an occasional exhibition of slight veins of rock. While receiving the hospitality of Col. Ashe at this place, his lady related to me the following amusing anecdote. When Cornwallis' army passed the resi-

dence of Col. Ashe, she remained to protect the property. Cornwallis and Tarleton visited her. In the course of conversation, the latter remarked, that he had a great desire to see his famous rival in partizan warfare—Col. Washington:—to which she fearlessly replied, "If you had looked behind you, Sir, at the battle of the Cowpens, you would most certainly have seen him." The retort was severe and cutting, as the fact was notorious, that Washington was in full chase of Tarleton, personally, for a considerable distance, on that occasion.

Immediately after leaving Halifax, the country assumed all the characteristics of a northern region. Our road led us up and down hills, over an abundance of stones; the brooks dancing briskly across the track. The children were ruddy, and the people healthy and vigorous. Warrenton was just emerging from the forest; but possessed a refined neighborhood, a salubrious air, temperate climate, and pure, delightful water. Just extricated from the baneful malaria of the low country, I seemed to receive here a new tenure of life.

At Warrenton, I met in the midst of a crowd, at a tavern, Col. H., formerly a member of Congress, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Philadelphia. After exchanging the usual civilities, and promising to visit him at his plantation, we parted. I proceeded to the new court-house standing amid trees and stumps, to witness a North Carolina election, then in full progress. I unhappily met there a little Irishman, whom I had known in Edenton, and who was the unlucky cause of involving me in a most mortifying predicament. He soon exclaimed, "Have you seen the sight?" "What sight?"—"Follow me."—We pressed through the mob, intermixed with some respectable planters, and a few females. "There!" says he, "did you ever look upon the like?" pointing to the most obese woman I had ever seen; and what was more striking, she appeared to be an active leader at the polls. On retiring, my malignant star led me again to stumble on Col. H. "Well, Colonel," I remarked, "I have seen one of the strangest sights in the world,—a

real phenomenon; I will show you;" and in pretty much the same language the Irishman had used, I pointed out to him the lady. He made no reply, but observed he should expect me at his plantation to meet some friends at dinner, the next day. I thought no more of the adventure, until approaching the mansion of Col. H., just as we emerged from a little copse of trees, I perceived, to my utter dismay, the same lady I had pointed out to him, sitting on a piazza, the Colonel walking near her, and a group of ladies and gentlemen at the extremity. I reined up my horse, determined to make a precipitate retreat, as the best course to extricate myself from the evident dilemma; but as Mills assured me we had been observed, I saw my retreat was cut off, and decided to make the best of the affair possible.

Col. H. met me cordially, and I was immediately introduced to the lady as his mother. My embarrassment and mortification was evident; but I was soon relieved by her kindness and affability from my awkward position. I at once formed one of the members of the family, and passed in it several of the most agreeable days. I never met a more sensible, spirited old lady. She was a great politician; and I was assured she had more political influence, and exerted it with greater effect, than any man in her county. Col. H. had been educated at Princeton, was a prominent party leader, and had been a distinguished member of Congress.

My time was amply occupied in social convivialities, wandering about the country—in deer hunting and other rural amusements. At one of these hunting parties I made another ridiculous "faux pas." Col. H. had invited a party of neighboring gentlemen to dine, and a hunt after dinner, in compliment to his guest. I was no sportsman, but anxious to see the sport, and mounted with my gun, we rode to an abandoned old tobacco field. A party of negroes had preceded us with a pack of hounds, to range a circuit of woods, and to insure us game. We were placed in proper positions across the field, and it was insisted, against my earnest expostulation, that I should occupy the point, where it was very certain the deer

would break upon us. In a few minutes we heard the distant yell of the hounds, approaching nearer and nearer. All dropped upon one knee, our guns cocked. We heard the rustling of leaves and bushes—I was all animation, alive with excitement at the opening scene. In a twinkling, two noble deer burst into the clearing directly in front of my position, with the hounds in full cry at their heels. They paused an instant —their heads erect—their eyes expanded. Instead of instantly firing, as I should have done, by a sudden impulse, fearing they would escape, I cried out, "here they come!" In a moment they darted off, and I fired at random among the bushes. All raised a hearty laugh at my expense, and required no further evidence that I was no sportsman.

On the evening succeeding my departure from the mansion of Col. H., I arrived at the elegant seat of Judge Williams, at Nutbush, whom I had engaged to visit. This was the same gentleman, who was called a Mulatto in a book of travels by one Smith, a worthless Tory. The judge had a swart complexion, but was an accomplished gentleman, possessing high talents, and genuine Southern hospitality. Travellers with any pretensions to respectability seldom stop at the wretched taverns, but custom sanctions their freely calling at any planter's residence, who seems to consider himself the party obliged by this freedom.

The country was beautiful in the vicinity of Nutbush. Its productions were chiefly tobacco, corn, peas, wheat, and large quantities of pork, lard, deer-skins and beeswax, were also exported. A happy forbearance preserved me from committing an act, which would have embittered my subsequent life. Travelling after dark in the neighborhood of Nutbush Mills, a man suddenly sprang from the wood on horseback, upon Mills, who was in advance, with the apparent intention of dismounting him and robbing me. Mills recoiled back on my carriage, pistol in hand. I ordered him to hold his fire, and, at the same time drew and cocked my own pistol. The person followed close in the rear of the carriage. I commanded him to keep off, and several times was almost in the act of

firing on him. On reaching the Nutbush opening, he disappeared. While in the act of narrating the adventure to Judge Williams, the very man entered the room, and, to my utter astonishment, proved to be his own son, a wandering lunatic.

From this place I proceeded westward, crossing the head of Tar and Neuse rivers. The land was generally of a superior quality, the weather was temperate and delightful, although in mid-summer. The country was comparatively new and thinly occupied. The settlements however, extended to the West several hundred miles, and were increasing in population with unexampled rapidity.

The ensuing day I reached Hillsboro' upon the little Eno. It contained forty dwelling-houses, a church, court-house, and an academy—a feeble lamp—but it was earnestly fostered, in the expectation that its flame would extend and gradually spread until its benign rays should illuminate the minds of that benighted region. Perhaps no State had at that period performed so little to promote the cause of education, science and arts, as North Carolina. A cultivated and refined posterity now occupies that charming territory. The lower classes of that region were then in a condition of great mental degradation. The vicinity of Hillsboro' was, however, in an advanced state of agricultural improvement, and embraced a very genteel society.

We forded the Eno with difficulty, and were ferried over the Haw, a branch of the Cape Fear river, after traversing a fertile tract called the "Haws fields," occupied by a mongrel race of independent but ignorant settlers, known as the "Scotch-Irish." I examined with pleasure the spot where the indefatigable Col. Lee, in 1781, with his partizan corps, surprised and cut to pieces a regiment of Tories on their way to join Cornwallis, at the moment they were huzzaing for King George, under the fatal impression that they were surrounded by Tarleton's corps, who lay only a few miles in advance.

I soon after crossed the Buffalo river, by crawling along a slippery log, whilst a negro swam over the horses. I occupied several hours at Guilford Court-house and the neigh-

borhood, in examining the ground, upon which occured the great conflict between Green and Cornwallis. The gallantry of the well-poised, hard-fought battle, and the momentous consequences which followed in the retreat and ultimate capture of Cornwallis, will forever commemorate this scene in the annals of America. "Here," said my guide, "is the spot where Col. Washington forced the British lines—there the cannonade began—yonder the contending armies closed—at the west end of that old field, the British first formed—at this extremity Green drew up his Continentals—in that thick wood on the north, were stationed the Virginia and North Carolina militia; the latter fled at the first fire, while the former stood firm as veterans. Mark those trees, their limbs cropped and torn by the balls, on their messages of death. On this road Green slowly and sullenly retreated before his crippled enemy, well covered by the horse of Lee and Washington. Here rest the bones of the American dead—there the British repose."

CHAPTER XXI.

Moravians—Quakers—Yadkin—Mecklenburgh—Gen. Polk—Visit Catawba Indians—Indian Chief—New River—Educated Indian—Indian Queen — Hanging Rock — Gen. Sumpter—Flat Rock—Camden — Battle-Field—Gates and Green—Adventure—Western Emigration—Yankee Trick—Cock-Fight—New Constitution—Election—Party Contest—Return North.

The succeeding day I pursued the route of Cornwallis in his advance, and entered the possessions of the happy Moravians, so justly distinguished for their piety, industry and admirable police. The road from Guilford to Salem was good, and the country pleasant. The ground was easily cleared of the timber, and prepared for cultivation. The average price was two dollars per acre, of the first quality of land, while on the Tennessee river it might then be purchased for 1s. 6d. per acre. In the general face of the country—the temperature of the climate—the purity of the air, and the exuberance of the soil, this region closely resembles the South of France, although several degrees nearer the Equator.

The moment I touched the boundary of the Moravians, I noticed a marked and most favorable change in the appearance of buildings and farms, and even the cattle seemed larger, and in better condition. Here in combined and well directed effort, all put shoulders to the wheel, which apparently moves on oily springs. We passed in our ride, New Garden, a settlement of Quakers from Nantucket: they too were exemplary and industrious. The generality of the planters in this State depend upon negro labor, and live scantily in a region of affluence. In the possessions of the Moravians and Quakers, all labor is performed by whites. Every farm looks neat and cheerful; the dwellings are tidy and well furnished, abounding in plenty.

In the evening I attended service in the Moravian chapel. This was a spacious room in a large edifice, adorned with

that neat and simple elegance, which was a peculiar trait of these brethren and their Quaker neighbors. On our first entrance, only two or three persons were visible; but the moment the organ sounded, several doors were simultaneously opened. The men were ushered in on one side, and the women upon the other, and in one minute the seats were filled and the devotees arranged for worship. The devotions on that occasion, consisted merely in their chanting a melodious German anthem, accompanied by the organ.

In the morning, I was introduced to Mr. Bargee, their principal. He conducted me through all their manufactories, and communicated to me, with much intelligence, many facts in relation to the tenets and habits of this devout and laborious sect. Salem comprehended about forty dwellings, and occupies a pleasant situation. The founders of the establishment had emigrated from Bethlehem thirty years before. They purchased a tract of about 90,000 acres of excellent land, agreeably intersected by the head-waters of the Yadkin. The society embraced about 1,000 persons, occupying several villages, and scattered over their territory on good farms. Every house in Salem was supplied with water brought in conduits one mile and a half. In all respects, social, moral, and religious, they were identical with the brethren at Bethlehem, whom I have already described.

I crossed the Yadkin at the ferry, where Green by a hair-breadth, escaped the pursuit of Cornwallis, he having reached one shore with his army, when his pursuer appeared on the opposite bank. Salisbury was a pleasant village, containing fifty dwelling-houses and a large stone prison. The road to Charlotte, in Mecklenburgh county, was equal to any English turnpike, and traversed a beautiful level.

I carried letters to the courteous Gen. Polk, and remained two days at his residence, in the delightful society of his charming family. Having expressed a wish to visit the Catawba Indians, Gen. Polk accompanied me to the Indian foot-path. This I pursued alone on horseback, leaving Mills with my carriage at the tavern. My curiosity had been strongly excited to see an

Indian people in their native savage condition, that I might contrast them with the polish and refinement of France. I confess it was somewhat trying to my nerves to penetrate thus solitarily without a guide or protector, into the mazes of a gloomy wilderness, and amid the haunts of a savage race.

When I entered the first village, the young Indians and squaws fled in every direction, the men being absent on a hunting expedition. It was sometime before I could find the residence of their king or chief, New River, *alias* Gen. Scott. At length an old squaw pointed to a log house, where I was kindly received by the old king, on his crutches. He spoke no English, and to induce him to send for a person to interpret between us, I intimated by signs, that I had an important communication to make. On this, he dispatched a runner across the Catawba river, for an interpreter. In about an hour his cabin was thronged by the savage warriors, and among them one who had been educated at William and Mary College, a sensible and well-informed person; but a perfect Indian in his appearance and habits. I stated to them the probability of a new war with England, on account of that government having retained the western posts on our territory, in violation of the treaty of peace. The king lit up a large pipe, and we each took three or four whiffs. I produced my bottle of rum, my only credential. We circulated the bottle and pipe alternately, drinking from the former, without the intervention of any other vessel. I observed every countenance sedate and attentive, and although they appeared warmly interested in the event, they maintained in the discussion in which they engaged, the utmost decorum, one only speaking at a time. In this council, and strolling through the village with the educated Indian, I spent the residue of the day. We entered their cabins, where I saw several straight-limbed, handsome young girls, daubed with paint, and decorated with feathers, rings, and brooches.

Afterwards I proceeded to a white tavern, where I laid down in my clothes, with my pistols under my head. My curiosity was but partially satisfied, and I returned the next day to the Indian wigwam; obtaining all the information

I desired, and seeing enough to afford abundant sources of reflection and meditation. I found among them a degree of civil hospitality and submissive kindness, which would have done no discredit to their white neighbors. The wife of the chief fed my horse, and supplied me with a meal of smoked venison, placed in a small tub upon the floor. She did all in her power to render me comfortable, if not with the grace of a Parisian lady, undoubtedly with equal kindness of heart.

These Indians were extremely nasty, wallowing in dirt and filth, having coarse fare and rude accommodations. In common with every other Indian tribe in proximity to the whites, they exhibited a melancholy picture of the singular and fatal ravages of the vices, with which they became contaminated from an association with their civilized neighbors. Thirty years before, the Catawbas had been a terror to the Southern Colonies, but were now objects of contempt. They are reduced to about 1,000 persons. The old chief was a hardy veteran. The lines of his face, the force of his eyes, and the expression of his countenance, commanded respect, and evinced powerful traits of mind and character.*

From this intresting and novel excursion, I continued my journey to Camden, South Carolina, along the Waxhaws settlement, passing Hanging-rock and Flat-rock. At the former Gen. Sumpter annihilated, by a "coup-de-main," the Prince of Wales regiment in '81. Hanging-rock is an immense isolated rock, about thirty feet in diameter, and lying immediately on the verge of a precipice one hundred feet in height; on one side it is shelving, and presents a cavity ample enough to contain fifty men. Flat-rock is a great natural curiosity. A solid isolated rock lying upon the surface, and covering an area of two and a half acres. I here descended into a pine, sandy region, within a few miles of Camden; passing over the ground occupied by Gates and Green in 1780 and '81; and surveyed the various positions of their conflicts. The former was totally and the latter partially defeated; but

* The following notice circulated in the papers of 1820: "Gen. Scott, the venerable Chief of the Catawbas, recently died at the advanced age of one hundred years, after having been the ruler of the tribe for more than half a century."

Green's defeats were always connected with victories, in their consequences. No vestiges of these sanguinary battles remained upon their theatres, but shattered trees, and the unburied bones of men and horses.

I saw at Camden, the tomb, inclosed by a decent paling, in which reposed the ashes of the gallant De Kalb and several British officers. Gen. Polk informed me that he was present at the interview in which Green superseded Gates. Gen. Polk had been in Gates' commissariat, and Green occupied the whole of the first night after he assumed the command, with him, in investigating the resources of the country; and Gen. Polk added, that Green on the following morning better understood them, than Gates had done in the whole period of his command.

Camden is situated on a plain, near the river Wateree, and then contained about fifty dwellings. It commanded a valuable interior trade in tobacco, flour, deer-skins, indigo, and beef. These commodities were transported to Charleston by a circuitous and expensive water-carriage, down the Santee, and around Bull's Island. The construction of a canal was then contemplated, to unite the Wateree with the head waters of the Cooper, which has since been accomplished, and much shortens and facilitates this communication. After remaining several days at Camden, occupied in exploring this highly interesting district, I returned to Hillsboro', without the occurrence of any important incident.

Wearied with the monotony and tedium of an unoccupied life in a public hotel, I started, on a pleasant afternoon, from a sudden impulse, on horseback, without baggage, and with no settled plan—forded the Eno, and dashed off in a southern direction. At length I entered upon an open space in Chatham, enclosed by a forest of lofty pines. Here stood a solitary log tavern, occupied by the landlady only, with several young negro children frolicking at the door. I was hardly seated, after a fatiguing ride, when a gaunt, raw-boned fellow entered, whose appearance, voice, and manner, at once excited my apprehension. He was armed with a rifle and tomahawk, and was in dress and aspect, a white savage. I commenced a movement to extricate myself.

"Why in such haste?" he exclaimed, in a hoarse and hollow voice; "stop a little, I have something to say to you!" At this moment the landlady appeared, evidently much agitated, and by a gesture intimated that I should acquiesce. For an instant, I was determined to put him at defiance; but the manner of the woman, and the consciousness that I was unarmed and totally in his power, induced me to submit. I accordingly settled myself in a chair by the side of my new and strange associate, to be governed by circumstances.

It was obvious that a drinking bout was in his view. I hoped to use that circumstance to effect my extrication. Slapping him upon the shoulder, I pronounced him a hearty fellow, and desired the hostess to supply us a bowl of whisky toddy. We drew a little deal table between us, and no two topers ever sat down in apparently higher glee. He told obscene stories, which he compelled the landlady to come in and hear. I pushed the bowl to him freely; he sang various loathsome doggerels, yelling in chorus with hideous peals of laughter. He called on me to sing; I protested I knew nothing but French songs; he insisted I should give one of those, and I bellowed forth an impromptu jargon, which I pronounced French. After the second bowl had been demolished, chiefly by himself, as I was cautious merely to taste of it, he became more restless, dragged in the affrighted woman, and insisted upon a dance, yelling and capering about the room like a Bedlamite. Returning to the table he called for more liquor; the sun was about setting, and I was at a loss when the disgusting scene would terminate.

At length, to my inexpressible joy his tongue grew thick, his eyes heavy, and his head gradually sank upon the table. At the first snore I slipped off to the adjoining room, and was soon speeding away through the intricacies of the forest. The hostess informed me that he was a man of fortune, had a lovely wife, owned forty negroes and a large, well-stocked plantation, but spent most of his time in this lawless, vagabond life, and that in these moods he was extremely quarrelsome and dangerous.

A gentleman from Kentucky, with whom I became

acquainted at Hillsboro', informed me that the country was settled two hundred and fifty miles west of that place; that the land was excellent, being elevated, abundantly supplied with good water, and that the country was salubrious. Still beyond this territory, he described a station where the emigrants concentrate and unite in masses, like the eastern caravans, to traverse a wilderness of one hundred and thirty miles without a dwelling, and extending to Crab Orchard, on the confines of the Kentucky settlements.

On the 10th of November I resumed my journey towards the low country, where the people appeared like walking anatomies. I travelled slowly along the northern shore of the Roanoke, charmed by the country and the courteous and elegant hospitality of the affluent planters whom I visited. At the Cashie river, which enters the Roanoke near Albemarle Sound, I was pained, although amused, in observing a device more ingenious than honest, practised by a New-England crew, in the purchase of corn. The grain was measured on the quarter-deck near the centre, and as the process commenced, a fellow began to play a gig on a violin, and all the spare hands engaged most vehemently in dancing. The deck seemed remarkably elastic, and no doubt the per-centage of corn gained by this operation was very considerable.

In April, '87, I purchased a plantation of 640 acres upon the Chowan river, with extensive buildings, ware-houses, and other appurtenances attached. Here I spent the following summer, actively engaged in making improvements on the estate, in exploring the country, and in agreeable association with the society.

In one of these excursions, I accompanied a prominent planter at his urgent solicitation, to attend a cock-fight in Hampton County, Virginia, a distance of twenty miles. We reached the ground about ten o'clock the next morning. The roads, as we approached the scene, were alive with carriages, horses, and pedestrians, black and white, hastening to the point of attraction. Several houses formed a spacious square, in the centre of which was arranged a large cock-pit; sur-

rounded by many genteel people, promiscuously mingled with the vulgar and debased. Exceedingly beautiful cocks were produced, armed with long, sharp, steel-pointed gaffs, which were firmly attached to their natural spurs.

The moment the birds were dropped, bets ran high. The little heroes appeared trained to the business, and not the least disconcerted by the crowd or shouting. They stepped about with great apparent pride and dignity; advancing nearer and nearer, they flew upon each other at the same instant with a rude shock, the cruel and fatals gafts being driven into their bodies, and at times, directly through their heads. Frequently one, or both, were struck dead at the first blow, but they often fought after being repeatedly pierced, as long as they were able to crawl, and in the agonies of death would often make abortive efforts to raise their heads and strike their antagonists. I soon sickened at this barbarous sport, and retired under the shade of a wide-spread willow, where I was much better entertained in witnessing a voluntary fight between a wasp and spider.

In viewing the crowd, I was deeply astonished to find men of character and intelligence giving their countenance to an amusement so frivolous and scandalous, so abhorrent to every feeling of humanity, and so injurious in its moral influence, by the inculcation of habits of gambling and drinking, in the waste of time, and often in the issues of fighting and duelling.

During this period of my residence in North Carolina, the State was strongly convulsed by the agitation of the question of adopting the Federal Constitution. I embarked, with great zeal and ardor, in advocating its adoption, personally and by numerous contributions to the press, in Virginia and North Carolina. A Baptist preacher named B—— was a candidate for the State Convention, which was to decide, in that State, the great question of acceding to or rejecting the proposed Constitution. B—— was a prominent leader of the opposition, and with him I had been engaged in many warm personal discussions, and in a public correspondence.

The week previous to the election, I was riding in company

with Major Murfee, who has been already introduced to the reader, and a Dr. Garvey, a warm-hearted and energetic Irishman, several miles in the interior from Winton, where we noticed a paper pasted upon a tree, which read as follows: "Notice!—On Wednesday next, at three o'clock, all persons desirous of hearing the new Constitution explained, by Elder B——t, are requested to attend his church in the Woodlands, 17th March, 1788." The time appointed was only two days previous to the election.

We felt indignant, at what we deemed an insidious attempt to deceive the community; and determined to be present, in order to counteract his movement. On our arrival we found a horse hitched to every tree about the church, and the interior of the building crowded. We pressed our way into seats, a little distance from the pulpit. B——t had been some time at his nefarious work, explaining the Constitution to suit his unhallowed purposes. He frequently cast a suspicious and disconcerted eye upon our pew. He then began to explain the object of the ten miles square, as the contemplated seat of the Government. "This, my friends," said the preacher, "will be walled in or fortified. Here an army of 50,000, or, perhaps, 100,000 men, will be finally embodied, and will sally forth, and enslave the people, who will be gradually disarmed." This absurd assumption set our blood in fermentation, strongly excited already by party feeling. We consulted a moment, and agreed to possess ourselves of the seat directly under the pulpit, and make an effort to discuss the subject, or break up the meeting. We arose together, Garvey with the Constitution in his hand, supported by Murfee on his right, and myself on his left. Garvey turned towards B——t, and said, in a loud voice:—

"Sir, as to the ten miles square, you are"—here he was interrupted by a general movement and buz, which instantly swelled into a perfect uproar. At this crisis we were in a most critical situation, and only saved from violence by the personal popularity of Murfee, who was universally beloved. We were glad to pass out with the torrent, gain our horses,

and be off. We however attained our object—the meeting was dissolved.

The next day Garvey and myself planned and executed a caricature; and as it was a new exhibition among the people, we hoped it would have a good effect at the polls. A clergyman was represented in a pulpit, dressed in his bands, with a label proceeding from his mouth, having this inscription:—"And lo, he brayeth!" This we committed to some resolute fellows, with instructions to post it up at the door of the court-house, on the opening of the polls; they engaging to defend and protect it. Some of B——t's friends stung to the quick by the sarcasm, attempted to pull it down. Our gallant band defended it. A general battle ensued. This obstructed, as we desired, the voting. Candles were lighted in the court-house; these were extinguished in the melée, and both parties, in great confusion, were left in the dark, literally as well as politically. I embraced the opportunity of taking *French leave*. B——t gained the election, to our great annoyance, and the Constitution was rejected for that year, by North-Carolina.

I spent the succeeding winter in dreary seclusion at my establishment. Disappointed in the purposes I had contemplated in my location, I determined to dispose of my estate. This I effected, and sailed early the ensuing spring in a vessel of my own for Rhode-Island. We descended the Chowan River, sailed over Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and crossed Ocracoke bar. The first night we were driven by the wind under the south shore of Cape Hatteras, and anchored in the most hazardous navigation on the coast of America. In ten days we reached Providence without accident. I returned, after an absence of more than two years, to New-England, bearing with me features so changed and tawny, that a second time I was not recognized by my father, and was obliged to tell him my name.

CHAPTER XXII.

Materials for the Work—Marriage—Springfield, Western Massachusetts—Hudson—Albany—John De Neuville—Schenectady—Col. Talbot—Johnson Hall—Mohawk Valley—German Population—Revolutionary Sufferings—Site of Utica—Privations—Whitesborough—Settlers—Mohawks—Gen. Herkimer—Battle-Field—Indians—Fort Stanwix—Treaty—Wood Creek—Inland Navigation—Peter Otsequette—Descent of the Mohawk—Site of Troy—Lansingburgh—Half-Moon—Cohoes Falls—The Hudson—Romance in Real Life—Thrilling Incident—Residence in Albany—Freedom of the City—Local Improvements—Albany Bank—Incident—Grave of Franklin—Last Interterview with him—Franklin and Adams.

The arranged and revised Auto-Biography of Mr. Watson closes with his return from North Carolina. His manuscripts, embracing his subsequent life and correspondence, constituting many volumes, were left in a detached and undigested condition. Original journals of personal incidents and tours, and notices of men and events, comprehending a later period of nearly half a century, and an immense mass of correspondence, although unarranged, are in a state of perfect preservation, and susceptible of being easily systematized. These, and the newspaper productions called forth by the numerous and diversified projects, he either initiated or discussed, and which would occupy volumes for their reproduction, and the several works which, during this period he published, constitute the materials and elements which I propose to compress and digest, in concluding the work the author had commenced.

Under these circumstances, I have determined to adopt the narrative arrangement in my compilation, intending, wherever practicable, to incorporate the original productions in their appropriate connection. I design, in the further progress of the work, to group together notices of persons and incidents as they are naturally associated, rather than to be governed by any strict chronological order. In the anterior life of Mr.

Watson, he had occupied an attitude of observation; from this period it assumed a new character, that of projection and execution.

In the year 1784, Mr. Watson married Miss Rachel Smith, daughter of Daniel Smith, Esq., of Norton, Massachusetts. His Memoirs, after an union of nearly threescore years, records this just and touching tribute:—

"Never was man more blessed with an amiable, pious, and virtuous wife. Wherever my wandering steps have been led, by chance or caprice, she has been beloved by all classes. To me she has been everything."

In the August succeeding his return from North Carolina, Mr. Watson was called by his affairs to the western part of Massachusetts. The desire of change, and the prompting of his inquiring mind, impelled him onward, guided by no specific purpose, and with no limits to his time, in the indulgence of these impulses.

On this tour he left Providence 12th of August, 1788; he described the country in traversing Connecticut, to Springfield, as rough, but containing some small villages and pleasant localities highly improved. Springfield contained about two hundred buildings, many of superior quality, and a refined society. The high culture and fertility of the Connecticut valley, excited his admiration. The roads from Springfield to Great Barrington were intolerable; passing over acclivities of mountains, and through gorges that appeared nearly inaccessible to carriages. The country was sparsely inhabited by a rude population. Great Barrington was then a pleasant inland village, surrounded by a rich, romantic, and mountainous scenery. He visited the "new City of Hudson," first then starting into being, through the energy and enterprise of New-England emigrants, and exhibiting a progress at that period almost without a parallel in American history. It had emerged from a Dutch farm, into the position of a commercial city, with a considerable population, warehouses, wharves, and docks, rope-walks, shipping, and the din of industry. All these remarkable results

had been accomplished in the brief term of four years. The streets were broad and spacious.

Curiosity conducted him to the "old Dutch City of Albany," that he might compare their habits and manners with those of the cities of Holland, from whence their ancestors had emigrated more than one hundred and fifty years before; the one surrounded by the progress and refinement of Europe, and the other in contact with savage barbarism. At that period Albany was the second city in the State, containing about six hundred dwellings, generally constructed on the old Dutch model, but was rapidly modernizing, as well in its architecture as customs. The city he regarded as awkwardly situated upon the declivity of a hill. The houses were principally of brick, and many of them elegant. Vessels of eight feet draught plied constantly and in great numbers between the city and New-York. The trade was immense, and rapidly increasing. A branch of this trade, formerly of great value, had then become nearly extinct—the traffic in furs, which the British had found means to avert from this avenue, chiefly by the ascendency they derived from their forts, within our own territory.

The inhabitants were mostly Dutch, attached to their own customs, and cherishing their national prejudices. As foreigners intermixed with them, these peculiarities were relaxing, and insensibly softening. They had generally adopted in the instruction of their children the English tongue, by the establishment of English schools. Mr. Watson expressed in his journal, the prediction that the Dutch language, in half a century, would be unknown in that city as a spoken language.

He proceeded eight miles from Albany to the new glass-house, erected by John De Neuville, a former correspondent of Mr. Watson, and an inhabitant of Amsterdam. Mr. De Neuville was the negotiator of the treaty made by Holland with the American Congress, which essentially produced the war between the former and England in 1781. He commenced business with an hereditary capital of half a million sterling, and lived in Amsterdam and at his country-seat in the highest affluence and splendor. He sacrificed his fortune by

his attachment to the cause of American Independence, and in his efforts to sustain it. The fragments of his estate he had invested in the hopeless enterprise of establishing this glass-factory. Mr. Watson found this gentleman, born to affluence, in a solitary seclusion, occupying a miserable log cabin furnished with a single deal table and two common chairs—destitute of the ordinary comforts of life.

Mr. Watson visited Schenectady. Here an academy had been founded, which he then regarded with interest, as an important step in advancing the cause of education. In subsequent years, when this feeble embryo had expanded into a college, he became warmly and actively enlisted in the promotion of its prosperity and usefulness.

He continued from Schenectady to Johnson Hall, the former seat of Sir William Johnson, then owned by Col. Silas Talbot, an officer of great revolutionary distinction, whom, it will be remembered, Mr. Watson aided in his escape from Mill Prison in England. Johnson Hall was a stately mansion, occupying an eminence, which looked over the village of Johnstown, and a wide expanse of beautiful country.

"The country," he writes, "between Schenectady and Johnstown, was well settled by a Dutch population, generally in a prosperous condition; but behind New-England in affluence and progress. I have had frequent occasion to remark, from all I have observed and collected in my intercourse with various nations, that no agricultural people are in equal enjoyment of the comforts of life, afforded by good dwellings, and the abandance of food and raiment, as the farmers of New-England. Yet they complain of hard times. Let any of them visit foreign countries, and witness the destitution, the suffering and persecution of the agricultural class, which everywhere prevail, and their lips would be ever after sealed against any complaint." He learned from Col. Talbot the occurrence of an Indian treaty at Fort Stanwix, and was induced by this circumstance, to extend his tour to that point.

From Johnson Hall, he proceeded up the Mohawk, through

a rich region under high cultivation, and adorned by luxuriant clover pastures. This lovely valley was almost on a level with the river, and was bounded on the north by a lofty range of hills, whose cliffs at times seemed impending over him. The fields were only separated by gates, with no fences on the road-sides. The beauty of the country, the majestic appearance of the adjacent mountains, the state of advanced agriculture, exhibited in a long succession of excellent farms, and the rich fragrancy of the air, redolent with the perfume of the clover, all combined to present a scene, he was not prepared to witness, on the banks of the Mohawk.

This valley was subjected to inundations which not unfrequently wasted the labors of a season, and much depreciated the apparent value of these estates. Travelling the whole day through this land flowing with milk and honey, he was not only surprised, but seriously distressed by the total absence of all accommodations for the relief and comfort of the traveller.

The territory known as the German-flats had been long inhabited, and was densely occupied by a German population. This people had suffered severely during the war of Independence, from the ravages of the Tories and Indians, and had been nearly extirpated. Impressive vestiges of these events were exhibited throughout the entire district. Their safety was only secured by the erection of numerous block-houses, which were constructed upon commanding positions, and often mounted with cannon. Many of these structures were yet standing, and were seen in every direction.

The sufferings and sacrifices of this population, has few parellels in the atrocities of civil war! He entered into no family in which he did not hear of thrilling recitals of the massacre of some branch of it by ferocious barbarians, who carried fire and the sword through their settlements, or of some appalling scene of danger and suffering connected with its own history. This entire people for many years were exposed to constant alarm and agitation. Without knowledge or suspicion of the immediate approach of their ruthless foes,

settlements were burst upon and devastated at one swoop, in blood and flames, while the same tragic scene was often renewed the succeeding night, by the same bands, in some other remote and equally unsuspecting community.

On the second evening after leaving Johnson Hall, he reached a miserable log tavern, six miles from old Fort Schuyler, which stood upon the site of the present city of Utica. This tour proved an important epoch in the public career of Mr. Watson, and I therefore present the original language of his Journal, in order more distinctly to present his views and opinions at that period.

Extract from the Journal: "Sept. 1788.—From Col. Sterling's I began to traverse the wilderness bordering upon the Indian territory. The road is almost impassable; I was upwards of three hours in reaching the Mohawk opposite old Fort Schuyler, a distance of only six miles, Here I reluctantly forded the river, being alone and without a guide, and both shores alive with savages. Having fasted twenty-four hours, in consequence of a severe head-ache the day previous, I was by this time excessively hungry and fatigued. As there was no tavern, and only a few scattering houses, I proceeded to an old German log house, on the margin of the river, and interceded for something to eat. At length, after much difficulty, I prevailed on an ill-natured German woman to spare me two ears of green corn and some salt.*

"The road from thence to Whitesborough continued as bad as possible, obstructed by broken bridges, logs, and stumps, and my horse, at every step, sinking knee-deep in the mud. I remained one day recruiting at Judge White's log house, the founder of the settlement, and slept in his log barn, with horses and other animals.†

* I extract this fact from my original Journal, as illustrative of the progress of that region. I never suffered more from hunger in all my wanderings, than I did in 1788, on the spot now occupied by the large and flourishing village of Utica. (1821.)

† "It could hardly have been supposed within the range of possibility, that it would fall to my lot to march by the side of President Lansing, and head a pro-

"Whitesborough is a promising new settlement, situated on the south side of the Mohawk river, in the heart of a fine tract of land, and is just in its transition from a state of nature into civilization. The settlement commenced only three years since. It is astonishing what efforts are making to subdue the dense and murky forest. Log houses are already scattered in the midst of stumps, half-burnt logs, and girdled trees. I observed, however, with pleasure, that their log barns are well-filled. A few years ago land might have been bought for a trifle; at present, the lots bordering upon the river have advanced to three dollars per acre, and those lying a few miles back, at one dollar per acre.

"Settlers are continually pouring in from the Connecticut hive, which throws off its annual swarms of intelligent, industrious, and enterprizing emigrants—the best qualified of any men in the world to overcome and civilize the wilderness. They already estimate three hundred brother Yankees on their muster list, and in a few years hence they will undoubtedly be able to raise a formidable barrier, to oppose the incursions of the savages in the event of another war.

"At Oriskany I passed a small tribe of two hundred Indians, the remnant of that once powerful Mohawk nation, which was the former terror and dread of the New-England frontier. On ascending a hill, I approached the place where the intrepid Gen. Herkimer was drawn into a fatal ambush and miserably defeated, in 1777. Herkimer was a gallant, but inexperienced leader, and here perished, with nearly half his army, formed of the patriotic yeomanry of the Mohawk valley. Just before reaching this sanguinary battle-field, I met two Germans familiar

cession of two hundred respectable farmers, in presence of several thousand spectators, into a Church on this very spot, exactly thirty years after this occurrence, and there proclaim the premiums of an Agricultural Society, and address them as follows: 'It is now thirty years this month since I lodged in a log-barn, belonging to Judge White, near the spot from which I am now addressing you. This blooming vale was then just emerging from a wilderness, and the bloody footsteps of our savage foe. Behold now an apparently old country, bearing on its surface the refinements of civilized life.'"

with its incidents. They conducted me over the whole ground, and in corroboration of the fact, of which they assured me, that many of the slain, who were scattered through the woods, were never interred, I noticed numerous human bones, strewn upon the surface of the earth. This movement was intended to succor Fort Stanwix, then beseiged by St. Leger.

"I found myself, soon after leaving this consecrated spot, alone in the woods, in the midst of a band of Indians, "*as drunk as lords.*" They looked like so many evil spirits broken loose from Pandemonium. Wild, frantic, almost naked, and frightfully painted, they whooped, yelled, and danced around me in such hideous attitudes, that I was seriously apprehensive they would end the farce by taking off my scalp, by way of a joke. I had luckily picked up the word *Sago*, the salute of friendship, of which I made copious application, constantly extending my hand to the most active among them, by whom it was cordially accepted.

"On my arrival at Fort Stanwix, I found the whole plain around the fort covered with Indians, of various tribes, male and female. Many of the latter were fantastically dressed in their best attire—in the richest silks, fine scarlet clothes, bordered with gold fringe, a profusion of brooches, rings in their noses, their ears slit, and their heads decorated with feathers. Among them I noticed some very handsome countenances and fine figures.

"I luckily procured a sleeping-place in the garret of the house in which Gov. Clinton and the eight other commissioners—also John Taylor, Esq., of Albany, Indian Agent—Egbert Benson, Esq., of New-York, and a man with a large white wig, by the name of Dr. Taylor—were quartered. The sight of this wig fixed the attention, and excited the mirth of many of the Indians, one of whom I noticed making strong efforts to smother a laugh in the Doctor's face, since nothing could appear more ludicrous and grotesque to an Indian, than a bushy white wig.

"The object of this great treaty is to procure a cession from the Indians, of territory lying west of Fort Stanwix, in

this State, and extending to the great lakes. Fort Stanwix was built in 1758, by the British Government, at a cost of £60,000, and is situated on an artificial eminence, near the river; a large area around it is entirely cleared. Here Col. Gansevoort, in 1777, sustained a terrible siege, until relieved by Arnold, when St. Leger made a precipitate retreat, abandoning most of his camp equipage and munitions. The French Ambassador, Count Moutier, and the Marchioness De Biron, are now encamped within the Fort, under a marquè formerly used by Lord Cornwallis. This enterprising and courageous lady has exposed herself to the greatest fatigues and privations to gratify her unbounded curiosity, by coming all the way from the city of New-York, to witness this great and unusual assemblage of savage tribes.

"In contemplating the position of Fort Stanwix, at the head of bateaux navigation on the Mohawk river, within one mile of Wood Creek, which runs west towards Lake Ontario, I am led to think it will in time become the emporium of commerce between Albany and the vast Western world. Wood Creek is indeed small, but it is the only water communication with the great Lakes; it empties into the Oneida Lake, the outlet of which unites with the Onondaga and Oswego, and discharges into Lake Ontario at Fort Oswego, where the British have a garrison. Should the Little Falls be ever locked, the obstructions in the Mohawk river removed, and a canal between that river and Wood Creek at this place be formed, so as to unite the waters flowing east with those running west, and other canals made, and obstructions removed to Fort Oswego—who can reasonably doubt that by such bold operations, the State of New-York has within her power, by a grand measure of policy, to divert the future trade of Lake Ontario, and the great lakes above, from Alexandria and Quebec to Albany and New-York?

"The object of the present treaty is the purchase of an immense territory, estimated at eight millions of acres, and now owned, and chiefly inhabited, by the Six Nations of Indians. The sovereignty of this tract has been in dispute between

Massachusetts and New-York. These States have at length made an amicable division, assigning four millions of acres to each. The former has since sold her right of domain to a company of adventurers, who have purchased prëemption from the Indians. New-York, by this treaty, has accomplished the same result. This vast territory therefore, is now opened without any impediments, to the flood of emigration which will pour into it from the East. Many hardy pioneers have already planted themselves among the savages; and it is probable that the enthusiasm for the occupation of new territory, which now prevails, will in the period of the next twenty years, spread over this fertile region a prosperous and vigorous population.

"I left Fort Stanwix with the intention of passing down Wood Creek to Lake Ontario, indulging the idea of extending my tour to Detroit. Under the strong presentiment *that a canal communication will be opened, sooner or later, between the great lakes and the Hudson,* I was anxious to explore its probable course. A hard rain commencing, and the obstacles I found to exist in the creek, induced me however to abandon the arduous enterprize, and return to Fort Stanwix. The attempt afforded me the gratification of sailing west for the first time, in the interior of America.

"I continued several days at the Treaty, passing my time most agreeably, in associating with the Commissioners, and much diverted by the novel and amusing scenes exhibited in the Indian camp. The plain in the vicinity of the fort has already been laid out into a town-plot; a few houses have been erected, and also saw-mills, and other improvements, at a distance of a mile on Wood Creek.

"A young Indian, named Peter Otsequett, a Chief of the Oneidas, was also attending this Treaty; he had just returned from France, having been in that country for several years, under the patronage of the Marquis Lafayette, by whom he was taken when a boy. He is probably the most polished and best educated Indian in North America. He speaks both French and English accurately; is familiar with music and

many branches of polite and elegant literature; and in his manners is a well-bred Frenchman. He is, however, a striking instance of the moral impracticability of civilizing an Indian. There appears to exist natural impediments to their amelioration. While visiting the Catawba Indians a year since, I became acquainted with a young Indian, who had been educated at a prominent college; but had already fallen into the degradation of his native savage habits, and was to all intents an Indian. It is noticed that each year, in its progress, wears off the European polish of Otsequett, and brings him nearer the savage.* Ten days ago I was introduced to him, a polite and well-informed gentleman, to-day I beheld him splashing through the mud, in the rain, on horseback, with a young squaw behind him, both comfortably drunk.

"My curiosity satisfied, I sent my horse towards Albany, and embarked on board a returning bateau, and proceeded down the Mohawk to Little Falls, anxious to examine that place, with an eye to canals. We abandoned ourselves to the current of the river, which, with the aid of our oars, impelled us at a rapid rate. We met numerous bateaux coming up the river, freighted with whole families, emigrating to the 'land of promise.' I was surprised to observe the dexterity with which they manage their boats, and the progress they make in polling up the river, against a current of at least three miles an hour. The first night we encamped at a log-hut on the banks of the river, and the next morning I disembarked at German Flats.

"The meanderings of the river, by my estimate, about doubles the distance of a direct line. We passed a valuable tract of 16,000 acres of land, situated on the north side of the river, which has been granted by the State to Baron Steuben.

* I have since been assured by a gentleman, who knew Otsequett near the close of his life, that he actually degenerated below the ordinary level of savages. His refined education in France, commencing when a boy, had divested him of those masculine virtues which are engrafted on the Indian character. Having lost these, he possessed no traits of high qualities to sustain him, and abandoning himself to the bottle, he ultimately became an abandoned vagabond. (1821.)

From Schenectady I pursued the road across a thickly settled country, embracing many fine farms, to Ashley's Ferry, six miles above Albany. On the east side of the river, at this point, a new town has been recently laid out, named Vanderheyden.* This place is situated precisely at the head of navigation on the Hudson. Several bold and enterprising adventurers have already settled here; a number of capacious warehouses, and several dwellings, are already erected. It is favorably situated in reference to the important and growing trade of Vermont and Massachusetts; and I believe, it not only bids fair to be a serious thorn in the side of New City,† but in the issue a fatal rival.

"I spent a day in examining this locality, and then walked on the banks of the Hudson, a distance of three miles, to New City, where I continued several days. This place is thronged by mercantile emigrants, principally from New-England, who have enjoyed a very extensive and lucrative trade, supplying Vermont and the region on both banks of the Hudson, as far as Lake George, with merchandize; and receiving in payment wheat, pot and pearl ashes, and lumber. But, as I remarked, I think Vanderheyden must, from its more eligible position, attain the ultimate ascendancy.

"I crossed the river at Half-Moon, a small hamlet containing about twenty dwellings; and about a mile from this place I visited the Cohoes Falls, upon the Mohawk River. Nothing so much charms and elevates my mind as the contemplation of nature in her bold and majestic works. Fixing my position on the margin of the bank, which descends in a vertical precipice of about seventy feet, I beheld the volume of the Mohawk, plunging over a fall of about the same height, and nearly perpendicular. The barrier of rocks—the lofty banks—the roaring and dashing of the waters—and the cloud of mist, presented a spectacle of surprising sublimity. The river divides immediately below the Falls into three branches, and empties

* The original name of the present beautiful city of Troy.

† The city of Lansingburgh was then known by that name.

into the Hudson, nearly opposite New City. The bed of the stream is filled with rocks, among which it rushes and surges in terrific impetuosity.

"In the view of ascending by locks from the Hudson into the Mohawk River, it appears to me that the obstacles at this place will be much greater than to cut a canal across the pine plains, into a grand basin, back of Albany. I took passage in a bateau at New City, to Albany, for the purpose of sounding the river. The result of my examination satisfied me, that in ordinary tides five or six feet may be carried to within a mile of New City, and from thence to that town fifteen to eighteen inches. The tides sensibly rise and fall as far up as Vanderheyden.

"Upon careful investigation and mature reflection, it appears to my mind that Albany is one of the most favorable positions in America for the future enjoyment of a vast internal commerce. It is favorably situated in reference to the trade of Vermont and the extensive eastern country. It may control the fur trade of the lakes; it must occupy the avenues which penetrate into the valley of the Mohawk; and will be the depot of the produce from the luxuriant territory of the Genesee."

From Albany, Mr. Watson proceeded to New-York by a packet, and occupied three days in the passage. He speaks of the Overslaugh three miles below Albany, as sounding only eight feet of water, while immediately below it deepens to twelve or fourteen feet, and suggests that the impediment might be removed by closing two channels, and throwing the whole current of the river into the third. This obstacle being removed, he expresses the opinion that Albany would become a mart of foreign commerce.

The beautiful and richly cultivated banks of the Hudson, the thriving villages that adorned its shores, the majestic passage of the Highlands, the imposing scenery they presented, the stupendous works at West Point, exceeding in number, strength, and position, anything he had before seen, excited the warmest enthusiasm and admiration. His impression of

that noble river had been exalted, but he remarks that he had formed most inadequate conceptions of its many beauties, and of its immense importance not only to the State, but the entire Union.

"The following curious romance in real life," Mr. Watson remarks in his journal, "which came to my knowledge about this time, was familiar to me in its general features, and I knew intimately the prominent actors in it.* About the year 1780, while I was in France, my father removed from Plymouth to a farm in —— upon —— river. On the opposite side, and about two miles above them, was a pretty village named —— principally inhabited by rich half-Quakers. Among them lived —— ——, distinguished as one of the richest men in New England. He was originally a ship carpenter, but possessing an active and vigorous mind, in reference to men and money-making, he had by a long course of usury, and taking and exacting the forfeiture of mortgages upon many of the best farms of that region, and having also several ships in foreign trade, accumulated an immense fortune. His industry and efforts were unremitted, and in the pursuit of his great object, he had drawn tears of blood from many an eye—and heart too. He was a raw-boned, powerful and athletic man, possessed of iron nerves, but not a drop of the milk of human kindness flowed in his cold and fish-like veins.

"His great wealth procured him in marriage a very fine, lady-like wife, with a cash fortune of £40,000. This man was regarded as the scourge of the community, but still he had some good qualities, and always exercised a generous hospitality under his own roof.

"He had two sons; John, the eldest, was a sheer clown, the counterpart of his father in form, but of a liberal and kindly

* Mr. Watson, in his manuscripts from which this episode is transcribed, gives the names and localities of this story, with an injunction that it should not be disclosed until the lapse of a specified period, which has now expired. In the suppression of the names of persons and places, I may I think, exhibit the moral the tale inculcates, without doing violence to the feelings of any descendants of the parties, if they still survive.—Editor.

feeling, with however a propensity to gambling. His education had been miserable, and in mind and appearance he could scarcely claim superiority over the most indigent stripling of his age. For this the father, whose god was money, had much to answer.

"At the close of the Revolutionary war, he had a vessel arrive from Jamaica ladened with rum. He despatched her to Boston, and sent his son over-land to sell the cargo as his initiation upon the commercial stage. But the cargo and son both disappeared, and no trace was discovered of him until some years afterward, I think in 1789.

"It subsequently appeared that John fell into the hands of some sharpers at Boston, who soon relieved him from the avails of the cargo of rum. John dreading his father from his infancy, instantly fled into the interior in secresy, and directed his course to the Ohio river, and from thence, in order to elude all traces of him, he proceeded into the midst of the Miami Indians, where he married a young squaw and had by her two or three children.

"Some years after, becoming disgusted with savage life, he left his wife and children and returned to the Ohio, and followed the river as a boatman. In the winter of that year he became a common laborer in the streets of New-Orleans. While engaged one day in sawing wood at the door of a Spaniard, John saw a Major D——, a gentleman from New-England whom he well knew passing by, and accosted him by name. Major D—— turned, and saw this miserable object in filth and rags. "Did you speak to me, my lad?" "Yes, sir—don't you know me?" "Know you! how should I? who are you?" "I have seen you often at my father's in ——," replied John. "Who is your father?" "—— ——, sir." "You are an impostor!" rejoined Major D., "it can't be so." John, however, did not lose sight of D., but shouldering his saw, followed him to his quarters, and stated some facts which began to stagger the incredulity of D. John narrated his story after his departure from his father's house. Yet D. was skeptical; but as John pressed him very earnestly to be

taken to Philadelphia in any capacity, assuring him that on his arrival there he would convince him that he was no impostor; Major D. agreed to procure him an opportunity to work his passage to that city. To this John assented.

"On their arrival at Philadelphia, Major D. was astonished to find that John was recognised by his father's correspondents, H—— and A——, and that they were apprized of the rum adventure. They stated that the father had been for several years in deep despondency, under the conviction that his son had in all probability committed suicide, to escape his harsh severity.

"Mr. A. took John into the bosom of his own family, clothed and fed him sumptuously. But this sudden transition from abject want to abundance was too much for John, and subjected him to a severe sickness. As soon as he was convalescent, Mr. A. wrote, as he afterwards informed me, to the father. It so happened that I was passing down Crane's wharf and met him just landed, on his way to Philadelphia to meet John; but as I had just left John in Hacker Tavern at the head of the wharf, where he had arrived the evening before, I had the singular good fortune to conduct the agitated father into the presence of his returning prodigal son.

"With the exception of the meeting of my uncle Winslow and his son Ned, ten or twelve years previous, I have never witnessed a more affecting scene. They clung to each other in a most awkward manner, but in speechless emotion, for several minutes. There was a refinement of heart and sentiment in the Winslow group on Prudence Island, which had no parallel on this occasion.

"This story in all its circumstances, was considered unprecedented in New-England. But to add another, and deeper incident to the drama: the whole country in the ensuing September resounded with the news that John's abandoned wife, accompanied by her brother, a Miami Indian, and two papooses, had arrived at ——. Money works wonders—they disappeared in a twinkling. John afterwards married one of the most beautiful and accomplished women in Rhode Island.

As if Heaven in wrath had destined him to demolish a fortune wrung from the anguish and sufferings of hundreds, by deaths in the family and the will of his father, the largest portion of this vast estate fell into the hands of John. It melted away, in a manner unseen and incomprehensible. In ten years he was a bankrupt, in penury, and in the most grinding want ever afterward. He subsequently went, as I have understood, in the capacity of a common sailor to the coast of Africa, and there died. More than one impressive moral may be deduced from this story, which rests upon incontestible facts, and is known to hundreds, remnants of the last generation, yet living."

The journal of Mr. Watson narrates an occurrence of an exciting character, in which he was apparently exposed to a tragic and most appalling fate.

"I spent one month in the city of New-York, after my return from the Treaty at Fort Stanwix, and arrived at Newport on the 3d of December, 1788, after a furious passage of sixteen hours from New-York, and resumed my old quarters at H——, who kept a boarding-house in a building which belonged to Col. Malborn.

"This H—— had been a British officer, and his father was, as he alleged, a former governor of the Island of Guernsey. H—— sold out his commission at the close of the war for the purpose of marrying a celebrated courtezan connected with the army, with whom he had fallen in love. Although she had been depraved, she possessed many excellent qualities, was humane and generous, as many American prisoners abundantly testified. Her person was elegant and her feelings benevolent, and at this period she was not only reformed, but pious.

"H—— was a man of vicious habits, and yet most of the respectable Southern travellers resorted to his fashionable establishment in their summer sojourn. These I found on my arrival had all migrated with the birds in pursuit of a milder climate on the approach of cold weather, and not a solitary boarder remained to keep me company. Here I con-

tinued two weeks. The first Sunday after breakfast H—— invited me to walk out with him. I at first declined, but was prevailed upon by his urgency. He promised to show me a great natural curiosity. We proceeded across a plain about two miles in a southeast course, where he conducted me to the brink of a vertical precipice, with rock piled on rock at its base at least fifty feet below. The hideous and chaotic confusion of these masses, which had evidently been rent from the structure by some convulsion of nature, had given to the scene the name of Purgatory, or the Devils' Hole by others. The original formation of the coast had manifestly been indented, as if the whole wall had been scooped out, and the fragments dashed in utter dislocation at the foot of the abyss in confused heaps, their sharp points projecting in every direction.

"To view this work of nature, people approach with great caution to the verge of the precipice. The fragments of rock at the bottom were so broken and pointed as to ensure instant annihilation to any living creature that should be precipitated from the summit of the cliff. Their base is overflowed at flood and left naked at ebb tide. It was low water when H—— allured me to the place. In this position, leaning upon my cane at the edge of the precipice, I contemplated with surprise and interest two large rocks, once evidently united, but now separated into two parts, and lying some distance asunder.

"In the face of the wall millions of swallows made their secure nests among the interstices of the rocks. This circumstance gave a peculiar relief and animation to the dreary scene.

"After awhile I became satisfied with gazing on the wonderful exhibition, and withdrew, but H—— urged me with great importunity to return to the brink a second time; although without suspicion, I resisted his solicitations, and returned homeward. I dined and went to my chamber. I there found my trunk, which contained a bag of gold and silver that was just then of infinite importance to me, unlocked. I felt for the bag with much apprehension,—but it was gone.

"The conviction flashed upon my mind that H—— had cherished a diabolical purpose in alluring me with so much solicitude to that sequestred spot. I at once reverted to his strange and excited conduct on the cliff, which I had noticed without heeding.

"My suspicions were immediately fastened upon him as the author of the robbery, but I first summoned his wife, who came as usual, cheerfully and frankly. I explained my disaster, when she became ghostly pale and clasped her hands in agony, protesting her own innocence, but added, "I cannot answer for H——, although I have no cause of suspicion." "Sit still," I said, "and be silent." I then proceeded to the head of the stairs and called H—— several times. He at length, in a faltering voice, answered, and came forward with hesitation and manifest reluctance. When he reached where I stood, his countenance exhibited the clearest evidence of guilt. As he approached, I seized him by the arm, and looking sternly and fixedly in his eye, "Why do you tremble, H——? what is the matter?" "What do you want," he inquired. "I am robbed," I exclaimed, "in your house—and you are the robber, and in heart a murderer." He vehemently asserted his innocence. I had him however committed, but allowed him subsequently to be discharged.

"A few days after, the bag was deposited with nearly all the money at my room door. I caused H—— to be again arrested. He soon desired an interview with me in the presence of the sheriff. I went to his cell, and found him fearfully agitated. His whole frame shook as if in an ague fit.

"He said he desired to unburthen his conscience to us. I then promised to proceed no further against him. He fell upon his knees, confessed his guilt of the robbery, and fervently implored the forgiveness of God. "Tell me," I exclaimed solemnly, "in the presence of that God, why you took me to that precipice?" "With the intent," he feebly replied, "of murdering you." After some further conversation, he confessed that he once approached his outspread hand within a few inches of my back whilst I was resting on my cane and gazing over

the chasm, with the purpose of hurling me into the abyss below—that his heart failed him at the moment; but if I had returned the second time, it was his fixed determination to accomplish his purpose, and by my destruction to escape a detection of the robbery.

"He was released, his wife separated from him, and in twenty-four hours he fled from Newport forever. I met him fourteen years afterwards in a narrow retired street in Boston. I accosted him, and he instantly recognized me. He was greatly agitated and alarmed, and said, that for many years he had been a wandering, homeless vagabond in Nova Scotia, perpetually haunted by the thought that the guilt of my intended murder rested upon his soul."

In the ensuing year, 1789, Mr. Watson removed from Providence to Albany. Among the curiosities in his common-place book, I find a singular document which I deem worthy of being perpetuated. It affords evidence that our country at that epoch was not wholly enfranchised from the influence of European usages, but that many of their restrictions and exactions still lingered.

I refer to a certificate of the freedom of the city, which it seems each emigrant was required to possess, to be secured in the enjoyment and protection of his municipal rights. The following is a copy of the printed document:

"*Know all men by these presents* that I, JOHN LANSING, Jr. Esquire, Mayor of the city of Albany, have admitted and received, and do hereby admit and receive, ELKANAH WATSON to be a freeman of said city. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the said city to be hereunto annexed, the 28th day of May, 1790, &c." And for this certificate, Mr. W. adds, I was compelled to pay five pounds. This abuse was early and vigorously assailed by him in the press, and was soon after abolished.

I am now approaching an epoch in the life of my father, which to myself is surrounded with embarrassment and difficulties. At this period commenced his efforts and labors in projecting or advocating various subjects of local and general improve-

ments of the most diversified character and objects, and which were continued to the close of his life. The silence which delicacy might prescribe to a son, it appears to me, should yield to the paramount obligations imposed by the relation of the biographer and historian.

The circumstance, that these efforts gave existence to and are connected with much of the valuable correspondence of distinguished men, which I design to introduce, appears to render the propriety of the course I intend to adopt still more obvious. I propose to record the facts connected with these subjects, where I esteem them of public interest, or calculated to elucidate the progress and history of the country, without comment or eulogium, and with only such remarks as may be necessary to explain or illustrate them.

At the time of Mr. Watson's settlement in Albany, not more than five New-England families were residents of that city. It was without any foreign commerce; the city was unimproved. State-street, now one of the most spacious and beautiful avenues in America, was then not only without pavements and ungraded, but even broken and in some parts precipitous. The streets were without lamps. A singular deformity and inconvenience prevailed in some sections of the city. A custom had been introduced, which existed in the provincial towns of Holland, of discharging the water from the roofs of smaller buildings by long spouts. In Holland the spouts were projected over the canals; but by the adoption of this practice in Albany the water was poured upon the head of the unwary passenger. The mind of Mr. Watson, familiar with the elegancies and advancement of European cities, at once saw and appreciated the various defective arrangements in the city of his adoption; and soon after becoming a resident, he engaged earnestly, through the press and by personal efforts, in suggesting and urging various local improvements connected with these subjects.

His exertions, in connection with the labors of others, generally secured their adoption; but as they necessarily entailed inconvenience and expense, the schemes excited strong hos-

tility in the feelings of those who were opposed to all innovating projects. In subsequent years he received many generous tributes of acknowledgments and thanks from those who, in their progress, had opposed these efforts. His Journal contains a notice of an amusing incident, which exhibits the state of feeling he had excited:

"Just after State-street had been paved at a heavy expense, I sauntered into it immediately succeeding a heavy thunder-storm, and whilst regretting the disturbance in the sidewalk, and to observe the cellars filled with water, (for in that section, which was near the present locality of the State Bank, the street in grading had been elevated some feet,) I heard two women, in the act of clearing their invaded premises from the accumulation of mud and water, cry out—'Here comes that infernal paving Yankee!' they approached me in a menacing attitude—broomsticks erect. Prudence dictated a retreat to avoid being broomsticked by the infuriated Amazons, although I did not run, as some of my friends insisted, but walked off at a quick pace."

The common-place book in which are preserved copies of his publications on these and kindred subjects of local and general improvement, attest the zeal and ardor, as well as the extent and industry, of his labors. Among these projects, the charter of the Bank of Albany, the first banking institution incorporated north of New-York, was agitated, and I have before me the declaration of eminent men of that period, who ascribed to his efforts its successful accomplishment.

Whilst visiting Philadelphia in 1792, in the service of that Institution, Mr. Watson spent part of a forenoon in seeking the sequestered grave of Franklin, always deriving, he remarked, a peculiar gratification from contemplating even the sods that cover the ashes of great men. His last interview with Franklin, who was then eighty years of age, had occurred in 1786. "On my first entering the room," Mr. Watson says, "he observed that all his old friends were dead, and he found himself alone, in the midst of a new generation, and added the remark, alike characteristic of the man and the philosopher, 'he was in their

way, and it was time he was off the stage.' Yet he delighted a circle of young people, (for he was a most instructive companion to youth in his old age,) the whole evening, with pleasant anecdote and interesting stories. His voice was very sonorous and clear, but at the same time hollow and peculiar."

"Franklin was the first and greatest of American philosophers—a brilliant star in the galaxy of America's best benefactors—a child of nature, destitute of early literary acquirements, yet occupying a lofty position among the most distinguished literary men of his age. His own history will most adequately illustrate his useful career in a long life devoted to the promotion of the happiness of his fellow-men, and by his last will dispensing his beneficence centuries after his decease. Franklin was not averse to popular applause; he loved fame—not the blast of surreptitious honors; but that renown which was based on his own great deeds.

"A deep estrangement existed between Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, which it was painful to observe in personages so worthy and so distinguished. It resulted partly from personal occurrences, and to some extent from incidents connected with the treaty of '83. Too much subserviency to the views and interests of the French Government was by many imputed to Dr. Franklin in relation to the fisheries and our western boundary. The stern and successful opposition of Mr. Adams and Mr. Jay on these points, rendered them personally unpopular at the French Court, while Franklin was caressed, and maintained his great influence at Versailles to the close of his mission. Mr. Jay presented a generous, and I think triumphant, vindication of the purity of the intentions and the integrity of Franklin.

CHAPTER XXIII.

New Lebanon Springs—Shakers—Saratoga—Ballston—Western Tour—German Population—Mohawk Valley—Bateau Travelling—Night Bivouac—Fort Stanwix—Wood Creek—Canal Improvements—Write Home—Oneida Lake—Fish—Anticipations—Hermit—Fort Brewerton—Onondaga River—Salmon—Indian Fishing—Indians—King Kiadote and Queen—Indian Tongue—Seneca River—Salt Lake—Salt Works—Canals.

In August, 1790, Mr. Watson visited New Lebanon Springs, and "was compelled to make the journey in a Shaker wagon, there being no regular conveyance to that place." These waters he found, in taste and temperature, precisely similar to those of Matlock, in England. He attended the worship of the Shakers, and presents the following description of that peculiar people:

"On Sunday, proceeded to the Shaker village, about three miles from the Springs, to witness their singular devotions. The village rests upon the western slope of a mountain. It is built on one wide street, the houses neat and scattering, and all painted a dull yellow. In the rear, extensive orchards spread along the hill-side. The church is painted a pure milk white, one story high, and neat and simple in its style. The men advanced to the church in procession, in an Indian file; all entered at the same door, and took their seats on the right side of the building. The women entered at another door, and occupied seats on the left side of the house; they wore uniform simple dresses, with tight caps. There were about sixty of each sex. The spectators were arranged on benches against the wall, facing an open area appropriated to the dancing. At the word, the Shakers formed into solid masses, of a triangular form; the brethren in one column, and the sisters in another. One of the Elders then advancing to the front, addressed first the spectators, soliciting silence and

decorum—and then the fraternity, exhorting them to keep in their own path, exhibiting the outer world as lost, but that Shakers are sure of entering the straight and narrow way which led to life eternal. He was grossly ignorant, had a hoarse and unpleasant voice, but spoke with much animation.

"They all preserved a steadfast gaze upon the floor with their hands clenched, while every moment some individual would give a convulsive shake, that agitated the whole frame. My curiosity was deeply excited, and I closely watched every occurrence. The discourse finished, the elder ordered them 'to prepare to labor, in the name of the Lord.' At once they broke their ranks; the men stript off their coats, the women divested themselves of all superfluous articles of dress. They then re-formed in the same order with the celerity and exactness of a military column.

"The day was hot. Two or three elders commenced a strange cadence, in hollow guttural voices, rendered into a sort of dancing tune. The whole mass—men, women, and children, old and young, black and white, began to dance or rather move most awkwardly, raising their right knee high up, and dropping on the balls of their feet, the left foot performing a short up and down motion; all advancing and retiring three or four steps, and at every turn of the tune, whirling around with three steps. It seemed to me very like the movement of boys at school, in former days, when punished by stepping the bare feet upon a hot stove. Among the women were some tall oaks, some shrivelled dwarfs, and some young saplings. Their white capped heads of various heights, bobbing up and down in the mazes of the dance, had a queer and ridiculous appearance.

"Although friendly to religious toleration in its widest latitude, I was disgusted and sickened at the heart in contemplating the revolting scene. My aversion was excited in witnessing the dignity of man thus debased, and his destiny perverted by this strange fanaticism. I was distressed by this solemn mockery, but felt no disposition to laugh or sneer."

"In subsequent years, an intimate intercourse with this bro-

therhood, formed by a residence in their vicinity, gave me a full knowledge of their character. I found them generally sincere in their profession, strictly moral, industrious as a hive of bees, and rigidly adhering to their tenets. The directors exercise despotic power, the rest labor in silence and submission, accumulating the common stock. They carry on many ingenious manufactures."

"The succeeding September, I made a tour to the mineral springs at Saratoga. Here I spent a day bathing in a trough, and drinking the exhilarating water, which gushes from the centre of a rock. I met about a dozen respectable people sojourning at a wretched tavern. The wildness of the region, and the excessively bad accommodation, made me recur to the condition of Bath in the barbarous ages, when several centuries before Christ, the legend was, they were discovered by their salutary effect upon a herd of distempered swine wallowing in the mud.

"The Saratoga waters were discovered about twenty years ago (although it is supposed their existence was known to the Indians,) as I was informed by Mr. Ball of Ballston, in following a deer track. The remarkable medicinal qualities of these Springs, and their accessible position, must render this spot, at some future period, the Bath of America. At present it is enveloped in rudeness and seclusion, with no accommodations appropriate to civilized man. The rock through which the water issues by a narrow passage, has been probably formed by petrifaction. Vessels are let down, through this fissure or natural well, to procure the water for drinking.

"There is no convenience for bathing, except an open log hut, with a large trough, similar to those in use for feeding swine, which receives the water, from the spring. Into this you roll from off a bench. This water appears strongly impregnated with saline ingredients, highly charged with fixed air, and almost as animated as Champaigne wine. Its taste is grateful, but leaves an unpleasant impression upon the palate. Those accustomed to it, however, regard the water as a great luxury. It is in high estimation as a specific in all scorbutic affections,

gout, rheumatism, &c. These waters are situated in a marsh, partially enveloped by slight and pretty eminences, along the margin of which the road winds. A little off from the highway, I visited a new spring, which is much higher charged with mineral elements. This is called the Congress Spring.

"From Saratoga I proceeded to Tryons, a low one story tavern on a hill in Ballston. At the foot of this hill, I found an old barrel with the staves open, stuck into the mud in the midst of a quag-mire, surrounded by trees, stumps, and logs. This was the Ballston Spring. I observed two or three ladies walking along a fallen tree to reach the fountain, and was disgusted to see as many men washing their loathsome sores near the barrel. There was also a shower bath, with no protection except a bower of bushes. Tryons was the only public house, no buildings having been erected below the hill. The largest number of visitors at one period, the past summer, had been ten or twelve, and these were as many as could be accommodated."

In the year 1791, Mr. Watson accompanied the Hon. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, Gen. Philip Van Cortlandt, and Stephen N. Bayard, Esq., in an extensive tour through the interior of New-York. I have preserved with more than ordinary minuteness the incidents and observations recorded in his daily journal by Mr. Watson in the course of his journey. A description of that territory, its aspect and condition at this early period of its occupation, narrated amid the sequestered scenes to which the travellers had penetrated with so much labor and difficulty, must possess deep interest to every reflecting mind, and throw much light on the researches of the political philosopher and the future historian.

The traveller, who may now in a moment communicate with the most distant cities of the Atlantic States, and who upon the wings of steam rushes through this matured and affluent territory, and views magnificent cities, princely seats, and a dense population—when he reads the following description of the suspended intercourse of Mr. Watson and his companions with their families—their slow and laborious progress—their

sleeping amid these scenes from dire necessity, with no covering but the boughs of trees and the canopy of Heaven—of the solitary cabin of the pioneer—the wigwam of the Indian—and of villages composed only of log-huts, will with difficulty receive it as a portraiture of the same delightful region.

Mr. Van Rensselaer and Mr. Watson left Albany on the 1st September, 1791, traversing nearly the same route pursued by the latter three years before, to the German settlements on the Mohawk. The object of this journey was partially of a business character, but more especially to gratify the curiosity excited by his previous tour, and to scrutinize the opinions on the subject of an inland navigation, which had been suggested by his former investigations.

From Schenectady they despatched two bateaux with six men and ample provisions for six weeks, and proceeded by land to meet their fellow voyagers, Van Cortlandt and Bayard, with the boats at Herkimer.

The Journal of Mr. Watson thus proceeds:

"September 4—We proceeded on our journey with a miserably covered wagon, and in a constant rain, till night, which brought us to Maj. Schuyler's mills, in Palatine, settled by the descendants of German emigrants, intermixing on all sides with the enterprising sons of the East, between whom mutual prejudices ran high. These feelings will gradually be overcome by intermarriages, and other modes of intercourse. Thus far the German and Dutch farmers have been, in a manner, totally remiss in cultivating the first rudiments of literature, while the descendants of the English in New-England have cherished it as a primary duty. Hence the characteristics of each people are distinctly variant. When literature shall begin to shed its benign rays over this benighted race, then, and not till then, the Germans, the Dutch, the Yankees, will dismiss all local illiberal prejudices and distinctions, and in twenty or thirty years the shades of discordance will be hardly preceptible. The whole will amalgamate, and all be dignified by the general name of American; speaking the same language, and possessing the same genius and education.

"I have noticed with pleasure that the German farmers begin to use oxen in agriculture instead of horses. For this salutary improvement, they are indebted to the example of the New-Englandmen.

"I am induced to believe, should the Western canals be ever made, and the Mohawk river become in one sense a continuation of the Hudson river, by means of canals and locks, that it will most clearly obviate the necessity of sending produce to market in winter by sleighs. On the contrary, it would be stored upon the margin of the Mohawk in winter, and be sent in the summer months by bateaux, to be unloaded aboard of vessels in the Hudson.

"The bottoms or lowlands along the Mohawk are laid off into rich enclosures, highly cultivated principally by industrious Germans. Narrow roads and contracted bridges still exist.

"On the south side of the river the country is thicker settled, and many pleasant situations, old farms and wealthy farmers, appear; but these evidently are far behind those of Germany or England in the profitable science of agriculture. We crossed a new wooden bridge near Schuyler's Mills, seventy-five feet long, with a single arch, supported by framed work above. I was glad to notice this, as an entering wedge to more extended improvements.

"September 7—This morning we ascended Fall Hill, over a craggy road of one mile. From its summit, we commanded an extensive and picturesque view of the surrounding country in the north, partly settled, but generally in nature's original brown livery, spotted here and there by an opening.

"We left the Little Falls on our right, and descended into the rich settlements of the German-flats. At Eldridge's tavern, near Fort Herkimer, we overtook our bateaux, all well, and embarked the same evening, stemming fourteen miles against a strong current, with an awning spread over our heads. Each boat was manned by three men, two in the bow, and one in the stern to steer. They occasionally rowed in still water, setting with short poles, at the rapids, with surprising dexterity. In this mode, their average progress is three miles an hour,

equal to truckschute travelling in Holland; but it is extremely laborious, and fatiguing to the men. At night we encamped in a log-hut on the margin of the river.

"September 8.—A pleasant sail of ten miles this fine morning, brought us to old Fort Schuyler. Here we were joined by Gen. Van Cortlandt and Mr. Bayard, who were waiting for us, which completes our number to thirteen.

"From Little Falls thus far, the river is nearly competent to inland navigation, with the exception of a serious rapid, and a great bend at the German-flats, called Wolf-riff, which must be subdued either by a cut across the neck of land, upwards of one mile, or by removing the obstructions.

"An Indian road being opened from this place (now Utica,) to the Genesee county, it is probable the position at Fort Stanwix and this spot will become rivals as to the site of a town, in connection with the interior, when it shall become a settled country.

"If, however, the canals should be constructed, I think Fort Stanwix will take the lead at a future day. Such was my impression when there in 1788. Since that, only a few houses and stores have been erected here, also a tolerable tavern to administer comfort to the weary traveller, which I experienced the want of three years past. In the afternoon we progressed thirteen miles, meeting many obstructions in consequence of the cruel conduct of the new settlers, (who are wonderfully increased since I was here,) filling the river with fallen trees cut on its margin, narrowing it in many places, producing shoals where the deepest waters had been accustomed to flow, and impeding the progress of our boats. We pitched our camp on the right bank of the river, in the midst of woods. All hands fell to work, soldierlike. We soon had a roaring fire and our tents pitched—open on one side to the fire and closed at each end with canvas. We found an excellent substitute for feathers—laying our buffaloes on hemlock twigs, although the ground was extremely moist, we were effectually protected from any inconvenience. We enjoyed a pleasant

night, with ten times more comfort than we could in the miserable log huts along the banks of the river.

"September 9—At noon we reached Fort Stanwix, to which place with some aid of art the river continues adapted to inland navigation for boats of five tons burthen. Emigrants are swarming into these fertile regions in shoals, like the ancient Israelites, seeking the land of promise.

"We transported our boats and baggages across the carrying-place a distance of two miles, over a dead flat, and launched them into Wood Creek, running west. It is a mere brook at this place which a man can easily jump across. In contemplating this important creek, as the only water communication with the immense regions in the west, which are destined to bless millions of freemen in the approaching century, I am deeply impressed with a belief, considering the great resources of this State, that the improvement of our internal navigation cannot much longer escape the decided attention of our law makers, and more especially as it is obviously practicable. When effected, it will open an uninterrupted water communication from the immense fertile regions in the west to the Atlantic. But more of this as I advance in my travels.

"The situation of Fort Stanwix appears destined to become a great city. It lies in an open plain,—healthy and exactly at the point where the eastern and western waters unite. There is a large clearing about the old fort with two or three scattering houses. No progress has, however, been made, since I attended the treaty here in 1788, although the plan of a city is now contemplated.

"September 10—This morning, our bateaux began to descend Wood Creek with the aid of a mill-dam which had been filled just above. Some of our party at the same time descended by land on a tolerable wagon-road to Canada Creek, six miles.

"Although aided by the sluice, we progressed with infinite difficulty. In many places the windings are so sudden and so short, that while the bow of the boat was ploughing in the bank on one side her stern was rubbing hard against the op-

posite shore. In some places our men were obliged to drag the boats by main strength, and in others the boughs and limbs were so closely interwoven and so low, as to arch the creek completely over and oblige all hands to lie flat. These obstacles, together with the sunken logs and trees, rendered our progress extremely difficult, often almost impracticable.

"From a superficial view of this important creek it appears to me, the great difficulties may be surmounted—First, by cutting away all the bushes and trees on its banks; second, by cutting across the necks, and removing all sunken logs and trees; and lastly, by erecting substantial sluices or inclined planes, at given distances, so as to continue a head of water from sluice to sluice. This creek in its present state may be considered a natural canal, from ten to twenty feet wide.

"Bateaux which ascend the creek, and frequently the descending boats at this season, are dragged by horses travelling in the water. This is a work of incredible fatigue and difficulty.

"The accession of Canada Creek more than doubles the size of Wood Creek.

"September 11—Last night and this day we were inundated by heavy rains which our tent was unable to repel; in consequence we were all exposed in the most uncomfortable manner. In the intervals of showers we amused ourselves by catching fish. Salmon, Oswego bass, cat-fish, chubs, trout, pike, are the fish common in this river. Salmon are sometimes caught at the milldams, near Fort Stanwix.

"September 12—At 3 o'clock we reached the royal blockhouse, at the east end of the Oneida lake. The innumerable crooks and turns in Wood Creek carried us to every point of the compass. Should the western canals be ever attempted, I am persuaded this creek may be shortened at least one-third. The lands on each side of Wood Creek are low, and heavily timbered with beach, maple, oak, elm, linden, and near the lake, some white pine. Bears are plenty and deer scarce. At two miles from the lake the river suddenly widened and we took to our oars. Fish Creek, one mile near the lake, falls into Wood Creek from the north, and is about one

hundred feet wide. Thence to the lake, the stream is bold and spacious. We caught a cat-fish as large as a common sized cod, measuring five inches between the eyes.

"September 13—This morning we wrote home by a boat coming from the west loaded with hemp, raised at the south end of the Cayuga lake.* What a glorious acquisition to agriculture and commerce do these fertile and extensive regions in the west present in anticipation! And what a pity, since the partial hand of Nature has nearly completed the water communication from our utmost borders to the Atlantic ocean, that Art should not be made subservient to her to complete the great work!

"Immediately after breakfast we embarked, doubled a point of land, and entered the Oneida lake with our sails filled to a light easterly breeze. The lake opened to our view, spreading before us like a sea. We glided smoothly over its surface, and were delighted with a charming day. On the south is the Oneida Reservation, at present inhabited by the Oneida nation of Indians. The country lies flat for eight or ten miles and then swells into waving hills. On the north it is generally low, but heavily timbered.

"This lake is thirty miles long, and from five to eight broad. We are now sailing parallel with the Ontario ocean, which I hope to see, and at least enjoy in delightful anticipation the prospect of a free and open water communication from thence to the Atlantic, via Albany and New-York.

"In giving a stretch to the mind into futurity, I saw those fertile regions, bounded west by the Mississippi, north by the great lakes, east by the Allegany mountains, and south by the placid Ohio, overspread with millions of freemen; blessed with various climates, enjoying every variety of soil, and commanding the boldest inland navigation on this globe; clouded with sails, directing their course towards canals, alive with boats passing and repassing, giving and receiving reciprocal benefits from this wonderful country prolific in such great resources.

"In taking this bold flight in imagination, it was impossible

to repress a settled conviction, that a great effort will be made to realize all my dreams.

"Near the west end of the lake are two small islands, on one of which resides a respectable Frenchman who came from France a few years since, and has voluntarily sequestered himself from the world, and taken up his solitary abode upon this island, with no society but his dogs, guns, and library, yet he appeared happy and content.

"This lake is extremely turbulent and dangerous, a small breeze producing a short bobbing sea, in consequence of its shoal waters.

"The bateauxmen commonly hug the north shore as safest as well as more direct from point to point. On that side, these points project less into the lake than on the south shore. The wind soon rose to a brisk side gale, which occasioned such a dangerous agitation as obliged us to make a harbor at Twelve Mile Point, near which we noticed two large bears, walking along the shore in majestic confidence.

"We trolled with our lines and caught some bass; the day concluded with heavy rains, and a violent squall. In spite of our tents, we were much wet and half suffocated with smoke.

"September 14—Early this morning we embarked and proceeded across the lake, rowing, with a light breeze in our favor. We passed the seven mile islands, (already mentioned) after stopping to breakfast on the north shore; soon after which the shores suddenly narrowed, and we found ourselves opposite Fort Brewenton, at the entrance of the Onondaga river, which is a very shallow stream.

"We landed near the old fort, where we found two families and a handsome improvement. After refreshing ourselves under the first Christian roof which had sheltered us in five days, we commenced descending the Onondaga river with an easy current. The river is generally about three hundred feet wide. It is nineteen and three quarters of a mile to Three River Point. In this length there are three or four pretty long rapids; but these obstructions can easily be removed, and a boat channel formed.

"We observed in many places on this river small piles of stones, which we were told, are thrown up by salmon, where they cast their spawn, to protect them from other fish. These waters abound in cat-fish, salmon, bass, eel, and corporals, all very fine and fat. They are caught in eel weirs, formed by Indians, thus:—Two walls of loose stones are thrown up, obliquely descending across the river, to a point, where they are taken at a small opening, in baskets or eel pots. Salmon are caught at the Oswego Falls in the night, by spearing them as they vault up the falls, by the aid of torch lights.

"The shore along the town of Cicero is generally low, heavily timbered, with some pine ridges. In the course of the day we were incommoded by rain. In the evening we pitched our tent at Mr. Moses De Witts' camp at the Three River Point, who is locating the military lands (destined as gratuities for the troops of the New-York line in the late war), with a company of surveyors.

"Here the Onondaga river from the east, and the Seneca from the west, form a junction in majestic silence, without rippling or confusion. Their waters mingle in a spacious confluence, and descend by a N. W. course into Lake Ontario, at Fort Oswego, which is twenty-four miles distant.

"Fort Oswego is, at present, garrisoned by a captain's company of British soldiers, in violation of the treaty of 1783—but according to my calculations, this violent and truely British aggression will be of short duration. A high spirited independent nation will not long brook the insult.

"We were visited in our camp this evening by several troublesome Indians, of the Onondaga tribe, attended by some young squaws, by whose persuasions we were finally relieved from their pressing importunities for rum, rum!—a terrible scourge among this unfortunate race of men, who have been cut off in millions by its excessive use since America was first peopled by Europeans. Two or three white families are settled there. The situation is high and healthy, fronting the communication with Canada, and a central point from east, west, and north.

"In my view, a large city will arise at this spot during the ensuing century. A canal communication from hence to Oswego harbor, is necessary (although the obstacles are great at this point), to complete the great chain of water communication from Ontario to the Hudson, admitting the other points I have contemplated are accomplished. To effect this part of the navigation will be a work of infinite difficulty and great expense, as there is about one hundred feet fall to the lake.

"September 15—This morning we were visited by old Kiadote, king of the Onondaga Indians, with several warriors and the queen, who brought us some excellent fresh salmon and eels in a basket slung to her back, for which we gave them in exchange rum and biscuits. Kiadote possesses a sensible, sedate face, the queen appeared modest and humble. The name of Kiadote means a tree with thorns, and fruit upon it. The queen is called Kanastoretar, meaning a good housewife.

"Of all the languages I have ever heard, none strikes my ear so pleasantly as the Indian, especially from the mouth of a female. Their accent is harmonious, soft, and full of music, swelling and descending in a manner grateful to the ear. I am told it is easily attained.

"We re-embarked, ascending the Seneca river against the current coming from the west. In about a mile we encountered a considerable rapid and an eel wier, and saw a party of Indians encamped for the purpose of fishing.

"After about eight miles sailing, passing two or three rapids, and low lands heavily timbered, we entered a small narrow river, leading south into the Salt lake, one mile from the Seneca river. Previous to our entrance into this natural canal, we observed the color of the water had changed to a greenish cast; and on entering the creek we noticed a disagreeable stench, like dock mud or bilge water, the shore white with froth, the bottom covered with a white sediment.

"This lake opened most pleasantly before us, six miles in length, N. W. and S. E., and about two wide. The country in the

back-ground is irregularly broken into hills and dales; on the west it is more waving. With a light breeze we hoisted our sails, and contemplated a country pleasantly situated on each side of us as we sailed along, lying as yet in a state of nature, but which must at a period not very far distant, assume the cheerful aspect of civilized settlements. We steered by our map and compass, and with some difficulty found the creek on which the salt-works are now erected half a mile from its mouth at the foot of a hill. These works are in a rude, unfinished state, but are capable of making about eight thousand bushels of salt per annum, which is nearly the quantity required for the present consumption of the country. The mines are so affluent and abundant as to be equal to the supply for the United States, even when our population shall reach one hundred millions.

"Providence has happily placed this great source of comfort and wealth, precisely in a position accessible by water in every direction.

"When the mighty canals shall be formed and locks erected, it will add vastly to the facility of an extended diffusion, and the increase of its intrinsic worth.

"It will enter Ontario, and the other great lakes, and find its way down the St. Lawrence by Oswego, into Pennsylvania, and the Chesapeake, up Seneca river to the head of the Seneca lake, and by a portage (perhaps eventually a canal) of eighteen miles to Newtown, on the Susquehanna river; and through canals in contemplation, up Wood Creek and down the Mohawk river, into the Hudson.

"Whenever works are properly constructed on a large scale, the salt may be delivered for twenty-five cents a bushel, probably less; but the expense of transportation under present obstruction, will limit its consumption to the western country.

"We found the waters in the springs so highly saturated, as to bear a potatoe. Five parts of water produce one of salt. A man will make eleven bushels a day, in the present wasteful mode, by which it requires a cord of wood.

"The State has wisely reserved a mile round the lake for fuel, for the future benefit of the inhabitants.

"The present price at the works, is seventy-five cents a bushel. The quality is exceedingly good, white, and of a handsome grain.

"The interior of the earth from the south-east corner for several miles round the west side of the lake, is so strongly impregnated with salt mines, that the color of the water of the lake is exactly like that of the sea; and approaching the shore, nearly as salt. The bottom is a quicksand, and clay covered with a white sediment. At dark we grounded on a shoal in the lake, and with some difficulty extricated ourselves and landed on an inhospitable beach, where, with infinite trouble, we obtained a little fire-wood by groping about in the dark. It blew a gale and rained hard. In this dilemma we were standing a long anxious hour, before we could behold the cheering rays of fire light to comfort and dry us.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Robbery—Indian Salt Makers—Indian Royal Family—Indian Habits—Seneca River—Encampment—Aromatic Grass—Salt Deposites—Salt Manufactures—Salt Marshes—Cayuga Lake—Medical Practice—Pioneers—Healthiness of Savage Life—Seneca Falls—Canals—Prospects—Country—Seneca Lake—Geneva—Appletown—Indian Orchard—Gen. Sullivan—Senecas—Religious Meeting—Navigate Seneca Lake—Ovid—Return—Description of Cayuga and Seneca Lakes—Aspect of the Country—Want of Water—Indian Navigation—Attractions of the Country—Speculative Views—Connection of the Lakes and Susquehanna River—First Western Stage.

"September 16—One of our people lost all his baggage last night, which we supposed was stolen by some lurking Indians hovering around our camp. We coasted along on the south shore of the lake, and ascended the Onondaga creek, discharging from the south into the Salt lake. We landed at an old Indian camp, crossed over a neck of land to a hard beach, which I presume is an entire bed of salt at no great depth, as by making little holes with our canes in the hard surface, salt water immediately oozed in, as strongly impregnated as at the springs.

"Here the Indians were making salt of which they use but little. From hence we coasted north, on the west side of the lake, with a strong gale a head. We passed several birch canoes with Onondaga Indians, returning from fishing, accompanied by all their families, children, dogs, cats, fowls, &c. These birch canoes are extremely light—they sail like ducks upon the water, and some of them are whimsically painted. In one of these canoes, the king and queen were paddling and their son steering. We hove-to, and were some time talking by signs, and trafficking biscuit and rum for smoked eels and salmon. This counts the seventh *royal*

personage I have seen in my travels, viz. Little Carpenter, king of the Cherokees, Feb. 1778. Louis XVI., king of France, September, 1779. Joseph, Emperor of Germany, October, 1781. George III,, king of Great Britain, Dec. 1782. The Stadtholder of Holland, June, 1787. Newriver, king of the Catabaws, October, 1787. And lastly Kiadote, king of the Onondagas, September, 1791.

"It is surprising to observe how tenaciously the Indians adhere to their native customs free from contamination, although bordering on and even intermixed with whites. They stick to the Indian to the last man, with a few exceptions, and this demonstrates a well known fact that they despise our customs as heartily as we do theirs. They view us as a race of mortals degenerated into effeminacy and unworthy the native dignity of man, in which they pride themselves.

"We entered the Seneca river, proceeded west, and encamped near the Cross lake, in a disagreeable camp, having passed several rafts and eel wiers.

"September 17—This morning we doubled round a handsome point of land, in the town of Lysander, and then hauled N. W. which soon opened to our view the Cross lake. We landed on a high piece of ground at the east entrance of the lake, where we saw a multitude of names cut upon large beech trees, and then traversed the lake partly in an oblique direction. On the south a deep bay makes in. The adjacent ground lies low, but at a little distance rises into hills of an easy slope.

"At the S. W. corner of the lake we again entered the Seneca river, contending against the current, with the township of Brutus on each side of us. We passed the outlet of the Skaneateles lake on our left, falling into the Seneca river. We observed many islands, and the wild ducks starting up continually among them. The river improves in width and depth as we progress west. We encamped at the west end of an island on a high cliff.

"September 19.—Proceeded on to lot 80, in Brutus, to examine the Salt Works. After traversing a marsh about fifty rods, sweetly perfumed with aromatic Seneca grass, which

the Indians wear around their necks, in braids, to enjoy the perfume, and as a preventive to the headache, we reached two or three log huts, where salt is made on a pitiful scale by a few cadaverous beings stalking on two legs. I am greatly mistaken if there is not a continued vein of salt from the Salt Lake to the Cayuga Lake, a distance of thirty-four miles. I ground this hypothesis on the following reasons: First, the color of the water and bottom, in the vicinity of the Cayuga Lake. Second, the extensive salt marshes, for seven or eight miles before we reach the lake. Third, that two salt springs are already opened in Brutus, and some indications of salt near the Cayuga ferry.

"Should the event verify my suppositions, it will stamp an additional value on this vast source of wealth. They manufacture at present, in a miserable log hut, about two bushels a day. From hence to the Cayuga Lake, six miles, we were much impeded in our progress by a rank weed and the salt marshes, in which we were continually entangled. In the afternoon we reached the opening of the Cayuga Lake, after stopping at a house to administer medicine to a sick family. By doing this on several occasions, I obtained the appellation of Doctor on my return, when I examined my patients, all of whom were doing well. I was delighted in entering this charming lake. The shores upon each side swell into gentle eminences, but our view south was obstructed by a point of land projecting from each shore.

"We traversed obliquely across the lake three miles to the ferry-house. Here we pitched our tent for the night, with bad accommodations, surrounded by land pioneers, many of whom were rude and uncouth, both in manners and appearance; but they are a useful race of citizens, calculated to subdue the wilderness and make way for more civilized settlers, rising by gradations. In spite of fleas and bugs, as this was the only civilized roof we had slept under for ten nights, we submitted cheerfully to our fate. I had reason, however, before morning, to sigh for the luxury of sleeping in the open air, with my feet to the fire. I found a difficulty in respiring in a close, pent-

up room, the air of which, being contaminated by different breaths, or even a single breath, is always prejudicial to health. I am convinced, from the experience of ten days, that the nearer we approach to the original state of savage life, the less we shall be exposed to the complicated disorders incident to a civilized state.

"September 20—We double-manned one of our boats, leaving the other, with the principal part of our baggage and stores, with one of our men, overcome with fatigue, and proceeded on our way to the Seneca Lake. We sailed north three miles, and then entered a narrow river which connects the two lakes. We stemmed against a rapid current, three miles, to the foot of the Seneca Falls. The carrying-place is kept by one Smith, who has a comfortable log-house, and considerable improvements.

"This transit extends one mile. We transported our baggage by land, and our men stemmed the rapid with an empty boat in a surprising manner.

"From our best estimate, the fall, in an extent of three-quarters of a mile, is about twenty feet. Since it is impossible to improve the bed of the river, it results that a canal with two or three locks on the north shore will be the only practicable and effectual method; the expense to effect which will bear no proportion to the importance of the object.

"We walked two miles by a foot-path to a place called Scawayas, where these rapids commence. Here we re-embarked, and ascended the Seneca River to the Seneca Lake, which we entered just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills. The distance between these two delightful lakes by water is eleven and a half miles, the current being pretty strong. We found this canal of nature's workmanship connecting the two lakes, generally narrow, in some places obstructed by small riffs, in others by fallen trees which can be easily removed. The land on the north shore appeared to us poor and uneven, and on the south rather depressed, until within two miles of the Seneca Lake, where it lies low on both sides. As we approached the lake, we noticed several small

creeks, and some natural meadows, and on the north shore a log ferry-house. Here we saw the remains of an Indian bridge.

"At this spot the victorious army of Sullivan forded the river in pursuit of the flying savages, in 1779. The sun was just setting as we entered the lake, which opened upon us like a new creation, rising to our view in picturesque and romantic beauty.

"Our prospect extends south over a bold sheet of water. The tops of the hills and trees were just tinged with the departing sun, the evening was serene, and my mind involuntarily expanded, in anticipating the period when the borders of this lake will be stripped of nature's livery, and in its place rich enclosures, pleasant villas, numerous flocks, herds, &c., and inhabited by a happy race of people enjoying the rich fruits of their own labors, and the luxury of sweet liberty and independence, approaching to a millennial state.

"The new village of Geneva made its appearance, in the north-west point of the lake, to which we directed our course, after disentangling ourselves from a hard sand-bank at the outlet of the lake.

"September 21—Geneva is a small, unhealthy village, containing about fifteen houses, all log except three, and about twenty families. It is built partly on the acclivity of a hill and partly on a flat, with deep marshes north of the town, to which is attributed its unhealthiness. We received decent accommodations at Patterson's on the margin of the lake, but were troubled the most of the night by gamblers and fleas, two curses to society.

"At nine o'clock this fine morning we re-embarked, and traversed obliquely across the lake to Appletown, eleven miles.

"At the entrance of this lake, the south view appears like the Hudson, from the middle of the river, between Paulus' Hook and New-York, and presents a body of water about as broad. From Geneva it has much the appearance of the North River from Greenwich, two points projecting into the lake, similar to Bloomingdale and the opposite shore.

"We pitched our tent at Appletown, a fine tract of land, formerly the head-quarters of the Seneca nation.

"It contains extensive orchards of scattering old trees, the only fruit trees in the country. Here Sullivan's conquering army wreaked their principal vengeance, by destroying orchards, corn, wigwams, &c. Many of the trees are girdled, and marks of the destructive axe of the soldiery are yet to be seen in every direction.

"The Senecas were formerly a powerful nation. Sullivan broke up their last strong-hold. Not a vestige is now to be seen in this vicinity, as the remnant is settled in Canada under the protection of their friend, the Royal George.

"We were astonished to see one hundred and fifty people collected at a meeting while here. This is a prelude to the assembling of thousands who are destined shortly to possess these fertile regions.

"September 23—Our boat proceeded with a brisk gale and a considerable swell to the outlet, at the same time I took a horse and travelled by an Indian path obliquely across the town of Romulus, seventeen miles, in a north-east direction, to our point of starting on the Cayuga Lake.

"September 24—Having rejoined our party at the ferry, we dispatched one of our boats to Schenectady, and proceeded with the other up Cayuga Lake. We passed an old Indian castle on our left. The shore on each side is high. We landed occasionally: noticed distant smokes, and here and there a log-hut embosomed in the venerable forests. In the south-west quarter the township of Ovid made its appearance. It rises beautifully from the shore towards its centre. The tops of the trees resemble waving fields of wheat at a distance. We sailed along the shore of the town of Scipio, a fine tract of rich land, already thickly inhabited by new settlers. In the afternoon we landed at Phelps' tavern, where we found good entertainment in a log-house.

"This is the most thriving settlement on the military tract. Here terminates our expedition. The advanced season has turned our attention homeward.

"Gen. Van Cortlandt and Mr. Bayard having determined to gain the old settlements on the Mohawk by an Indian foot-path, Mr. Van Rensselaer and myself returned by water.

"The map of the world cannot exhibit, in any country, two lakes of equal magnitude as the Seneca and Cayuga, so singularly and so happily situated. What a fertile theme for poets, painters, philosophers and travellers, for the last two thousand years, had they been placed in Italy. They are each about thirty-five miles long, and from two to four wide, stretching nearly north and south, and running almost parallel from seven to fifteen miles distant. Seneca Lake was never known to freeze over, owing to its great depth and being principally fed by springs. The color of the water is a pale blue, with a clear bottom. The Cayuga freezes in common with other adjacent waters, eight or ten miles from the outlet. From thence south the water deepens, and it seldom freezes; its color is of a greenish cast.

"In general, except towards the south, the country lying between these delightful lakes rises gradually in symmetry, from the opposite shores towards the centre, producing a pleasing effect. Whenever it reaches a cultivated state by the vigorous arms of freemen, it will become the paradise and garden of America. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the country on the west shore of the Cayuga Lake, viewed from about five miles from its entrance, including both the Cayuga Reservation, and the town of Ovid, which bear a strong resemblance to the West shore of the Seneca Lake.

"The tops of the trees were in beautiful uniformity, its symmetry being in no manner broken by hills of great magnitude, except in one place, where there is a small cluster of white pines overlooking all the adjacent region. The want of water seems to be a prevailing complaint between the lakes. But by sinking wells it is generally found near the surface. Except in this particular, nature has been profuse in all her bounties.

"The soil is luxuriant, the climate more temperate than in the same parallel on the Atlantic borders, the situa-

tion delightful, and commanding an easy access by water south and east.

"In a word, I almost deplored the short span of human life, that I cannot witness the happiness of those blessed generations of Americans, yet unborn, who are destined to inherit these delightful regions. Having devoted my ardent and deep attention to the important subject, the practicability of opening an uninterrupted water communication from these interesing lakes, as branches of the mighty chain of connected oceans descending by canals and locks to the Hudson River, I shall now sum up detailed views and estimates, from that river to the Seneca Lake.

"To open a water communication from the Hudson to the Seneca Lake, the following works are indispensable, viz:—

"*First.* A canal to connect the Mohawk with the Hudson in the nearest direction from river to river, or a canal with locks, on the north of the Cohoes, to come out at Waterford, will probably cost £ ——.

"*Second.* The Mohawk to be cleared of some rocks, and the riffs deepened to the Little Falls.

"*Third.* A canal of one mile at the Little Falls, either cut in the solid rock, or by embankments, and four or five locks, the descent being estimated by the eye and from information at forty two feet.

"*Fourth.* Obstructions to be removed to Fort Stanwix, and some rapids laid open.

"*Fifth.* Wood Creek to be improved by removing numerous natural or artificial obstructions; and cutting through the necks, it may be shortened, probably one-half from Canada Creek, eighteen miles, as the river meanders.

"*Lastly.* To open the riffs and rapids in the Onondaga and Seneca rivers, with canals and locks at the Seneca Falls, to open communication with the Seneca Lake.

"A canal and locks to the Oswego Falls from Three-River Point, will accomplish the grand desideratum—the sublime plan of opening an uninterrupted water communication from the Hudson, to Lake Ontario, and from a thousand miles of

shore fairly within the limits of this State. Thus also the great plan of Washington, to divert the commerce of the immense regions in the west, even the fur-trade from Detroit to his beloved Alexandria, would be subjected at least to a fair competition. Commerce, like water, will seek its natural level, but where once the current has taken a settled direction, it will not be easy to divert its course.

"The further we explored these western waters, the more we were impressed with the vast importance of assisting nature in the whole extent of the contemplated improvements, so that loaded boats coming from the Hudson River can reach our utmost borders without interruption. Let any man contemplate a good map, and he cannot fail to be thus impressed. Let the same man realize the policy and necessity of the measure, by exploring these waters in person, the first impression will not fail to be heightened into a degree of enthusiasm bordering on infatuation.

"The improvements I had all along contemplated, either at a remote period or as near at hand, led me to attend with a circumspect and inquisitive eye to the actual state of these waters. The prospect is truly animating when we give a stride to the imagination, and take a deep plunge into the arcana of futurity.

"For luxuriance of soil, mildness of climate, and easy access to market, perhaps no part of the world, so distant from the sea as our western country, presents such irresistible allurements to emigrants, as well from the eastern hive as from Europe. We saw at every step the bold and venerable forests settling before the strokes of the axe, and farms and population increasing on all sides. Nothing will tend with so much certainty to accelerate the progress of these great events, and to open a door to the happiness of unborn millions, as to render a water communication at once cheap and easy of access. Exclusive of continuing an intercourse with the greatest chain of lakes in the known world, it will give a powerful stimulus to a new creation in the very heart of this State, and this will be greatly facilitated by the admission of boats from fifteen to

twenty tons burthen. Hitherto no boats have been able to navigate these waters carrying over eight or ten barrels, and the expense has overbalanced the benefits. Again, by traversing from the harbor of Oswego about sixty miles on the south shore of Lake Ontario, vessels of sixty or seventy tons burthen may receive the whole produce of the Genesee country, on the outlet of Genesee River, also at the outlet of Lake Erie, at Fort George, which can be easily conveyed from thence in vessels to the harbor of Oswego, and thence be taken in large bateaux, through the proposed navigation, to the Hudson river, to be reshipped either at Albany or at New York for foreign markets.

"On this momentous subject, a single question arises:—Are we advanced to a sufficient state of maturity to justify an undertaking of this magnitude? If we proceed on the European mode of calculation, waiting in the first instance to find the country through which canals are to pass, to be in a state of maturity and improvement, the answer is at hand—No! But calculating on the more enlarged American scale, and considering the physical circumstances of the country in question, should the canals precede the settlements, it will be justified on the principles of sound policy. In return it will inevitably follow, that a vast wilderness will, as it were by magic, rise into instant cultivation. If executed gratuitously by the public, the State in effect will be retarded only a few years, in receiving a tenfold return for all its disbursements. If, on the other hand, it should be performed by private individuals, having a toll in view, their remuneration would probably be small for a few years, but the increasing benefit which will arise from this species of property, will keep equal pace with the augmenting settlement and cultivation of the country.

"In my estimation for a permanent property, it will be found eventually the most productive of any in America. On a scale of truly enlarged policy, therefore, it would, doubtless, be sound wisdom, should the State execute the project out of its own ample means, and leave the passage free and open, as otherwise posterity will be burthened with a weighty tax (in

the article of toll) to the emolument of the successors of the first adventurers, which ought not to exist in a land of liberty, where the intercourse should be as free as the air which we breathe.

"In eight days we reached Albany, going all the way by water to Schenectady. I shall never forget my delighted sensations on reaching the Mohawk river. After rambling among woods for twenty days, or cramped up in a small boat, exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, and sleeping in the open air, at best mingling with pioneer settlers in log-huts, the contrast of clean sheets and good cheer, with all our philosophy to the contrary, was extremely grateful to our habits and feelings, and met with a cordial welcome. We traversed the whole length of the Oneida Lake (thirty miles), from sunset to about two o'clock in the morning. Our poor fellows rowed the whole distance in the dark, like machines in perpetual motion, telling wonderful stories and singing characteristic songs. Being apprehensive of a storm, they persevered resolutely without stopping. Sitting for such a length of time, eight hours, in the same position, when we reached the royal block-house at the east end of the lake, it was with great difficulty we commanded the use of our limbs for some minutes.

"On our way to Schenectady we examined several places we omitted on our journey west, especially the flourishing settlement at Whitestown and the Little Falls. Were I to make this tour again, instead of proceeding by water, *via* Fort Stanwix, &c., I would embark at Lake Otsego, descend the Susquehanna branch to Newtown-Point, and then travel by wagon across the Portage into the Seneca Lake, and from thence the same route I returned. By which means, instead of stemming the Mohawk and Seneca rivers, one hundred and fifty miles, it would require only seventy-six miles to stem against the Tioga and Onondaga rivers, and Wood Creek.

"From Newtown-Point to the Seneca Lake it is eighteen miles. A canal here would unite all the waters of the State with the Susquehanna and Chesapeake: thus forming one

half of the State completely into an island. The idea is sublime in theory, and must sooner or later be realized.

"The bateauxmen who ply between Newtown and Middletown, in Pennsylvania, carry from six to eight hundred bushels. Their boats, or arks, require from four to seven men to work them, and sometimes they go forty miles above Newtown, on the Tioga Branch.

"Some facts within my personal knowledge connected with the establishment of the first public conveyance west of Albany, I think worthy of notice, as they, with singular force, exhibit the progress of improvement.

"On our return from this expedition, Mr. Van Rensselaer and myself arrived at Schenectady on the evening of the 10th of October, and proceeded from the bateau to the tavern of Mr. Hudson. We were naturally, after an absence of six weeks, extremely solicitous to reach our families. Mr. Hudson made every effort in his power during the evening to secure us suitable conveyance to Albany the ensuing day, but without success. He at length informed us that there was no possible way of getting to Albany, except by riding on a load of shingles, or to go with a pair of half-broke colts. We preferred the latter alternative. We urged Mr. Hudson to run a weekly stage to Albany, who seemed much disposed to embark in the enterprise, but was, he said, fearful of the result, for a Mr. Douglass had made the experiment five years before, and ruined himself. as he found no passengers to patronise him. In about a fortnight I met one Beal, who carried the mail once a week, usually on horseback, from Albany to Canajoharie, which was then the frontier post-office. This weekly mail supplied the whole western territory. Such was my information. I pressed him to carry his mail in a cheap wagon, calculated to accommodate way-passengers, and gave him a letter to Mr. Hudson, urging him to unite with Beal in the measure.

"Early in December following. I was delighted to hear the sound of a stage horn, and to see Beal dashing down State-street with the Schenectady and Canajoharie mail wagon,

which was announced to run once a week. In the rapid increase of the settlements in the vicinity of Whitestown, they soon found abundant encouragement.

"To this humble experiment may be traced the foundation of the immense and splendid stage organization which now connects Albany with the teeming regions of the west. Perhaps the annals of the world does not exhibit in such a department a progress so vast and wonderful."

CHAPTER XXV.

Appeals to the Legislature and Public on the subject of Inland Navigation —Labors in that Cause—Gen. Schuyler—Letter from him—Canal Law, '92—Letter from Gen. Schuyler—Letter from Robert Morris—Tribute to him—Canal Companies—Effects of Improvement—Niagara Falls Canal—Company Organized—Canal Controversy of 1820 —De Witt Clinton—Hosack's Memoirs of him—Letter of Robert Troup to Dr. Hosack—Letters of John Adams.

The facts collected in these journeys, and the views and anticipations formed by his explorations, which are exhibited in the preceding extracts, were elaborated by Mr. Watson, and urged upon the public sentiment, and the particular attention of the Legislature in various essays and memorials. These productions attracted the attention of Gen. Schuyler, to whose perusal the original journals of Mr. Watson had been submitted. Gen. Schuyler was at that period a member of the Senate, and wielded, by his patriotic ardor and great and varied talents, a potential influence in the State.

The results which both himself and Mr. Watson had contemplated with so much solicitude, were ultimately achieved in 1792, in the passage of an act, by which two companies were chartered, one for "opening a lock navigation from the navigable waters of the Hudson, to be extended to Lake Ontario and the Seneca Lake,"—and the other, "from the Hudson to Lake Champlain." While this bill was struggling in its progress, Mr. Watson attended upon the Legislature, and with the utmost assiduity and zeal, sustained the energetic efforts of Gen. Schuyler in promoting its final success. The following letter from Gen. Schuyler is of interest, from its exhibiting the embarrassments and difficulties which encompassed the measure, and the force and decision of his purpose in its accomplishment.

"*New-York, March 4th*, 1792.

"SIR:—The letter which I had the pleasure to receive from you, should have been acknowledged at a more early day: sickness was one cause which prevented, and another proceeded from a wish to be able to communicate something decisive on the subject of your letter.

"A joint committee of both houses (of which committee I was not one) has been formed. This committee reported a bill for incorporating two companies, one for the western, another for the northern navigation. The former was to have been carried *no further than Oneida Lake.* The bill contemplated a commencement of the works from the navigable waters of the Hudson, and to be thence continued to the point I have mentioned, and it obliged the corporation, in a given number of years, (which was intended to be ten,) to the completion of the whole western navigation.

"When this bill was introduced into the Senate, the plan generally appeared to me so exceptionable, that I thought it incumbent on me to state my ideas on the subject at large. They were approved of unanimously by the committee of the whole house, and I was requested to draw a new bill. This was done, and it has met with the approbation of the committee of the whole, and will be completed to-morrow by filling up the blanks. By this bill two companies are to be incorporated, one for the western the other for the northern navigation. It is proposed that each shall consist of one thousand shares; that subscriptions shall be opened by commissioners at New-York and Albany; that the books shall be kept open a month; that if more than one thousand shares are subscribed, the excess deducted from each subscription pro rata, so, nevertheless, as that no subscriber shall have less than one share; that every subscriber shall pay at the time of subscription, say thirty dollars, and that the directors of the incorporation shall, from time to time, as occasion may require, call on the subscribers for additional moneys to prosecute the work to effect, whence the whole sum for each share is left indefinite.

"The Western Company are to begin their works at Schenectady, and to proceed to Wood Creek. If this part is not completed in —— years, say six or eight, then the Corporation is to cease; but having completed this in —— years more—say ten, they are to be allowed further time for extending the works to the Seneca Lake, and to Lake Ontario; and if not completed within that term, then the incorporation to cease, so far forth only as relates to the western navigation from Wood Creek to the lakes. The State is to make an immediate donation of money, which I proposed at ten thousand pounds for each company, but which I fear will be reduced to five thousand pounds for each company. I thought it best that the operations should begin at Schenectady, lest the very heavy expense of a canal, either directly from Albany to Schenectady, or by the way of the Cohoes or Half-Moon, might have retarded, if not have totally

arrested, at least for a long time, the navigation into the western country, and conceiving that if the navigation to the Cohoes was completed, the continuation of it from Schenectady to the Hudson would eventually and certainly take place. A given toll per ton will be permitted for the whole extent from the Hudson to the lakes, and this toll will be divided by the directors to every part of the canals and navigation in proportion to the distances which any boat may use the navigation. Provision is made that if the toll does not produce, in a given time, six per cent., the directors may increase it until it does, but the corporation is ultimately confined to a dividend of fifteen per cent. Both corporations are in perpetuity, provided the works are completed in the times above mentioned.

"The size of the boats which the canals are to carry, is not yet determined. I believe it will be that they shall draw, when loaded, two and a half feet of water. This is substantially the bill, as far as it relates to the Western navigation.

"The northern company is to commence its works at Troy, and to deepen the channel at Lansingburgh, so as to carry vessels of greater burthen to that place than are now capable of going there. The blank for this purpose I think will be filled up with two feet; that is, the channel is to be deepened two feet. From Lansingburgh, the navigation is to be improved by deepening the river by locks and canals to Fort Edward, or some point near it, and thence to be carried to Wood Creek, or some of its branches, and extend to Lake Champlain. Tolls, &c., are to be on the same principle as on the Western navigation. A clause was proposed, for preventing any canals to the Susquehanna, but it was lost; it being conceived improper to oblige the inhabitants of the western country to make Hudson river, or the commercial towns on it, their only markets.

"In the prosecution of these capital objects, I have to combine the interests of the community at large with those of my more immediate constituents. What the result will be, time must determine. I shall, however, be happy if my ideas on the subject shall meet the approbation of gentlemen more conversant with those matters than I can be supposed to be.

"Excuse the many incorrections of this scrawl; I have not time to make a fair copy. And be so good as to communicate the contents to such gentlemen as feel an interest in the completion of those great objects which are the subject of it.

"I am, sir, with regard, your obedient servant,

"PHILIP SCHUYLER.

"E. WATSON, ESQ."

New obstacles impeded the consummation of this policy, from the difficulties which were encountered in obtaining subscriptions to the stock of the company. A vigorous and successful

impulse was given to the subject by the course which was adopted in conformity to the suggestions embraced in the annexed letter of Gen. Schuyler.

"*New-York, May 20th*, 1792.

"DEAR SIR:—If it had occurred to me that the paucity of my subscription would have had the effect you mention, I most certainly would have subscribed ten shares in the first instance, impressed, as I am, with the importance of the measure, and believing, as I do, that it will be a productive fund for the subscribers.

"Such, sir, is my opinion of the advantages which will result to the subscribers, if a small alteration is made in the Act of Incorporation, and which I am persuaded the Legislature will readily assent to, that I should not hesitate to hold one hundred shares, provided my ideas on the subject should prevail. What these are, I will at a future day detail to a few select gentlemen. I cannot find they have occurred to any one.

"I am, &c.,

"PHILIP SCHUYLER.

"ELKANAH WATSON, ESQ."

I incorporate the following letter in reference to the same subject from the distinguished Robert Morris, not only to present the extent and nature of the agency of Mr. Watson in promoting the subscription to this stock, but equally to commemorate an instance of the patriotic and expansive devotion of Mr. Morris, which signalized his career, in the advancement of every scheme of public benefit and improvement.

"*Philadelphia, June 11th*, 1792.

"MR. ELKANAH WATSON,

"SIR:—Your favor of the 4th ult. came to hand some time ago, but a journey into the western country, and other avocations since my return, prevented a regular answer in due time. The canal engineer has not yet arrived, and I fear he will be longer delayed in England than was at first expected; however, he will certainly be here by August or September.

"I find your subscription did not fill; I shall therefore empower Gen. Schuyler to subscribe for me, and if necessary, I am ready, as formerly mentioned, to open and push your subscription here, upon being properly authorized so to do. I have no doubt of getting the number of shares subscribed that you want. I shall do it free of

any charge, and lodge the money in the bank for the orders of the managers or directors.

"I had the article you sent me published in Dunlop's daily paper. Am sure your subscription will be filled here, if necessary to send the papers forward for the purpose.

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"ROBERT MORRIS."

Endorsed upon the back of this letter, in the writing of Mr. Watson, is the following just and appropriate tribute to the character and services of this eminent patriot: "The name of Robert Morris will be identified with the annals of the American Revolution until time shall be no more. He was among the first merchants of America several years previous to that great event, in the firm of Welling and Morris. Their operations and credit, upon a magnificent scale, extended to every port in Europe. This credit, under a benign Providence, was the basis of his fiscal measures when placed at the head of our finances in the year 1780. We had at that period no credit, as a nation, in Europe, and in our financial affairs were only sustained by the great talents and personal influence of Franklin at Paris, of Adams at the Hague, and Jay in Madrid; and the pittances they procured were dealt out in hesitation and reluctance.

"It was far otherwise with Morris. By his personal credit, he was enabled to create the sinews that moved our armies in 1781; without which Cornwallis would not have been captured, and the war might have been protracted by a desperate and exasperated enemy.

"Such was the writer of the above letter, when at the zenith of his glory, although staggering, at that time, under the weight of the responsibilities he had incurred for his country, and which a new-born nation could not avert. It is lamentable to add that, thus prostrated through his ardent zeal and patriotic efforts, he ended his valuable and useful life in the loathsome precincts of a debtor's prison."

Companies were organized under this Act. Gen. Schuyler, Mr. Watson, and Thomas Eddy, appeared to have been the

most active and prominent managers in superintending and directing their measures. It is not within the province of this work to trace the operations of these companies. Adequate, perhaps, to the exigencies of that period, they were ultimately overshadowed, and their works immerged in the greater conception of the Erie Canal. That their results were most beneficial and important to the country is established by the facts, that boats of the capacity of sixteen tons were enabled to navigate from Schenectady to the southern extremity of Seneca Lake, after their completion, and to transport freight at thirty-two dollars per ton; while previous to the construction of these works, the same waters could not be navigated by boats exceeding one and a half tons, and at charge for freight of nearly one hundred dollars per ton.

In connection with this subject it should be remarked, that a company was chartered in 1798, authorizing the construction of a canal around the Falls of Niagara, with the purpose of uniting the waters of the upper lakes with Ontario. This project was promoted with great ardor and enthusiasm by Mr. Watson, and had the designs contemplated by it been achieved, its effects, in connection with the works proposed by the law of '92, would have anticipated those results which were afterward accomplished by the Erie Canal—the unlocking the portals of the illimitable west to the trade and commerce of the Hudson. Mr. Watson was appointed one of the directors, and in conjunction with Benjamin Colt, Esq., made a detailed report, the original draft of which, in the writing of the former, is now in my possession, presenting estimates, and a general exposition of the objects and advantages which would be attained by the construction of the work. A subsequent more exact survey was made under the direction of the company, but the scheme was not accomplished, and slumbered until revived among the projects and enterprises of the present day.

I may here, with propriety, in the arrangement of my subject, anticipate a term of thirty years, to advert to events which emanated from the occurrences of this period, and which

for several years embittered the age of Mr. Watson by an acrimonious and harsh controversy.

In the year 1820, Col. Robert Troup, a personal friend of Mr. Watson, and familiar with his efforts and services in the promotion of the internal improvements of the State, published an article ascribing to Mr. Watson distinguished merit in the initiation and support of its canal policy. The elevated position and eminent character of Col. Troup as a lawyer—as a former Judge of the United States District Court—and as a citizen, impressed this publication with a high sanction. It was succeeded by a volume from Mr. Watson, embracing the journal of his western explorations, an abstract of which is contained in the preceding pages.

These publications were assailed in the claims and conclusions they asserted, by an able and eloquent pamphlet, ascribed with undoubted justice to one of the most distinguished statesmen of the age. Col. Troup replied in an elaborate letter, addressed to the Hon. Brockholst Livingston, reaffirming and vindicating his original position. A second edition of the letter of Col. Troup was afterwards published, combined with an ample supplement, from the pen of an eminent jurist, which enforced the same views and embraced a general history of the rise and progress of the canal interests of the State. The question became involved in the party controversies of that day, which were distinguished by an unusual rancor and vindictiveness. Numerous other publications were elicited by this discussion, which produced at least one highly auspicious result, by commemorating the facts and the efforts of individuals connected with the progress of the stupendous canal system of the State, from the commencement to its consummation. A knowledge of these facts and incidents, eminently due to justice and history, was thus perpetuated, which otherwise would have been lost, or only preserved in misty tradition.

In my own judgment, there never existed any just or reasonable cause for the excitement in feeling, or the conflict of claims for meritorious services, which were aroused by these controversies. The men who projected and accomplished the

measures which acquired form and consistency from the law of '92, had their gaze intently fixed on the Ontario termination. These views, subsequently enlarged, were expanded into the plan of connecting that lake with the waters of the upper lakes, by the construction of the canal around Niagara Falls. A direct communication between the Hudson and Lake Erie did not enter into their contemplations.

It is equally certain that the genius which conceived, and the energy that effected, the Erie Canal, had no connection with the efforts and policy which a quarter of a century earlier, had breathed life and vigor into the spirit of internal improvements in the State. The growth of the canal system was gradual and progressive; and how far the earlier measures may have been suggestive of the later, no human investigations can now determine.

The exalted talents of De Witt Clinton, his illustrious services, the ardent and patriotic devotion that led him to stake, upon a momentous and doubtful policy, all the high aspirations of an intellect like his, always received from Mr. Watson the heartfelt tribute of his admiration and applause.

I feel it due to the cause of truth and justice, and the memory of my father, to occupy a few pages by introducing the luminous and dispassionate letter of Col. Troup on this subject, addressed to Dr. David Hosack, the eloquent biographer and eulogist of Mr. Clinton, and published in the appendix to his Memoir. It is preceded in that work by the following explanations by Dr. Hosack.* "The early views of Elkanah Watson, relative to the internal navigation of the State of New-York, and his services in exploring the western part of the State, prior to the Act of 1792, introduced and supported by Gen. Philip Schuyler, establishing the inland lock navigation companies, and the influence of those measures as introductory to the improvements which have since taken place, are fully set forth in the following communication from Col. Troup. This was prepared, at my solicitation, in answer to certain

* Hosack's Memoir of De Witt Clinton, page 289.

queries addressed by me to that gentleman. Further remarks on the merits of Mr. Watson and of Gen. Schuyler become unnecessary."

Letter from Colonel ROBERT TROUP.

"NEW-YORK, 22*nd January*, 1829.

"DEAR SIR:

"I have learnt from you, with much satisfaction, that you are engaged in the meritorious work of rendering justice to those who projected our canal policy, and also to those who assisted in giving it practical effect.

"That my information may more exactly correspond with your wishes, I proceed to furnish it in the shape of precise answers to the following questions, which you have been pleased to submit to my consideration.

"1. In what year did Mr. Watson first direct his attention to the western part of the State? And how far did he proceed in exploring it.

"2. What was the import of his suggestions to General Schuyler respecting the improvement of the navigation between Hudson River and the Western Lakes? And did the suggestions aim at the improvement of the natural navigation, then existing, of the lakes, rivers and creeks of our western country, and as a medium of connection between them? or, did they aim at the construction of a continued canal? And if the latter, what was to be its course and extent?

"3. What share had Mr. Watson in procuring the passage of the canal act of March, 1792?

"In answer to the first question I observe, that Mr. Watson's mind naturally inclines him to speculate in improvements of a public nature. This inclination has derived additional strength from Mr. Watson's travelling,* while he was young, in Flanders, in Holland, and in England, and attentively examining the canals he met with; and also from visiting General Washington, at Mount Vernon, and conversing freely with him on his favorite subject of uniting the western waters with the Potomac. Thus prompted by natural inclination, and, at the same time, urged by patriotic motives, Mr. Watson, in September, 1788, made a journey from Albany to Fort Stanwix, now called Rome, where State Commissioners were holding a treaty with the Indians for the purchase of their western lands. What Mr. Watson in this journey saw of the face of the country and of the courses of its waters, and especially the situation of Rome, inflamed his imagination with the lofty conception that, by removing obstructions in the rivers and creeks, and cutting canals to connect them, the State might

* See Mr. Watson's History of the Western Canals, p. 8.

open a navigable communication between the waters of the Hudson and those of the great lakes; a measure which Mr. Watson supposed would necessarily tend 'to divert the trade of the lakes from Quebec and Alexandria to Albany and New-York.'*

"After reflecting for several years on this important measure, and becoming by his reflections more partial to it, Mr. Watson in company with a few friends, in the autumn of 1791, travelled, partly by land but chiefly by water, from Schenectady to Geneva, in Ontario county. Mr. Watson kept a particular journal† of these travels; and from his journal it appears that he carefully explored the ground, lakes, rivers and creeks lying in his route, and was sanguine in his opinion of the feasibility of opening a navigable communication between the Hudson and the Western lakes; and dwelling, almost with rapture, on the vast benefits such a communication would be likely to produce, Mr. Watson pressed it in emphatic terms on the 'policy of the State.' Anticipating this policy, he promised to notice every obstacle, and, according to his 'best judgment, to devise plans and make estimates.' And he further promised, 'by every effort in his power, to excite the public attention to the grand object;' insisting that 'its cost would bear no comparison with the immense advantages the State would be sure to derive from it.'

"In answer to the second question I observe, that in January, 1792, Mr. Watson delivered his journal to General Schuyler, who was then a leading member of our Senate. With his journal, Mr. Watson also delivered to the General a report,‡ framed from the remarks and estimates which the journal contained. The report minutely traced the route of the proposed navigation; described the obstacles to be removed; suggested the mode of removal; calculated the probable expense of some of the operations; and concluded with a declaration, that 'it would require a folio volume to point out the advantages that would result to the Union, to the State, and to individuals, by laying the navigation entirely open.'

"Mr. Watson did not extend his travels to Oswego, because the fort at that place was still possessed by British troops, owing to the non-execution of the treaty of peace. But in his journal, Mr. Watson said it would be necessary to improve the navigation to Oswego, in order to 'complete the chain of water communications from Ontario to the Hudson.'

"From Mr. Watson's report, it is obvious that the route designated by him, was from Schenectady to the Seneca and Ontario lakes; and that he contemplated the improvement of the natural navigation by the intermediate lakes, rivers and creeks, as a medium of connection between them, without intending a continued canal. Indeed, Mr. Watson himself, speaking of his own views and those of his fel-

* History of Western Canals, p. 30. † Ib. p. 25.
‡ See Appendix to Colonel Troup's letter to B. Livingston, Esq., p. 8.

low-laborers, frankly disclaims all idea of having suggested a continued canal, or attempted more than to improve the natural navigation to the Seneca and Ontario lakes, when he says, 'that the utmost stretch of our view was, to follow the track of Nature's canal, and to remove natural or artificial obstructions; but we never entertained the most distant conception of a canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson. We should not have considered it much more extravagant to have suggested the possibility of a canal to the moon.'*

"In answer to the third question I observe, that, during the years 1791 and 1792, Mr. Watson and General Schuyler both lived in Albany, and were in habits of intimacy. Mr. Watson, besides delivering his journal and report to General Schuyler, had frequent conversations with him on the matters they contained. In these conversations it was agreed, that General Schuyler should use his exertions and influence in the legislature to procure the passage of an act to incorporate a company for opening the navigation from the Hudson to Seneca and Ontario lakes. The legislature was to set in New-York in the beginning of January, 1792; and Mr. Watson's zeal for the passage of the act carried him to New-York early in the session, to unite his exertions and influence with those of General Schuyler. Mr. Watson accordingly remained several weeks in New-York, and, while there, he afforded every aid in his power to promote General Schuyler's success: and, after Mr. Watson's return to Albany, he made General Schuyler the tender of another visit to New-York, on the like errand, if the General should think it expedient.

"Mr. Watson's zeal, however, did not suffer him to stop here. So far from it, when in New-York, he addressed to the legislature, through the medium of a city paper, a piece under the signature of 'A Citizen,'† in which he represented the State, from its geographical position, as enjoying advantages for internal intercourse much above those of her neighbors; communicated substantially the information contained in his journal and in his report; extolled the advantages that would probably flow from a navigable intercourse with 'the great chain of lakes forming our north-western boundary;' and recommended, with enthusiastic ardor, the improvement of the navigation to the Seneca Lake; keeping always in sight its further improvement as soon as 'the British should be dispossessed of the outlet of Oswego river.' And Mr. Watson's zeal for improving the navigation continuing unabated, he once more pressed the subject on the notice of the legislature, with fresh and cogent reasons, in a piece under the signature of 'An Inland Navigator,'‡ which he forwarded from Albany, and had also published in a New-York paper.

"It unfortunately happened that a bill was brought into the Senate, without the concurrence of Gen. Schuyler, the objects of which

* See Mr. Watson's History of the Western Canals, p. 160.
† See Appendix to Col. Troup's letter to B. Livingston, Esq., p. 14.
‡ Ib. p. 22.

were the removal of obstructions in the Mohawk river, and the junction of that river with Wood Creek; thus appearing to relinquish the improvement of the navigation to the Seneca and Ontario lakes. Whilst this bill was laboring its progress through the Senate, Mr. Watson, then being at Albany, wrote a letter to Gen. Schuyler, in which he observed that he had not been 'inattentive to the progress of the great objects of the western canals, since the commencement of the Legislature,' expressed 'much regret that no one of that body, except' the General, 'appeared to soar beyond Fort Stanwix,' complained 'that stopping at Fort Stanwix would be half doing the business,' and he declared that 'although the whole plan might not be accomplished for years to come, yet as the improvements on Wood Creek were indispensable to making the contemplated canal at Fort Stanwix of any value, the charter should stretch to Seneca Lake and the harbor of Oswego, as pointed out in his journal, and in conformity to his conversations with the General, so as to admit the commerce of the great lakes into Hudson river, and vice versa.'

"Mr. Watson, in the same letter, treated the enterprize as a proper State object, and he expressed a firm belief that the 'enterprize would succeed if the charter be so shaped as to embrace the objects contemplated by him and the General, and a term of twenty years be granted for the completion of the plan.' And in reply to the objection that undertaking the enterprise would be premature, Mr. Watson, in the same letter, avowed his settled conviction that 'the enterprise could not be undertaken too soon,' and consequently he determined to do his utmost to co-operate with the General's enlarged views of the very important subject.

"The ardent desire of Mr. Watson for a charter, on a scale embracing the navigation of the Seneca and Ontario lakes, was finally gratified by the passing of the canal Act of March, 1792, which was the golden fruit of Gen. Schuyler's eminent talents and controllinginfluence.

"Gen. Schuyler, ever disdaining to receive honors not fairly his due, often acknowledged* to that excellent man and public-spirited citizen, the late Thomas Eddy, that 'the observations made by Mr. Watson, in his tour to the western part of the State, in 1791, first turned his attention to that important object, and induced him to offer to the Senate the Act Incorporating the Western and Northern Inland Lock Navigation Companies.'

"The facts which I have thus detailed, will be found in Mr. Watson's 'History of the Western Canals,' published in 1820, and also in a letter from me, 'On the Lake Canal Policy,' addressed to the late Brockholst Livingston, Esq., one of the associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and published in 1822.

"The consideration of these facts will naturally lead to the conclusion that they form the ground on which Mr. Watson rests his

* See Appendix to Col. Troup's Letter to B. Livingston, Esq., p. 31

claims to a portion of public gratitude for his labors to improve the inland navigation of the State.

"I am much deceived if the facts do not irresistibly show that Mr. Watson's labors have been useful. Their usefulness consists in his travelling to explore our western country, its lakes, rivers, and creeks, —in his observations on the practicability of a navigable communication between the Hudson and the western lakes—in his communications to Gen. Schuyler—in his concerting with the General a plan of navigation embracing the western lakes, to be submitted to the Legislature—and, lastly, in his unwearied pains to assist Gen. Schuyler to obtain a preference for the concerted plan, by the passing of the canal act of March, 1792.

"There can be no reasonable objection against admitting that this act was the commencement of our State canal policy. Before the existence of the act, nothing appeared in the community on the subject of canalling, except the different commercial speculations of individuals respecting it. To dignify their speculations with the title of State policy, would be preposterous. That the policy pursued by a State can only be known from the schemes adopted by its constituted authorities, and from the measures taken to carry such schemes into effect, is a position too evident to require an illustration. It was the act, therefore, that first gave body and life to the floating ideas about canalling, by the incorporation of a company to undertake the expensive and arduous enterprise of opening a canal navigation to unite the waters of the Hudson with those of the western lakes, and by endowing the company with rights to authorize, and privileges to facilitate its successful prosecution.

"To maintain that the act was unimportant in its consequences, would be to incur the censure of violating the dictates of sound sense, and disregarding the plain language of experience. Although the funds of the company incorporated were wholly inadequate to the construction of canals calculated to promote the highest interests of the State; yet the operations of the company, proceeding from the employment of their scanty funds, considerably reduced the rates of transportation, and thereby proved not a little beneficial to trade. But the most important consequence of the act was, that even the limited benefits it produced to trade seemed to keep the public eye fixed on the highly interesting objects of canal policy, and eventually to induce our wise and patriotic rulers to adopt a system of canalling which, from the grandeur of its design, and the magnanimity of its execution, has become the pride of the State and the admiration of the Union.

"Allow me, dear sir, to conclude this letter with the assurance of my unfeigned gratification that it has fallen to your lot to perform the meritorious work in which you are engaged; for your able, elegant, and impartial eulogium on the illustrious De Witt Clinton persuades me to believe the work will be performed in a manner

as justly entitling it to the praise of every unprejudiced and intelligent reader, as well of the present age as of posterity.

"With the most perfect esteem, I remain, dear sir,

"Your humble servant,

"ROBERT TROUP.

"TO DAVID HOSACK, M. D."

The two first of the succeeding letters of Mr. Adams were also published in the Appendix to Dr. Hosack's work, with these comments:*

"In connection with this part of the subject, it gives me pleasure to give place to the following interesting letters from the late President of the United States, John Adams, to Mr. Watson, in the years 1822 and '23:"

"QUINCY, 23*d December*, 1822.

"DEAR SIR:

"I have received and heard read Col. Troup's letter to Judge Livingston of the 23rd January last.

"You need not wish a more ingenious, a more spirited or able vindication of your claims to the first suggestion of the canal policy in New-York, and of General Schuyler's sagacious patriotism in adopting and supporting your ideas in the legislature. You have both great merit, but still I think Mr. Clinton has also great merit in supporting your plan. It is right to preserve the memory of the first discoverers and inventors of useful improvements for the amelioration of the condition of mankind.

"The gentlemen who were my cotemporaries at Philadelphia used to say, that the first discovery of the efficiency of lightning rods, was Ebenezer Kennesley, a young gentleman of an ardent thirst for science, who drew lightning from the clouds, by his iron pointed kites, before Dr. Franklin had attempted anything on the subject.

"Why, indeed, may we not say, that this discovery was made in the reign of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, for in his reign the astronomical and astrological poet Manilius wrote these lines, 'eripuit jovi fulmen, vires que tonandi?' Yet all this in no degree diminishes the great merit of Dr. Franklin, in maturing, digesting and propagating to the world his system of lightning rods.

"It would be well to ascertain, if it were possible, the first discoverer of the invaluable power of steam. While we should do honor to his memory, we should not withhold our admiration and gratitude from the great Fulton, whose steam navigation will be of greater benefit

* Hosack's Memoirs of Clinton, p. 297.

to mankind than Franklin's philosophy, although that is very great. While I wish to do honor to these great men, I ought to bear testimony to the merit of your long exertions, which, I think, have been very useful to our country.

"With much pleasure I repeat the assurance of the long and continued esteem and affection of your friend and humble servant.

"JOHN ADAMS."

"QUINCY, 28*th February*, 1822.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"I thank you for your letter of the 12th inst., and for Judge Troup's letter.

"I am very much obliged to him for his civility to me, as well as for his testimonies in honor of your meritorious services for the public good.

"Your active life has been employed, as far as I have known the history of it, in promoting useful knowledge and useful arts; for which I hope you have received, or will receive, a due reward. Shafts are wanton sports, and secret and public malice are common to you and all men, who distinguish themselves—

'Envy doth merit, as its shade pursue,
And like the shadow, prove its substance true.'

"This, or something more sublime, must be the consolation of us all.

"Your friend (by proxy),

"JOHN ADAMS.

"ELKANAH WATSON, Esq., *Albany*."

Extract of a letter from JOHN ADAMS *to* ELKANAH WATSON.

"QUINCY, *Montezillo*, 29*th March*, 1822.

"DEAR SIR:

"I have received your favor of the 17th inst. You may do what you please with my letter of the 23rd December. * * * * * It would give me great pleasure to peruse all your publications, and to correspond with you on the subject of them, but I can read nothing, and scarcely write the name of

"Your friend,

"JOHN ADAMS."

"QUINCY, 31*st December*, 1822.

"SIR—I have received your letter of the 26th; with my blind eyes and palsied hands—

"'Tantas componere lites non possum.'

"I am, with usual regards, &c.,

"JOHN ADAMS.

"ELKANAH WATSON, Esq."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Attacks on Land Office—Character of General Schuyler—General Varnum—Sketch of his Life—Letter to his Wife—Talleyrand—French Emigrants—War with France—Truxton — Projects of local and public improvements—Chancellor Livingston—His character and services—Letters from him—Louisiana Treaty—Introduces Merino Sheep—Sheep Shearing Festival—Prices of Merinos—Doctor Mitchell—General Humphreys—Letter from him—Steamboats—Mr. Muller—Music from Jews' Harps—Letters to and from John Adams—Hostility of Hamilton to him.

Popular feeling was strongly excited in the years '91 and '92, by imputations upon the proceedings of the Board of Commissioners of the Land Office, in their management of the vast public domain of the State. The facts upon which these animadversions were based, or their justice, it is not necessary at this remote day to investigate. Mr. Watson assailed their measures with great severity, in a series of articles under the signature of "A Northern Sentinel," which were very extensively published, and which appear, from the ample evidence before me, to have excited very general attention. General Schuyler sympathized with these views; and an intimate intercourse, political and personal, was formed between him and Mr. Watson, which was subsequently cemented by their combined labor in the promotion of the canal policy of the State, and the procuring of the charter of the Albany Bank.

A difference and conflict of opinion, as directors in the canal companies, afterwards produced a coldness and alienation between them; but the deep reverence of Mr. Watson for the great talent, the self-sacrificing patriotism, and the eminent services of General Schuyler to his country, was never diminished. He refers to him in the following language:

"General Schuyler possessed the highest order of talents, but without varied scholastic attainments. He was a profound

mathematician, and held a powerful pen; his industry was unexampled; his business habits were accurate and systematic, acquired under the discipline of General Bradstreet of the British Army, who was a distinguished friend of his family. Having extensively travelled, and mingled with the highest circles of society, he was eminently refined in his sentiments, and elegant in his address.

"Had Providence blessed Philip Schuyler with the same equanimity of mind and self-control which distinguished Washington, he would have been his equal in all the elevated moral and military attributes of his character. America owed to Schuyler a vast debt of gratitude for his distinguished services both in the cabinet and in the field. It was said, and probably with good reason, that he was of material assistance to the great Hamilton, (who was his son-in-law,) in framing that magnificent financial system, by which the loose floating paper currency of the government was funded; thus educing order and system from chaos, and forming, by the magic of genius, an active capital out of the onerous and apparently crushing debt of our Independence.

"To the consummate strategic skill, and the wise Fabian policy of Schuyler, we were indebted for the conquest of Burgoyne. At the moment in which he was about to reap the fruition of his sacrifices and labors, he was superseded. When the laurels he had so well earned were almost within his grasp, they were cruelly wrested from him. He was sacrificed by a spirit of intrigue and insubordination in his army, cherished, probably, by the mutual animosity which existed between himself and the men of New-England. The idea generally prevailed in those States, that Schuyler fostered a hereditary prejudice against them, while the stern and arbitrary measures which at times marked his military career, and had probably been imbibed in the discipline of the British Army, revolted their sentiments of equality and independence. Philip Schuyler was a pure and devoted patriot, and a great man; and although my enemy in his closing years, I freely record my homage of admi-

ration and gratitude. His influence and abilities enforced the passage of the Canal Act of '92."

Although out of the chronological arrangement, I will here introduce from Mr. Watson's Sketch Book, notices of another general of the Revolution, which contains some interesting reminiscences.

"James Mitchell Varnum was appointed a Brigadier-General, in the Rhode Island line, at an early period of the Revolution. He resided in East Greenwich, and was one of the most eminent lawyers and distinguished orators in the colonies.

"I first saw this learned and amiable man in 1774, when I heard him deliver a Masonic oration. Until that moment I had formed no conception of the power and charms of oratory. I was so deeply impressed, that the effect of his splendid exhibition has remained for forty-eight years indelibly fixed upon my mind. I then compared his mind to a beautiful parterre, from which he was enabled to pluck the most gorgeous and fanciful flowers, in his progress, to enrich and embellish his subject. Lavater would have pronounced him an orator, from the vivid flashing of his eye, and the delicate beauty of his classic mouth.

"He marched into Providence, with his company, on the evening of the 20th of April, '77, on his way to Lexington.* Green and Varnum were both soon after appointed brigadiers, and attached to the army besieging Boston. Varnum continued several years in the army, and saw some service: he was a good disciplinarian, and invaluable in council. He held an excellent pen, commanding a rich flow of eloquence and

* I have stated in an early page that Gen. Green entered Providence at the same time, in command of a company. Col. Ephraim Bowen, who was a member of the Cadet Company with me, and who I have already quoted in a note, in an account of the "Gaspee" affair—assured me (October, 1821,) that I am in error in identifying Nathaniel Green with the Capt. Green who commanded the Warwich Greens; and that although Gen. Green marched into Providence on that occasion, it was as a private in Capt. Varnum's Company, and while he still held his connection with the Quaker Society. These concurrences of names and circumstances may have created a mistake. After Gen. Green had acquired his subsequent celebrity I heard the fact, as I have represented it, often referred to.

beauty; embellished by all the ornaments and grace of rhetoric.

"Whilst in command at Taunton, he addressed an admirable letter to the commanding officer of the Hessians, on Rhode Island, and sent it in by a flag. The letter was a transcript of his views on the great controversy with England, and was considered an able argument on the subject. It was subsequently published in England, and reflected much credit on the author. At the close of his military career, he resumed his professional attitude, and often came into conflict with Henry Goodwin, his great rival in eloquence, but of a totally distinct school. While Varnum's oratory was mild and conciliatory, and flowing in majestic and persuasive eloquence, Goodwin's was wrapt in fire and energy, mingled with the most burning sarcasm.

"In the year 1785, General Varnum formed the project of establishing a colony on the north branch of the Ohio river, and erecting a city at the mouth of the Muskingum. He urged me to unite in the adventure. He carried out his design, and founded Marietta, which he named in honor of the Queen of France. After my return from North Carolina, in 1788, I was present when his wife received a letter, full of pathos and sensibility, and highly impressive in some of its aspects. She allowed me, as the intimate friend of her husband, to read it. It subsequently found its way into the newspapers. The following extract is worthy of preservation:

"MARIETTA, 18*th December*, 1788.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND:

"I now write you from my sick chamber—perhaps it will be the last letter you will ever receive from me. I expect to leave this, on Sunday next, for the falls of the Ohio; thence to New-Orleans and the West Indies, to seek a warmer climate, the only chance of my recovery. My physician thinks the chance of recovery in my favor. I am neither elevated or depressed by the force of this opinion; and will indulge a hope that I shall once more embrace my lovely friend in this world; and that we may glide smoothly down the tide of time, for a few years more, and mutually enjoy the more substantial happiness, as we have already the desirable pleasures of life.

"But, my lovely friend, the gloomy moment will arrive, when we must part; should it happen during our present separation, my last, and my only reluctant thought, will be employed about you.

"Life is but a bubble: it soon bursts, and is remitted to eternity. When we look back to the earliest recollections of our youthful hours, it seems but the last period of our rest, and we appear to emerge from a night of slumber, to look forward to real existence. When we look forward, time appears as interminable as eternity, and we have no idea of its termination, but by the period of our dissolution. What particular connection it bears to a future state, our general notions of religion cannot point out. We feel something constantly active within us, which is evidently beyond the reach of mortality; whether it be part of ourselves, or an emanation from the *Great Source* of all existence, or reabsorbed when death shall have finished his work, human wisdom cannot determine. Whether the demolition of our body introduces only a change in the manner of our being, and leaves us to progress, infinitely, alternately elevated or depressed, according to the propriety of our conduct—or whether we return to the mass of unthinking matter, philosophy hesitates to decide.

"I know, therefore, but one source from whence can be derived complete consolation in a dying hour; and that is the divine system contained in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. There, life and immortality are brought to light; there, we are taught that our existence is to be eternal; and secure of an interest in the atoning mercies of a bleeding Saviour, that we shall be inconceivably happy.

"A firm, unshaken faith in this doctrine, must raise us above the doubts and fears that hang upon every other system, and enable us to view with calm serenity the approach of the King of terrors; and behold Him as a kind, indulgent friend, spending his shafts, only to carry us sooner to our everlasting home.

"Should there yet be a more extensive religion beyond the vail, the Christian religion is by no means shaken thereby, as it is not opposed to any principle that admits the perfect benevolence of the Deity. I hope and pray, the Divine Spirit will give me such assurance of an acceptance with God, through the death and sufferings of *His Son*, as to brighten the way to immediate happiness.

"Dry up your tears, my charming mourner; nor suffer this letter to give you much inquietude. Consider the facts at present, as in theory; but the sentiments such as will apply, whenever the *great change* shall come. Give my sincere love to all those you hold dear. Adieu! my dearest friend; and while I fervently devote, in one undivided prayer, our immortal souls to the care, forgiveness, mercy, and all prevailing grace of Heaven, in time and through eternity, I must now bid you—a long—long—long farewell.

"JAMES M. VARNUM."

"General Varnum died a few days after the date of this letter, at the Falls of the Ohio. I knew that General Varnum had indulged, to a degree, in skeptical and philosophical opinions, hence the great additional value of this mature effusion of his most secret soul, on a dying bed. For this reason I have introduced his sentiments. They exerted a benign influence upon my own mind, and I earnestly trust they may be equally useful to others."

The residence for a short period of Talleyrand in this country, during his exile, in a condition of indigence and destitution, is a historic fact. His circumstances and position are somewhat illustrated by trivial incidents, which have been noticed in the manuscripts of Mr. Watson:

"In the years 1794 and '95, I resided in the northern suburbs of Albany, then known as the Colonie. Mons. Le Contaulx, formerly of Paris, a very amiable man, was my opposite neighbor. His residence was the resort of the French emigrants. During that period, Count Le Tour du Pin, a distinguished French noble, made a hair-breadth escape from Bordeaux, with his elegant and accomplished wife, the daughter of Count Dillon. They were concealed in that city for six terrible weeks, during the sanguinary atrocities of Tallien, and arrived at Boston with two trunks of fine towels, containing several hundred in each; the only property they had been able to save from the wreck of an immense estate. They came to Albany and brought me a letter of introduction from Thomas Russell, an eminent merchant of Boston. Soon after, they purchased a little farm, upon an eminence nearly opposite Troy.

"Here they were joined by Talleyrand, who had arrived about the same time in Albany; also, an exile, and in want. I became intimate with them, from these circumstances, from my familiarity with their country and knowledge of the French language. They avowed their poverty, and resided together on the little farm, suffering severe privations, bringing to Albany the surplus produce of their land, and habitually stop-

ping with their butter and eggs at my door. They yielded with a good grace to their humiliating condition.

"In the winter following, I was surrounded in my office by a group of distinguished Frenchmen: the Count, Talleyrand, Volney, the philosophical writer and traveller, Mons. Pharoux, a very learned man, and Des Jardin, a former Chamberlain of Louis XVI. They considered me a Frenchman at heart, and appeared to forget that I was an American, jealous of the rights, liberties and honor of my country. Their remarks were often revolting to my sentiments and national pride. Sympathy and compassion for their fallen estate, constrained me to endure this language, although they did not hesitate to avow their detestation of American institutions, and their disgust at our manners and habits.

"On the occasion referred to, after having indulged in this train of remark, and speculating upon the posture of European affairs, Des Jardin at length turning to me, exclaimed, 'Yes, my friend, before this war' (the war waged by despotism against republican principles) 'shall end, your frontier will be lined with French bayonets.' To this sentiment they all seemed to respond in acquiescence. My American blood was excited beyond forbearance, and I replied, 'God grant, if so, that the invaders may be repelled at the threshold, or exterminated to a man.' Here we were at issue, and our social intercourse terminated.

"Soon after this, Talleyrand was swaying a potent influence in the councils of France. Whether these hostile sentiments were infused into the Directory, I have no knowledge; but it is certain, when our three Envoys were literally supplicating for peace, at the foot-stool of this power, they were received with an arrogance and intolerance that insulted the dignity, and trampled contemptuously upon the independence of a free nation. This, however, was the extreme point of our degradation. Adams was found a lion in the path of these aggressions. An open war ensued, in which our infant Navy, the child of his own creation, gloriously sustained the honor of our flag, and our national rights. Truxton, in the 'Constellation,' captured a

French frigate of equal size, and repelled the attack of a second. *Truxton against France,* was the language of the day; for he performed alone in his gallant ship, all the fighting. The French Government retracted, and an honorable peace was consummated."

During the period of several succeeding years, Mr. Watson was chiefly engaged in private avocations; but his mind and pen were, with his accustomed ardour and activity, occupied in the advancement of various projects of social and public improvement. Free-schools, turnpike roads—two of which he urged with unwonted earnestness: one, it was proposed, should be constructed on the margin of the Hudson, between New-York and Albany, and another from the latter place to Schenectady—the creation of avenues into the new territories, both north and west, which were just opening to emigration, by roads to be constructed by the State, and the adoption of a State-prison system, were among the subjects which he pressed upon the public attention. Voluminous essays on all these and other interesting and important topics, are embraced in his commonplace book. The incorporation of the "State Bank" at Albany was a scheme conceived by his mind and obtained principally through his ardent and untiring exertions.

In the promotion of these objects, he was brought into intimate association with many of the conspicuous men of the State. An intercourse with Chancellor Livingston was thus formed, which continued in a close intimacy to the termination of his patriotic career. In the correspondence of Chancellor Livingston, is included a letter written at Paris, 25th June, 1803, which is of much interest, as it presents, in a free communication of friendship, his own views of his services and his connection with the achievement of the treaty of Louisiana; and may be regarded as shedding light on that much controverted question. Mr. Watson remarks:

"My first acquaintance with this celebrated and excellent person, was in April, '92. I had devoted myself with unusual zeal, in effecting the preliminaries to the organization of the Albany Bank: in resisting strong prejudice, and combating

gross ignorance. The organization being accomplished, the next step was to secure the incorporation. This was committed to the powerful influence and talents of Gen. Schuyler, who, by the most vigorous efforts, forced it through both houses of the Legislature. At his request I went to New-York, and found the bill was suspended in the Council of Revision. The General pressed me, with great earnestness, to exert myself, as eight of the ten constitutional days for its return had already passed, and he feared an adverse decision. I labored until a late hour that night, with my uncle, Judge Hobert, who was one of the council, and succeeded in satisfying him of the justice and propriety of the measure.

"The next morning I was introduced to Chancellor Livingston, by my old travelling companion of the preceding year, Mr. Bayard. The Chancellor stated his objections, and, as he remarked, 'I was fortunate in removing them.' About noon of the same day, I was in the Senate Chamber of the old City Hall, when the Chancellor tapped me on the shoulder with the bill in his hand, saying, 'Your Bank is incorporated.'

"The second occasion which promoted our intercourse, will be explained by the subjoined letter. I had made great exertion, the winter previous, to promote a subscription for creating a fund to encourage the increase and improvement in the manufacture of maple sugar; and to obtain legislative aid to the important object. The letter of Chancellor Livingston will present his views and co-operation on the subject.

"New-York, 16*th February*, 1793.

"Sir:—On the receipt of your letter, with the sample of maple sugar, I called together the Agricultural Society, who readily agreed to give every possible support to your petition. A committee was appointed to form a memorial on that subject; but this committee, not meeting so early as I wished, I wrote to the Speaker, enclosing your representations, and urging the Legislature, in the strongest terms, to take up the business: which they accordingly did, and appointed a committee who, after conferring with the Agricultural Society, reported in favor of a bounty, as Mr. Ten Brook has informed you. It has, however, met with such opposition since, that I am satisfied (to my great regret) that it will not go through this session.

Nothing however, shall be wanting on my part, to give it success, since I am fully satisfied of the importance of the object.

"The success which your patriotic exertions, and those of the gentlemen connected with you have met with, in improving the quality of the sugar, shows the importance of this object in a very strong point of view, and appeared to have made a very good impression upon a number of gentlemen, who had hitherto considered the whole a visionary business.

"I am, sir, your most ob'd't and humble serv't,

"Robert R. Livingston.

"Mr. Elkanah Watson."

"I received from him the following letter whilst in Paris, relative to the negotiation for the cession of Louisiana, within two months only after the treaty was signed:

"Paris, 25*th June*, 1803.

"Dear Sir:—I received your favor of the 4th August, a very long time after it was written, and the necessity of making the inquiries you wished, delayed my answer till the active turn my negotiations took here, on the subject of the American claims and Louisiana, and discussions on the subject of the war, to which I was obliged to give the closest attention, in order to be well informed, and avail myself of circumstances as they arose, put almost every private concern out of my mind. I have, however, made the necessary inquiries. The sample you sent me is of that pure species of gypsum, from which many works of ornament are made, which is commonly called alabaster. It is only valuable where it can be found in very large blocks, and perfectly free from stains or fissures; and even then would be of little worth, except in countries where it would be worked to advantage. Your hill has a better and more confirmed value, in being a source of manure to all the country in its vicinity.

"I am very sorry that you cannot gratify your wishes, and spend some more of your time in Paris, which you would find very much improved. The First Consul has given great attention to this object, and independent of the immense collections of pictures, statues, books, natural history, &c., the city itself is improved. Old buildings that masked stately edifices are pulled down, and works undertaken that the Bourbons did not dare to ventnre upon. All the houses in front of the Tuilleries are pulled down, so as to enlarge the square, and show a great part of that immense building. The two streets, with all their houses on the north of the Tuilleries are also prostrated, so as to open a grand passage all around the gardens upon a line with the royal garderobe. The river Ourg is on its way to Paris, and will

afford a full supply for use and ornament. Numberless improvements are projected, and money is found for effecting them, notwithstanding the war, which, as you have learned, has begun with very great acrimony and serious fears on the part of Britain of an invasion, as serious preparations are making here for it.

"I do not know what the sentiments of a party among you may be relative to the American Government, but it is certain its reputation never stood so high as at present in Europe; and my success in getting our debts paid, and our purchase of Louisiana, have been considered as master strokes of diplomatic success—a success which was very much forwarded by the firm attitude the government took in the business of New Orleans, and a conviction of our resources for war, drawn from the President's speeches and reports of the treasury. I was happy enough to have, as you have learned, attained early in the month of March, a *personal* assurance from the First Consul *himself*, that our claims should be promptly and fully paid, and as it was impossible to go back from this, and the approach of a war made it difficult to find money, this proved a trump card in bringing them to agree to cede Louisiana, which the First Consul announced to his council, (after some very pressing notes of mine on the subject, suggesting the 8th of April,) they called on me to offer my terms on the 10th. On the evening of the 12th, Mr. Monroe arrived, when the great difficulty, (the reluctance to sell,) having been previously got over, nothing remained for our joint operations but to fix the price. This I flatter myself will not appear unreasonable to my countrymen, who know how to estimate the increasing consequence of that country.

"Having thus effected the great object of my mission, I look anxiously towards my native home, which still has more charms for me than even this fascinating city. I flatter myself with the hopes of seeing you next spring or summer, and pray you to believe that I recollect you and my other friends with you, with sufficient pleasure to be anxious to be with you again. I pray you to offer my compliments to the Governor, Lieut. Governor, Messrs. Van Rensselaer, Yates, Taylor, &c.

"I am, dear sir, with much esteem, your most obed't, humble serv't,

"ELKANAH WATSON, ESQ." "ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

"At his return from France, I was in the full tide of my agricultural operations in Pittsfield. He had previous to that time introduced some very superior Merino sheep, of the Ramboulet flock, from France. We were thus drawn together by our congeniality of sentiments and pursuits in agriculture and the arts, and often reciprocated visits. I spent some days with him in 1808, at his princely seat upon the Hudson, where he was enjoying a dignified and refined retirement. From his flock I selected the animals which I brought into Berkshire county

"In 1810 I attended his famous sheep-shearing, which attracted much attention, and acquired subsequently great newspaper notoriety. Men of great eminence, from various sections of the country, were present, and among them Col. Humphreys, Dr. Mitchell, and Mr. Muller, a German gentleman. The large company was entertained in the most elegant and sumptuous hospitality. At a public sale on this occasion, sheep were bought with great avidity, at prices varying from fifty to one thousand dollars. Although these rates appear so exorbitant, there was an animated competition, and some earnest disputes for securing the purchase of select animals. The astonishing inflation in the ideal value of sheep, which this mania created for a few years, and the depression which ensued after the bubble had burst, will be exemplified by a single fact. I purchased a beautiful buck of the Chancellor, at $175, for which I repeatedly refused one thousand dollars, and afterwards sold him for twelve dollars. Dr. Mitchell produced a brilliant description of the festival, and always classical and erudite, gave as a toast, 'The modern Argonautic expedition, whereby our Jason has enriched his country with the invaluable treasure of the golden fleece.'

"Chancellor Livingston and Col. Humphreys disputed the merit of having first introduced the Merino sheep into the United States. The former claimed to have brought them from France, and the latter that he had sent them from Spain, whilst Minister at that Court, by the way of Portugal.*

*David Humphreys was a brilliant writer, had been aid-de-camp to Washington, and was a zealous promoter of agriculture and the arts. As the relative merits of the flocks of Livingston and Humphreys is yet among wool-growers a subject of discussion, I will insert a letter from him when the controversy was at its height.

"*Humphreysville*, 18*th Sept.*, 1809.

"ELKANAH WATSON, ESQ., PITTSFIELD, MASS:

"DEAR SIR:—It is with extreme regret I am not able to comply with your wishes, in furnishing the information you seek in relation to the establishing the manufactory of woolens in your place. To speak generally, I sincerely hope the time has arrived when we can calculate on better prospects in the establishment of this important branch in our country than heretofore, which must be naturally

"The Chancellor and Judge Peters of Philadelphia also contested the merit of first promulgating in this country a knowledge of the value of gypsum as a fertilizing ingredient in agriculture.

"Chancellor Livingston, it is well known, claimed in conjunction with Fulton, the great fame of applying steam as a pro-

inferred when I have invested a great share of my means in such an establishment in this village. There are many and great difficulties to be encountered—the price of labor, want of skill, and cheapness of land, which will materially affect our cotton as well as woolen establishments. Your proposed capital is respectable, and I heartily wish you success. There is no doubt but fine wool may shortly be supplied by our own flocks. I understand some invidious observations have lately been published in Pittsfield, in comparing the breed of sheep brought by Chancellor Livingston from France, with the Merinos brought by me from Spain. All I shall say is, the excellencies or defects of the breeds or their wool must be decided by experience. It is also insinuated without truth that mine are not as select and genuine as his because they came from flocks in Spain. It is unfortunate that there should be attempts to produce parties in manufactures as well as in politics.

"The sample of your cloth is a handsome specimen and does great credit to your efforts, and offers a sure guarantee as to the future.

"I am with great respect,

"D. Humphreys."

The following extract from a letter of Chancellor Livingston, of date 12th June, 1808, exhibits his own views of his agency in the introduction of these sheep, and an estimation of the character and value of his flock:

"On the subject of Spanish sheep I have little to offer but what you have already seen. I am indeed employing my leisure moments on the natural history of sheep, which will take a general view of the different breeds of them, &c., but I know not whether I shall think it of sufficient moment to commit it to the press, or whether my other avocations (for though out of public life I am not an idle man,) will permit me to finish it. I have lately received a very fine ram from France, and send you enclosed a sample of his wool for the inspection of your Society. I think I can boast of the finest Merino flock than any other country can show, having had an opportunity of selecting them myself from the finest flocks in Europe. The Merinos are generally small and ill made. Mine have, by great attention in the selection of the breeders, by those that had the care of the national flock in France, and by my selection out of that flock myself, improved both in their form and size without any change in the quality of the wool. I also send you a sample of the Arlington wool, of which you have seen much in the papers. It was sent me by Mr. Custis, the proprietor of Arlington and Smith's Island. Be pleased to give me your opinion of this wool, and the uses to which it may be applicable."

pelling power in navigation. These assumptions have been widely and severely controverted. I regard however the fact as incontestible, that the means and science of the Chancellor, combined with the genius of Fulton, matured and perfected the system, and reduced it to practical utility. I recollect when they applied for a charter to their association for steamboat navigation, the idea prevailed that they proposed to apply the power to a common boat, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and that the project was regarded with ridicule and laughter. The Legislature would have granted them without hesitation the exclusive right they asked for one hundred years.

"The Chancellor was a very useful and benevolent man, a scholar of profound erudition, an ardent patriot, and a prompt and decided promoter of all the essential interests of the country. His name should be cherished as that of one of her best benefactors, and may his memory long live in the gratitude of his country.

"Mr. Muller, the German gentleman already referred to, was a person of rare acquirements, of great wealth, and had then established extensive manufactories at Pittsburgh. He possessed singular musical talents, and was perhaps the only person who had the power of extracting from the common Jews'-harp the most exquisite and delicate music. He used small golden instruments, and occasionally performed on two at the same time, placing one in each corner of the mouth, and would delight by his brilliant performances the most refined circles."

A correspondence occurred between Mr. Adams and Mr. Watson in the year 1797, which refers to an eventful epoch in the life of the former, and contained, probably, the earliest admonition he received, that a disaffected, or rather adverse, sentiment existed in the highest ranks of his own party, which soon after became widely diffused.

To John Adams, *President of the United States.*

"Albany, 5th *March*, 1797.

"Sir—It is now nearly seventeen years since I was first honored with your paternal letter, when a student at the College of Ancinis,

in France. Since which time I have ventured to address you on various subjects, and I have never ceased to admire the independence of your mind, and your stern republican virtues.

"Your recent elevation to the first place in the power of a grateful country to bestow, elevates you to a rank, in my mind, vastly more dignified than that of hereditary Kings and Emperors in Europe.

"To you, sir, I shall not dare to offer adulation; but I cannot repress the expression of an impulse, stimulated by gratitude and affection, which flows warm and undisguised from my heart to my pen.

"I am the more gratified, inasmuch as I know that some leading characters in this State are disappointed and chagrined at your election, although they have the hypocrisy to palm themselves off as your friends. The secret cause of this feeling, which rankles in their heart, is the known independence of your mind, and the apprehension that they cannot mould you to their party purposes.

"May you long live to honor, and shed additional lustre upon America, is the ardent prayer of your respectful friend,

"ELKANAH WATSON.

ANSWER.

"PHILADELPHIA, 17*th March*, 1797.

"SIR—I received with pleasure your polite note of the 5th inst., and thank you for your kind compliments.

"I am very much disposed to think that you have been misinformed respecting some leading characters in the State of New-York. If they have been 'disappointed,' it was in the election of the Vice-President, not mine, and that by no means on the ground 'of the known independence of my mind.'

"Inclosed is a poem, full of flattery to me, but is exquisite poetry. I have heard it was written by a Mr. Bacon, of Albany, or its vicinity, formerly of Brooklyne, Mass. I send you the poem, and desire you to let me know if there is such a person in your neighborhood, and what is his character. I am, &c.

"JOHN ADAMS."

"ELKANAH WATSON, Esq, Albany."

"P. S. I think it more likely you wrote it. Tell me."

To JOHN ADAMS, *President of the United States.*

"ALBANY, 1*st April*, 1797.

"SIR—I am honored by your favor of the 17th ult. I have had cause to regret the hint I gave in my last letter to you.

"It is now incumbent on me to remove your doubts, to develope the facts to which I alluded, and which I request may be considered confidential.

"The evening of the date of my letter to you of the 5th ult., I spent with Chancellor Livingston. He stated to me that Hamilton, Schuyler, &c., were the disappointed persons to whom I alluded, on the result of your election to the chief magistracy of the nation. The ensuing day that gentleman dined at my house, with a large company. Gen. Schuyler and Judge Hobart of the Supreme Court, were present.

"The Judge and Chancellor were at opposite points in politics, became extremely warm, and indecorously personal, at my table on the same subject. The Judge admitted the fact, but qualified it in this manner,—that Hamilton had said, in his presence, that Mr. Pinckney would, under all circumstances, have been the most proper character for President, because he was a new man, and would not draw in his train the spirit of party. A curious assertion, truly, for the most decided party leader in America!

"I have ascertained that the poem you enclosed to me, was written by a Mr. Honeywood, a lawyer residing at Salem, in this State—a poet and painter from his mother's womb—as singular in his person as Pope, although not so much deformed, and, altogether, an amiable and worthy man. You flatter my vanity, sir, by supposing me the author of that elegant poem. To be frank on that head, I could never make two lines jingle in rhyme.

"Your letter to me, with so large an enclosure, and coming so directly on the heels of your election, has given rise to some laughable incidents, and as you always allow me to write and speak to you freely, I will tell you the story in a few words.

"The publication of my Tour in Holland in 1784, had familiarized people in this quarter with your kindness to me, in various parts of Europe, especially at the Hague; that queen of cities as to beauty and elegance.

"This fact, in connection with the appearance of a formidable packet at the post-office, franked by the President of the United States, coming at the commencement of his administration, stirred up a report that I had received a foreign appointment, although I had not yet broken the seal of the packet. Unfortunately for my 'amour propre,' the place designated was the court of Algiers.

"While the report was in brisk circulation, I happened to drop into the Senate Chamber, and was hailed by all the Senators as the Algerine Ambassador.

"It was in vain to deny; some had seen the letter, others your commission, although no mortal being, but my good wife, had seen the inside of your letter.

"What an important charge is committed to your hands! What a solemn crisis. Peace or war with France, and half of Europe, is now, in some measure, committed to your hands.

"With great respect, &c.

"ELKANAH WATSON."

"It is worthy of remark, that I intimated to Mr. Adams, in the preceding letters, that Schuyler, Hamilton, &c., were his concealed political enemies, on the ground that they could neither lead or coerce him into their high-toned federal measures. The annals of America will show that in the following year Mr. Adams sent new Commissioners to France, in direct opposition to the views of a large portion of the Federal party, and that the party was broken down by that measure.

"In consequence, Hamilton publicly assailed Mr. Adams in a virulent pamphlet, in the most abusive, I may add billingsgate, style, on the charge of his obstinacy, and ruining federal views.* His virtues and firmness saved the country, and the predictions I had published were all verified and established."

* This extraordinary pamphlet, it is said, was attempted to be suppressed, by the mutual friends of Hamilton and Adams. It is now very rare, but a copy is preserved, I am informed by an intelligent antiquarian friend, in a bound volume of Pamphlets, in the New-York State Library.—[Editor.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Tour to Vermont and Lake Champlain—Ballston—Sans Souci—Manners—Saratoga—Congress Hall—Culture of Sand Plains—Glenn's Falls—Lake George—Sail Down—Beautiful Scenery—Fish—Outlet of Lake George—Ticonderoga—Crown Point—Lake Champlain—Vermont—Farms and Farmers—Vergennes—Arnold's Fleet—Burlington—Sand Bar—Grand Isle—Cumberland Head—Plattsburgh—Saranac—Indians—Country—Peru—Quakers—Splendid View from Hallock's Hill—Historic Ground—Au Sable River—Adgates' Falls—Walled Banks of the Au Sable—Willsboro' Mountains—Ferry—Valley of Otter Creek—Middlebury—Gen. Nixon—Rutland—Union College—Dr. Nott—Sermon on death of Hamilton—Incident—Politics—Letters from Dr. Nott—Party Contest, 1807—Letters on that subject from Elisha Jenkins, Thomas Tillotson, and E. C. Genet.

No further event of public interest, or calculated to exhibit the condition or progress of the country, is noticed by Mr. Watson until the year 1805. In that year, accompanied by his old travelling associate, Mr. Bayard, he made an excursion in Vermont and the northern section of this State. They left Albany on the nineteenth of August, and the ensuing day reached the "Sans Souci," in Ballston, amid scenes of elegance and gaiety.

"We seated ourselves," the journal of Mr. Watson proceeds, "at a sumptuous table, with about one hundred guests of al classes, but generally from their appearance and deportment of the first respectability, assembled here from every part of the Union and from Europe, in the pursuit of health or pleasure, of matrimony or of vice. This is the most splendid watering-place in America, and scarcely surpassed in Europe in its dimensions, and the taste and elegance of its arrangement. The building contains about one hundred apartments, all

respectably furnished. The plan upon which it is constructed, the architecture, the style of the out-buildings, and the gravel-walks girted with shrubbery—are all on a magnificent scale. What a contrast has the progress of fifteen years, since I was here in 1790, produced! Where the 'Sans Souci' now stands, was then almost an impenetrable quagmire, enveloped in trees, and deformed by stumps and fallen logs. A single one story house, situated upon the hill which overlooked this desolate valley, was the only public accommodation, and although at the height of the season, was occupied by six or eight families. I described in my journal of that day the arrangements for drinking and bathing which then existed.

"In the evening we attended a ball in a spacious hall, brilliantly illuminated with chandeliers, and adorned with various other appliances of elegance and luxury. Here was congregated a fine exhibition of the refinement of the "Beau monde." A large proportion of the assembly was from the Southern States, and distinguished by their elegant and polished manners. In the place of the old-fashioned country-dances and four-hand reels of revolutionary days, I was pleased to notice the advance of refined customs, and the introduction of the graces of Paris in the elegant cotillion and quadrille. At table I was delighted in observing the style and appearance of the company, males and females intermixed in the true French usage of 'sans souci.' The board was supplied in profusion not only with a rich variety, but with the luxuries of more sunny climes. There was a large display of servants, handsomely attired, while the music of a choice band enlivened the festivities.

"In the afternoon we arrived at Congress Hall, in Saratoga. This is a large hotel, three stories high, with galleries in front, but far inferior to the 'Sans Souci,' in dimensions and appearance. The Saratoga Springs since my first visit, have obtained great celebrity for their extraordinary medicinal properties. They are esteemed more efficacious than the Ballston waters. Saratoga is proving a formidable rival to Ballston, and it is

probable will acquire the fashionable ascendancy, and eventually become the Bath of America.

"The road to Glenn's Falls on the Hudson traverses much of the way a pine barren. These sandy soils have been considered of little value for agricultural purposes until within a few years, but the red clover tillage and the application of gypsum are found to render them very valuable for cultivation. When fully subdued and judiciously tilled they are equal in net productiveness to most lands, from the fact that they may be so cheaply and easily cultivated.

"We crossed the Hudson directly over Glenn's Falls. This is one of the most interesting cascades in America, but is little known. The variety and combination of scenery are rare and beautiful. We gazed from the bridge for a full hour in wonder and admiration upon this sublime exhibition of nature. The whole volume of the mighty Hudson rushes tempestuously down these sluices for a distance of half a mile, amid a labyrinth of obstructing islands and rocks, sometimes plunging over vertical falls, and then for some space dashing among passages of eternal rocks, foaming and surging as if nothing could resist its impetuous torrent. The works of art mingle with the majesty and beauty of nature. Mill races which conduct the stream on both sides, water-wheels in their wild gyrations and their appendages of machinery, communicate variety to the enchanting scene.

"Leaving the village of Sandy Hill on our right, we pressed forward over a bad road to the south end of the far-famed Lake George—the St. Sacrament of the French, and still more appropriate and euphonious Horicon of the Indian. Upon debouching from the forest, this lovely lake with its innumerable islands suddenly burst upon our view, revealed in all its exceeding romantic beauty. The lake, enveloped on both shores by a mountain screen which on the east side ascends into bold and lofty eminences, reposed in a long, deep gorge, its placid and unruffled waters studded by isles, whose rocky and rugged margin shelved down to the water's edge. This lake is celebrated for the depth and purity of its water,

and for the quantity and excellence of its fish. The scenery of Lake George is surpassingly grand, picturesque and beautiful. I am assured that the Lake of Geneva, so vaunted by European tourists, bears no comparison to Horicon, either in its quiet loveliness or imposing magnificence.

"We embarked early the next morning in a bateau, rowed by four men, to make the passage through the lake to its northern extremity. We coursed amid the interesting archipelago, and at noon landed and dined sumptuously upon delicious trout, fresh from the cool and pure waters. In the afternoon we entered the narrows, and were immediately in the midst of clusters of fairy islands, setting like gems upon the lake, which was itself girted by a frame work of mountains piled upon mountains. At sun-down we reached Sabbath-day Point, which projects boldly into the lake from the western shore, and here pitched our tent for the night in a barn with straw for our beds.

"Nothing could be more sublime than the effect of the setting sun, as its rays fell upon the piles of mountains which surrounded us. The day had been excessively hot. The outlines and pinnacles of the cones on the east were bathed in the fiery tinges of the burning sun—a deep relief was produced by the long, dark shadows of the western range, slowly ascending up the sides of the former, while here and there the full blaze of the sun-beam was poured through some ravines in the opposite range on the slopes facing the west."

The travellers, as they approached the northern termination, viewed Rogers' Slide, Howe's Cove, and the numerous other localities associated with the events of the French war. The vast water-power upon the outlet of Lake George, Mr. Watson describes as adequate to every hydraulic purpose, and indulges in vivid anticipation, from its proximity to the immense deposits of iron ore, and its immediate connection with Lake Champlain, of its future importance as a manufacturing position. The world scarcely presents a parallel to the extraordinary combination of illimitable water-power, always enduring and equable—peculiar commercial advantages of situation, and

a facility of access to the raw material which has been lavished by the hand of nature upon this site, but which still remains almost unoccupied and paralysed from the mistaken and contracted policy of *foreign proprietors*.

They visited the mouldering and impressive ruins of Ticonderoga. Mr. Watson speaks of this venerable fortress as "without assimilation to anything in America, and exhibiting the appearance of an ancient castle of Europe, enveloped in the mist of ages, and surrounded with the associations of centuries."

They proceeded down Lake Champlain to Crown Point. The ruins of this fortress presented still more distinct and visible evidences of its former strength and glory. The peninsula of Crown Point he describes as "formed by a gentle eminence which gradually inclines to the margin of the water. Crown Point presents a bold front to the Lake, of which we had an extensive view in the north, with rugged and lofty mountains bounding it on the west, and the far-famed chain of the Green Mountains stretching along the horizon upon the east, at a distance of several miles."

Crossing Champlain, they continued their journey in Vermont, along the eastern shore of the lake. Their route "led through a range of excellent farms occupied by substantial houses, and every appearance announcing the abodes of high-minded, intelligent, republican farmers. A few elegant seats exhibited the presence of affluence and taste." Vergennes, situated in the midst of a fertile territory, at the head of the navigation of Otter Creek, and upon a boundless water-power, was then a flourishing town, with extensive iron works in operation. In the possession of eminent advantages, it exhibited bright prospects for the future.

They travelled over a fine agricultural territory to Burlington. Near the mouth of Otter Creek their attention was drawn to the relics of Arnold's fleet, "lying in charred and blackened fragments in a deep bay, where he had ran on shore and destroyed his vessels to prevent them from becoming trophies to the vastly superior fleet of Carlton. While their

colors were still flying he burnt them, narrowly escaping with his crew, and exposed in retreating through a rude wilderness to great suffering." Mr. Watson was informed, in the tradition of the region, "that Arnold was the last man who left his ship—dropping from the bowsprit into the lake while she was enveloped in a mass of flames."

Burlington he describes as "a neat little village, principally built on a public square. The university, a three-story edifice, is erected on an eminence overlooking the village. The institution is in a depressed condition, embracing only thirty students, with a President, who constitutes the whole faculty."

Proceeding northward over bad roads they forded a belt of Champlain, by a narrow bar three miles in length, with deep water on each side, to the island of South Hero. They traversed this beautiful and highly cultivated island, and crossing a ferry to Cumberland-head, again entered the State of New-York. A pleasant road along the margin of the deep indentations of Cumberland Bay, conducted them to the village of Plattsburgh, at the mouth of the Saranac river. This was a considerable village, situated upon an excellent fall, already occupied by extensive mills. The land lying north was reported of a superior quality, and at the south spread a pine barren for several miles in the vicinity of the village. Twenty years before, the territory north of Willsboro' was an almost unbroken wilderness; at this time it was occupied by a comparatively dense population. They saw several Indians, with their birch canoes, engaged in dressing deer-skins at the foot of the falls. Plattsburgh was the northern termination of their journey.

"The township of Peru, the town next south of Plattsburgh, presents," Mr. Watson's journal remarks, "a level surface in an area of about ten miles from the lake, with a rich soil. It is well-settled, chiefly by Quakers from Duchess county, who are introducing a high cultivation. They have erected a meeting-house in the little village of Union. Soon after leaving Union we ascended Hallock's Hill, and here our pro-

gress was for some time arrested in contemplating one of the most enchanting landscapes my eye has ever rested upon. At the north as far as the horizon, a broad expanse of champaign spread before us. This level surface extends from the Au Sable river quite to Quebec, in a continuous and almost uninterrupted plain. On the west this level tract is bordered by abrupt and deeply-wooded heights, which towards the Canadian borders, seem to subside into an elevated broken surface. Although a new country just emerging from a wilderness, as far as our vision penetrated, it was dotted here and there by little hamlets, and the forests checkered by many large openings. On our right, Plattsburgh, Cumberland-head, North and South Hero, were distinctly visible. Lake Champlain, studded with its numerous islands, expanded before us in a long line of beauty and magnificence, while beyond, the eye traced half the length of Vermont, girted on the eastern horizon by the bold and lofty outline of the Green Mountains, with the spires of Burlington glittering in the sun-beams on the extreme right.

"This scene of unequalled loveliness was unfolded before us like the canvas of a vast and gorgeous painting.* In this extended view we embraced historic—almost classic—ground of deepest interest. Some three or four miles south of Plattsburgh lies Valcour Island, with a narrow strait separating it from the western shore of the lake. After the conquest of Crown Point and Ticonderoga by Amherst in 1759, the British fleet pursued and destroyed the French flotilla in a bay upon the north-east corner of this island, and thus extinguished the last vestige of the dominion of France upon the lake.

"Within the strait I have mentioned, occurred the terrific conflict between Arnold and Carlton, on the 11th of October, '76. The succeeding night Arnold exhibited a skill and ability in eluding his antagonist, equal to the daring courage and con-

* The votary and admirer of nature still visits this scene, and gazes in rapture and admiration upon a landscape which—blending in one view mountain and plain, lake and forest, village and island—combines all the elements of beauty and loveliness.—[Editor.

sumate conduct with which he had grappled with him in the unequal contest. Nine years after my visit, these waters were rendered still more illustrious as the theatre of McDonough's immortal victory. From this eminence hundreds of anxious and excited spectators viewed the battle.

"We diverged from the direct road to visit some remarkable scenery upon the Au Sable river. Adgates' Falls, and the passage of the river among cloven rocks, is a wonderful exhibition of the physical convulsions which have distorted this whole region; and were it situated in Europe its fame would for ages have been resounded, and it would have received the pilgrimages of all who love to contemplate nature in her wildest moods and most wonderful works.

"About one mile below the falls, we crossed the High Bridge, formed by timbers which span a chasm of forty-five feet in width, and one hundred and thirty feet, at this point, in depth. Travellers who have descended to the base of this abyss, pronounce it one of the most extraordinary and imposing natural curiosities in America, not exceeded in the interest and solemnity with which it impresses the mind—although of a totally different character—by the cataract of Niagara. Yet these amazing scenes are rarely visited, and are scarcely known to exist.*

* The county of Essex, in northern New-York, is pre-eminent for its rare combination of beautiful and imposing scenery. Its placid sylvan lakes and bounding rivulets are singularly blended with majestic and towering mountain groups, with lofty and appalling precipices—with dense and broad forests—and highly-cultivated fields. The whole physical arrangement of this territory seems to have been strangely upheaved and distorted by some vast convulsion of nature. The gorge mentioned by my father, and known as the "Walled banks of the Au Sable," is among the most striking and interesting of these phenomena. The river Au Sable has either forced a passage, by the gradual attrition of its current, (or it was created by the agency referred to,) through the sandstone formation from near the village of Keeseville. The walls of this gulf are at Keeseville about fifty feet in height on each side. Leaving this defile, the river glides quietly along a low valley for nearly a mile, where it suddenly leaps a vertical precipice, forming a cascade of exceeding beauty. From this point it dashes and surges along a rocky sluice, to Adgates' Falls, where it plunges into a dark abyss of sixty feet descent. Immediately above the cataract, a bridge (an arch of which rests upon

"The Au Sable river rises in the interior, amid an almost unknown and unexplored mountain tract, and pursues its course to Lake Champlain, a distance of about fifty miles, through a wild and broken country, forming a series of the most admirable 'water privileges,' which must prove of the highest importance in this region of illimitable pine forests."*

The travellers crossed the Willsboro' Mountain by a road nearly impracticable to man or beast. On the 3d September they returned to Vermont across a ferry three miles wide, in an open boat, from Willsboro' to Charlotte.

The country which they passed over, through the valley of Otter Creek, to Middlebury, was very interesting, and under fine cultivation. Middlebury was a large village, inhabited by an industrious and enterprizing population, who were preparing to embark extensively in manufactures. "In approaching Middlebury," Mr. Watson remarks, "we noticed an old man carrying a long staff, and driving a cow, whose erect

a rock in the midst of the stream,) crosses the river. This bridge is perpetually enveloped in a cloud of mist and spray. During the winter season these exhalations congealing upon the rocks and trees, present a frost-work of the most gorgeous and fantastic exhibitions. Myriads of icy columns and arches—of diamonds and pendants—glitter in the sunbeams, with the most brilliant beauty and effulgence. When the sun's rays rest upon the spray, a bright rainbow always spans the chasm. The whole combination exhibits a scene inexpressibly picturesque and magnificent. The river below the fall dashes for the distance of more than a mile, through the lofty embankments of this murky ravine, into the hidden recesses of which the eye can scarcely penetrate. The stream courses now along a natural canal, formed amid perfect layers of the sandstone, and now impetuously leaps down a sheer precipice—the walls of each side ascending in a perpendicular face, in some parts to the altitude of one hundred and fifty feet. The opposite banks, formed of exact and stupendous masonry, are rarely separated through the whole length of the ravine, more than thirty or forty feet, and often approach to within ten feet of each other. The dark foliage of the pines and cedars, which start from the crevices of the rocks and impending over, mantles the whole scene with an almost impervious canopy. The depths of the gorge may be reached by lateral fissures, which are rent in the formation. By what potent and terrific agency this wonderful work has been created, is a question which presents a wide field for interesting but doubtful speculation.—[Editor.

* The vast deposits of iron which have enriched this region and have become of national consideration, were at this time scarcely suspected to exist.—[Ed.

attitude, firm step, and venerable appearance, attracted our observation, although so humbly employed. In the course of the evening, the same person came into a house, where I had called, and I was not a little surprised to learn that he was the gallant and distinguished Gen. Nixon of the Revolution. He is eighty years old. He told me that he commenced his military career at the age of seventeen—that he commanded at the battle of Bunker's Hill a regiment of his neighbors' boys, (as he called them,) and as he expressed it, lost two-thirds of his best blood in that conflict. He was a most efficient and intelligent General Officer during the Revolution, enjoyed largely the confidence of Washington, was conspicuous in many trying events, and especially in the various battles in the vicinity of Saratoga.

"Middlebury lies on both sides of Otter Creek, and possesses admirable hydraulic power. A mill upon a novel plan is in operation, intended for sawing marble, which in large quantities, both white and black, obtained from extensive quarries in the vicinity, is here manufactured. A college struggling in infancy, has just been established here. We travelled from Middlebury to Rutland, parallel to Otter Creek, upon a fine road, winding through an interesting valley, amid highly improved and excellent farms. The ensuing day we returned to Albany."

Mr. Watson in this period was earnestly engaged in promoting the interest of Union College. He zealously co-operated with its friends in procuring endowments from the Legislature, and devoted much time, expense, and personal labor, in the improvement and embellishment of the grounds of the institution. The poplars which formed the Academic grove that surrounded the old college edifice, and many which formerly stood in the streets of Schenectady, were principally purchased and transported from Albany at his private expense, and part of them planted by his own hand. He was influenced in making these efforts not only by the ardent zeal he always felt for the advancement of every educational object, but by a personal sympathy with his intimate and cherished friend, the president of the college, Doct. Nott,

who was then laboring to sustain it, and by his energetic and zealous efforts was laying the broad foundations of its future prosperity and usefulness.

Doct. Nott during his ministry in Albany was for a considerable time an inmate in the family of Mr. Watson. There was upon the house the latter occupied a platform or observatory, to which the Doctor often retired to write in seclusion and quiet. Among the discourses delivered by him in Albany was the great and celebrated sermon on the death of Hamilton, which at once placed its author in the highest position among the pulpit orators of the age, and after the lapse of half a century, remains unsurpassed in its deep pathos and splendid eloquence.

Both Hamilton and Burr were on terms of social intimacy with Mr. Watson, and frequently met together as guests at his table. This gave to the fatal meeting, which took place between them, a deeper interest to him.

An incident sprang out of this duel (which it is known proved fatal to Hamilton) that might, by a slight change in the circumstances, have proved fatal to his eulogist.

On a particular occasion, when conversing upon the fall of Hamilton, Mr. Watson taking from his trunk an old travelling pistol, undertook to explain to Doctor Nott the manner in which these meetings of honor were conducted; and having indicated the distance and the stations occupied by the parties, raised his pistol, and repeating the usual count, and giving the usual word—fire! He suited the action to the word, and snapped the pistol. To his utter astonishment it went off, indenting the opposite wall of the room, with its contained bullet, at the very place where Doctor Nott had been standing, and from which he had just stepped aside.

For the first and nearly the last time, Mr. Watson was warmly and prominently enlisted in a contest of mere party politics, in 1807, as an active leader (as I infer from the character of the newspaper assaults upon him) of what was then known as the "Quid party." This fact will explain the allusion in the following playful and familiar letter of Doctor

Nott, written by him to Mr. Watson the same year, soon after the removal of the latter to Pittsfield, Mass.:

"And is it so?—Is the 'Northern Sentinel,' who has remained faithful on his watch through many a stormy night, when the winds beat and the rain fell—who has scrutinized the insidious windings and resisted the open approaches of the enemy, at length to desert his post, and leave his old friend literally in the ditch?—Who will order the secret movement and indite the public bulletins, preparatory to the next grand engagement after a three years armistice? The Republic—the Republic!—this sudden *advance* into retirement I consider a kind of political treachery, a dereliction of the principles of '76.

"But politics aside, have you in good earnest, after spending twelve or fourteen years in paving, improving, ornamenting and refining, brought your mind to leave the most delectable, the most fascinating, the most captivating of all terrestrial cities, and for what?—a country-house and a fish-pond!

"Have you become so depraved, as to prefer the simple aromatic breeze that wafts nothing but odors of roses and wild flowers, to the life giving *gases* which are generated and combined in the sewers of a city;—the carols of birds and the prattle of children, to the clatter of wagons and the *dunder* and *blakesum* of ——;—the cool breezes and the shady grove, to the narrow lanes, the suffocating air, and burning sun and muddy streets of a *quondam duck pond;*—the ease and leisure of the country, to the buckram, the prim formality and unmeaning courtesy of a city life? Oh, Elkanah, Elkanah! thou art beside thyself! I shall tell thy wife to put on thee a straight jacket, confine thee to a dark chamber, and feed thee on depletion. And about the time when thou art recovered to thy sober senses I shall come to see thee, and then, if thou wilt give me thy country-seat and fish-pond, I, a philosopher, a hermit, will stay and live there, and permit thee again to return to thy former habitation, to pump water out of thy celler in the spring,—to suffocate in the streets in the summer, and make dinners for the Legislature in the winter, together with all the joys of bickering, wrangling, defaming, sneering, lying, and even fighting with clubs and pistols—Yes to enjoy all these pleasures and many thereunto belonging.

"As to the ——— $10,000 more or less, I am already depleted. I will give thee the amount in advice. So then, I advise thee to give up the thought of leaving thy new plantation and remain where thou art; or if thou wilt quit the field to do so, determining as the Republic has abandoned thee that thou wilt abandon it. Leave Mr. J. and Mr. C. to manage their affairs in their own way, and do nothing more than sing in thy retirement, *Vive la Republique.* Let thy life be devoted to literature, to agriculture and religion—revise thy old journals and publish them or make new ones—but avoid politics.

"My best respects to madam; tell her I hope she will make a good country wife and lay aside the city airs. And as to Miss Emilie, let her sing in response to the robins, before sun rise, and ramble and grow ruddy. George must feed the ducks, and Mary weed the flowers, and—and what is his name?—Charles catch the butterflies.

"Yours as ever,

"E. Nott.*

"Elkanah Watson."

The following extracts of letters, from conspicuous actors in the political conflict of 1807, reveal a vehemence of personal feeling and bitterness seldom excited by mere party collisions. They are selected from the correspondence of the friends and antagonists of Mr. Watson, in that contest.

Extract from a Letter of Col. Elisha Jenkins, *former Comptroller of the State, dated*

"Albany, *Aug.* 12*th*, 1807.

"Your letter of the 6th was this moment opened, and it gave me pleasure on inspecting the inscription, to feel that you had not entirely forgotten me. I have too many pleasant retrospects connected with our acquaintance, which commenced at a very early period of my life, to be willing to sacrifice them all on account of a mere difference in politics. I will, however, in reply to your apostrophe to the folly of mankind, make only one remark. There is a principle in human nature which binds us closely to those whose views, inter-

*In introducing the above letter from Doctor Nott, which is selected from a voluminous correspondence that is well worth preserving as beautiful models of epistolary style, I feel that I have scarcely violated the rule I have prescribed to myself, not to publish the correspondence of living persons, for his venerable age, his high position, and eminent talents, have already placed his name in the "Pantheon of history." I have been deeply gratified by the following valued tribute to my father's memory and benediction upon my own labors, embraced in the closing paragraph of a note dated September 8th, 1854.

"Hoping you may succeed in placing the character of your honored father in its true light before the public,

"I am very truly yours,

"E. Nott.

"W. C. Watson."

ests and pursuits, are congenial to our own—when the tie is broken by the secession of either party, it produces, by force of the same principle, a correspondent change of our attachments, so long as the new state of things lasts, and in proportion as we personally feel its effects. But do not conclude from hence, that my composition is of that vindictive cast, that renders it impossible for me to think well of a man who differs from me in opinion. I will candidly own to you, that I feel no resentment against you for the part you have acted in the late political struggle in this State, and if I have betrayed any coolness in my intercourse with you, during or since the controversy, remember, my friend, that I have smarted under an accumulation of wrongs, which I shall always think had their origin in the vindictive rancor of a man who felt disposed to persecute, because he had, without adequate cause, misrepresented and traduced me. Under this conviction do you think it compatible with the feelings of our nature, that I could have retained the usual complacency towards my old acquaintances and friends, who were parties to this system of persecution and abuse? Your own good sense and knowledge of the human heart will readily furnish an answer. However, the conflict is over, and with the occasion I am disposed to bury my resentments, for I am well-assured that even among *Quids*, I can find some who still feel a spark of friendship for me, and towards whom I reciprocate the same sentiment; among these it will always give me pleasure to include yourself."

Extract of a Letter from THOMAS TILLOTSON, *former Secretary of State.*

"RHINEBECK, *May 28th*, 1807.

"DEAR SIR,

"I set off to meet you at Chancellor Livingston's, according to your appointment; but alas! what are verbal engagements in these degenerate times, when revolution follows revolution, in morals and politics, as the wave follows the one that precedes it. The issue of the late elections has terminated in favor of the Cheethamites, the Gibbetsites, Hittites, (cudgellers,) and Parasites. Now, if you can find among the nations of the earth so many tribes, factions, and banditti, of an equal standing in morals, and who wield the sceptre of an independent State, I will admit you to be Dr. Mitchell's equal in knowledge of antiquity. In making this broad declaration, recollect that I do not mean to extend the right of selection to the Jewish tribes terminating in *ites*, for I admit that they, in some instances, might have outstripped in profligacy even Cheatham and his followers. So much for politics, such as they are."

The succeeding letter was written to Mr. Watson by Ed-

mund C. Genet, the former French Minister, but at the period of its date a citizen of the United States:

"PROSPECT HILL, *May* 1*st*, 1807.

"DEAR SIR—The constant firing which has been kept up on me during the election, has obliged me to be at all times at the battery, on the defensive, and that circumstance, in combination with other business, has not allowed me to answer sooner your very friendly letter. Be well assured, sir, that I have not considered you the author of the miserable libels published against me in the "Crisis," and particularly the letters of the Quaker or Shaker, which have been attributed to you. My long acquaintance with you, which dates from the year 1793, in New-York, has convinced me that you were a well-informed and sociable gentleman, and accordingly I could not take you for the scribbler of productions which denote so much perversity and ignorance.

"I regret exceedingly that the contagious air of your neighborhood* has made you lose, in the opinion of many, the belief which I myself entertained, in your firm attachment to the cause of liberty and republicanism; but as your apparent change must be attributed entirely to that local circumstance, I have done my best to remove the furor of that epidemic, and being confident of success, I hope that in future nothing will obliterate our former intimacy. Mrs. Genet joins in respects to her amiable friend, your worthy lady, and in compliments to yourself. I am, with those sentiments,

"Dear sir, your ob't serv't,

"E. C. GENET."

* Mr. Watson was the near neighbor of Gov. Lewis.—[EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Removal to Pittsfield—Berkshire County—State of Manufactures and Agriculture—Introduction of Improved Stock—First Exhibition—Efforts to Promote Improvements—Letter from Elbridge Gerry—Organization of Berkshire Agricultural Society—Plan, Operations, and History of it—Its Influences and Effects—Description of a Fair by a Virginian—The War of 1812—Letters from Chancellor Livingston and Col. Humphreys—Letters from John Adams on that subject and Agriculture.

In June, 1807, in accordance with a long cherished desire, which had grown and strengthened by the observation and experience of twenty years, Mr. Watson retired from the city in pursuit of rural occupations and felicity. He purchased an elegant mansion, connected with an extensive farm, near the beautiful village of Pittsfield, in Massachusetts. Here, at the age of fifty, he commenced his agricultural career. His only error, in the adoption of this pursuit, he remarks, was, that he embraced it at too late a period of life—after his habits and feelings had been moulded by a long residence in cities.

The county of Berkshire, pre-eminent in New-England for the rich beauty and attraction of its scenery,—was his residence for a period of nine years, and the theatre of his most effective and valuable labors in the promotion of agriculture and manufactures.

The system of husbandry which prevailed in that district was antiquated and defective,—with little guidance of science, or the influence of modern progress. The sheep of the country were uniformly of the coarse, loose-wooled, native varieties. The swine were of breeds equally defective and unprofitable. The dairies were formed of animals of inferior qualities. These characteristics of the agricultural aspect of Berkshire were not peculiar or confined to that county; but at that period distinguished the husbandry of New-England. The exuberant soil of the interior of New-York, and the still more

opulent West, then first opened to emigration—yielded an abundant and spontaneous harvest, without the application of science and improved tillage. The sterile earth of Massachusetts was abandoned and neglected by much of its most vigorous population, for the fascinating allurements of these more favored regions.

At that period manufacturing industry and skill were restricted almost exclusively to the domestic circle. That vast fountain of wealth and prosperity to New-England had not yet been revealed. The rock was still to be stricken. In the autumn of 1807 Mr. Watson procured the first pair of Merino sheep which had been introduced into the county of Berkshire, if not in the State of Massachusetts. "I was induced," he says, in the History of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, published in 1820, "to notify an exhibition, under the lofty Elm Tree, on the public square, in Pittsfield, of these two sheep. Many farmers, and even females, were attracted to this first novel and humble exhibition. From this lucky incident I reasoned thus: if two animals are capable of exciting so much attention, what would be the effect of a display on a larger scale of different animals? The farmers present responded to my remarks with approbation. We thus became acquainted, and from that moment to the present hour, Agricultural Fairs and Cattle Shows, with all their connections, have predominated in my mind, greatly to the prejudice of my private affairs.

"The winter following I addressed, through the press, the farmers of Berkshire, with a view to the spread of Merino sheep,—which I considered invaluable, especially in the hilly districts of New-England. The wool, which came from the two sheep referred to, was, with infinite pains, manufactured by the best artists then in the county into a piece of blue cloth. It far excelled any fabric which had yet appeared. A detail of its manufacture and expense per yard, was published extensively in the papers; and samples of the article were exhibited in the principal cities. This may be regarded as the

origin of the woollen factories of Berkshire; which will now vie with the best European fabrics.

"In 1808, I obtained from Duchess county, New-York, a pair of small-boned, short-legged pigs, known as the grass-fed breed. The old stock gradually disappeared, and the community largely gained by the exchange. The same year I purchased, and introduced, a young bull of a celebrated English stock, with a view of ameliorating the breed of cattle."

Although the public mind was slowly, but decisively, maturing to the apprehension of the value and importance of these objects, Mr. Watson seems to have stood almost alone in advocating them, and exposed to the shafts of ridicule and satire.

On the 1st of August, 1810, an Appeal, on the subject of a "Cattle Show," was written by Mr. Watson, and addressed to the farmers of the county. This Appeal was signed by twenty-six persons, and appointed an exhibition of stock on the ensuing 1st of October. It closed in the following language:—"It is hoped this essay will not be confined to the present year, but will lead to permanent cattle shows; and that an incorporated Agricultural Society will emanate from these meetings, which will be hereafter possessed of funds sufficient to award premiums." This effort was eminently successful.

The following note, from Elbridge Gerry, at that time Governor of Massachusetts, was in reply to a communication of Mr. Watson, previous to the organization of the Berkshire Society, invoking the aid of the Executive and Legislature of that State, for the promotion of its agriculture and manufactures:—

"Cambridge, *4th Feb.*, 1811.

"Dear Sir,

"I have perused with great pleasure your letters of the 13th and 17th of January. I shall promote, in every possible way, the preservation and increase of Merino sheep, and the manufacture of woollen cloths.

"The New-York laws are enclosed to the Hon. Mr. Childs, who also appears zealous in promoting these important objects.

"I thank you for your offer to supply me with some of your excellent manufactures.

"Your observations in regard to emigration from this State, and to the best mode to prevent it, and to profit by our prolific hive, appear to me very correct, and they do not escape the attention of the legislature.*

"Being in great haste, I have only time to add my assurances of esteem and regard, and that I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

"E. GERRY.

"MR. WATSON."

In the ensuing winter the Society received a charter from the Legislature of Massachusetts, and the preliminaries were perfected for a formal and extended festival, in the succeeding September. The event was highly auspicious. The day was beautiful, and at an early hour the village was thronged by thousands of excited and interested spectators.

Fine domestic animals were seen approaching the place of exhibition from every direction. The procession Mr. Watson commemorates, "as splendid, novel, and imposing, beyond anything of the kind ever exhibited in America. It cost me (he says) an infinity of trouble, and some cash; but it resulted in exciting a general attention in the Northern States, and placing our Society on elevated ground. In this procession were sixty-nine oxen, connected by chains, drawing a plough held by the oldest man in the county;—a band of music;—the Society, bearing appropriate ensigns, and each member decorated with a badge of wheat in his hat.† A platform, upon wheels, followed, drawn by oxen, bearing a broadcloth loom and spinning jenny, both in operation, by English artists, as the stage moved along. Mechanics with flags—and another platform filled with American manufactures. The pens were handsomely occupied by some excellent animals."

* NOTE.—This was developed in my first Address, Sept. following, viz., the renovation of worn out farms, and the introduction of an improved system of agriculture.—*Mem. on Letter.*

† "Considering wheat as a peculiar emblem of Agriculture, I conceived the idea on this occasion of drawing a line, not only between members and spectators, but also between the farmer and officers of the Society. The members bore two heads of wheat, tied with a pack thread, and the officers three heads, secured by a green ribbon."

Mr. Watson, as President of the Society, delivered the Address to an audience that filled the spacious church; and announced the premiums, (which only amounted to seventy dollars,) for the most meritorious animals. The Society had no means of extending the premium list to agriculture, farms, or domestic manufactures.

From this period the great obstacle to the successful progress of the Society was created by the difficulty of obtaining funds. The adverse public sentiment had been subdued. Encouraged by gentlemen from Boston, who had been present at the late exhibition of the Society, Mr. Watson proceeded to that place at his own expense, and spent a month in soliciting aid. "Although our efforts were highly applauded, and I was greatly distinguished in the legislature by personal attention, all my exertions were unavailing. I found myself pursuing an *ignis fatuus*. Much humbled and mortified with this abortive begging expedition, I returned to Pittsfield, after expending about one hundred and fifty dollars."

The exhibition of 1812 was distinguished by a great increase of premiums, amounting in the aggregate to $208. Mr. Watson exhibited on this occasion a piece of superfine broadcloth, made from the down of his wool. This cloth formed an era in the progress of American manufactures, and excited a strong interest throughout the country. The President of the United States, and several other eminent public men, were clothed in it.

"Satisfied," Mr. Watson observes in his History, "of the propriety of solemnizing these occasions, by mingling religious exercises with appropriate addresses, and the delivery of premiums, and as peculiarly proper, in devout acknowledgment for the blessings of the year, and being also impressed with the belief that the measure would tend to give popularity to the Society among the graver classes of the community, we suggested our wishes to several of the clergy who were present, soliciting their co-operation in our views. They hesitated, probably regarding our measures the bubble of the moment, and that by participating in it they would make themselves

ridiculous. One, however, at length assented, and ascending the pulpit, offered an animated pastoral prayer. Odes, adapted to the occasion, were sung by a full choir.

"It was considered of the first importance to the success of the Society, to enlist the sympathies and to arouse the interest of the females of the country in its operations. To effect this object a separate day was appointed, and several valuable premiums of silver plate were exclusively devoted to them, to be awarded on domestic industry. The day arrived, a large room was prepared, many superior articles of domestic manufactures, especially woollens and linens, were exhibited; but no female appeared to claim the premiums. This was the crisis, and I was extremely agitated lest the experiment should fail. Native timidity, and the fear of ridicule, restrained them. No one dared be the first to support a new project. To break down this feeling we resorted to a manœuvre, which in an hour accomplished our wishes. I left the Hall, and with no small difficulty prevailed on my good wife to accompany me to the house of exhibition. I then dispatched messengers to the ladies of the village, announcing that she waited for them at the Cloth Show. They poured out:—the farmers' wives and daughters, who were secretly watching the movements of the waters, also issued forth,—and the Hall was speedily filled with female spectators and candidates for premiums. This was one of the most grateful moments of my life. I immediately arose in the rear of the table, on which the glittering premiums were displayed, and delivered a formal address."

In reference to this effort at promoting domestic manufactures, Mr. Watson remarks: "The vast effects which will grow out of this system, when these societies shall become general, are beyond the reach of figures, by arresting our Colonial degradation and dependence on foreign countries, especially for articles of clothing. Perhaps the nett gain to the nation may equal the benefit which agriculture will derive from these institutions.

"Although the Legislature was deaf to our earnest and repeated applications for aid, and insensible to the progress the

Society was making, in overcoming the wretched system of husbandry which had pervaded the whole of New-England, and in the improvement of stock; yet, by individual efforts, the funds of the Society were so augmented, that it was enabled to offer the various departments an aggregate of premiums, amounting to four hundred dollars. An interesting and novel feature in the practical operation of the Society, was adopted on the suggestion of a very intelligent member of the Executive Committee, which is worthy of notice and imitation. A committee of prominent farmers was selected; and the duty devolved upon them of traversing the county, in the month of July, when the fields were in full luxuriance, and to examine and award premiums on the standing crops which had been entered for competition."

In an address before the Otsego Society, in 1817, he thus notices this striking inquisition: "To see a group of the most respectable farmers (as if under the solemnity of an oath,) personally inspecting in their midst, fields of grain, grass, vegetables, &c., and also the state of the orchards, buildings, fences and farming utensils; and to witness the anxious candidate for premiums, attentively hearing every lisp favorable to his husbandry or probable success, is more exhilarating to the pride of patriotism, than to view the gorgeous pageantry of palaces, and their pampered tenants decorated in gold." Efforts were made to derive aid from the ample funds of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society. These applications were not successful, but led to an interesting correspondence between Mr. Adams and Mr. Watson, which will be inserted in succeeding pages.

In 1814, the operations of the Society had become widely diffused, and its prosperity warmly cherished in the interests, and deeply implanted in the affections of the community. Having digested and matured a system of by-laws for the government of the Society, Mr. Watson, at the annual festival, withdrew from its Presidency.

More than forty years have elapsed since the organization of this Society; it still exists the institution of the county, exerting a powerful and benignant influence upon its agricultural

progress and improvement; the pattern and examplar upon which others have been formed, not only in New-England and New-York, but in the remote southern and western States. Other nominal agricultural associations had preceded it, but the plan of the Society of Berkshire was original and peculiar. In the language of Mr. Watson, "others had too much depended on types." The principle of the modern plan, was to address the interests and the sentiments of the people. The public exhibition of choice animals, while it made them familiar to the farming community, attracted its attention to their beauty and value, and to the importance of their introduction. It aroused the emulation of the farmers, and by the brilliant display of premiums excited their self-interest. Competition in crops awakened scientific investigations, and their practicable application. The management and the appliances, by which the fortunate competition had secured success, were described and widely adopted. Domestic industry was fostered, and its labors accelerated. Farmers, at the fairs and business meetings of the Society, were brought into intercourse, and were led to act in concert, and to appreciate the dignity and importance of their vocation. The experience and observation of nearly half a century have unquestionably suggested many essential modifications and improvements; but the Agricultural Societies of the present day continue to be modelled upon the plan and the system which was originated in Berkshire.

Two years after the resignation of Mr. Watson, the President of the Society, in his annual address, uttered an emphatic comment upon its measures and influence. He says, "Only six years ago, the agricultural concerns of the county were stationary. Few, if any, valuable improvements were attempted. Ind fference and unconcern seemed to have pervaded society. In 1810, the genius of the county shook off the slumbers of its husbandmen, and the spirit of improvement commenced Under the auspices of your Association, a career of usefulness was resumed and diligently promoted. The former state of things has given way to a new condition; unfolding to us improvements, in variety and usefulness, surpassing the most

sanguine expectations. Every department of rural employment demonstrates an intelligent cultivation and effectual good management. In the selection and rearing of domestic animals, more correct information prevails, and greater emulation is awakened. The vast increase, variety and excellence in our crops, satisfy our warmest desires, and leave us nothing to envy in the most favored regions of the west."

At a later period, when the Society had exerted six years more of effort and influence, Thomas Gold, Esq., its third President, and a conspicuous citizen of Berkshire, thus adverts to the origin and operations of the Society, and its elevated position: "We all rejoice to find that you still take a deep interest in all that relates to the fame and prosperity of this highly useful institution. It was formed under your auspices, and was reared to its present enviable condition, by unusual efforts and great expenditure. Its fame and influence have extended over the entire surface of the United States; its example followed; its approbation courted by its extended offspring. It has been recognized, as well in Europe as America, as an original, novel plan, and the most excellent organization ever conceived to promote the great interests under its patronage."

The vivid description of one of the early festivals of this Society, contained in a letter of a highly respectable southern gentleman, to a friend in Virginia, possessed peculiar interest, as reflecting the views and feelings of an intelligent and dispassionate spectator, as they were formed at the moment. The letter was extensively published in the newspapers of that period. "I have been delighted with the whole proceedings through two successive days. Every thing was conducted with perfect decorum and system. The exhibition of agricultural products, of prime animals and household manufactures, were extremely interesting the first day; and from the spirit which seemed to be infused into every individual, male and female, much good doubtless has resulted from this noble institution; and I trust much remains yet in store."

"It is impossible to express to you the impressive scene at

the church. A procession of respectable farmers formed the second day, each with a wheat cockade in his hat; the clergy and honorary members also mounted this appropriate badge of the Society. In the procession were flags, having emblems of agriculture and manufactures; also music and a plough. On entering a spacious church, well filled, the first object that attracted my attention was a handsome display of highly polished silver plate, consisting of spoons, bowls, tumblers, tea apparatus, &c., placed to great advantage on a table, in front of the pulpit. The ceremony commenced with an animated pastoral prayer. At its close, my heart thrilled with emotions difficult to express, to see a long line of beautiful females, and as many men, in the opposite gallery, rise at the same moment. My first impressions were much increased by the elegant and dignified manner in which they sang an appropriate ode, composed for the occasion, exceeding any thing of the kind I had ever heard. In the rear of the leader were an organ and a band of music.

"The most interesting of all the proceedings, was the Reports of the Committees, especially the detailed Report of the Visiting Committee of Agriculture. The President announced from the pulpit, immediately after his address: "As premiums are proclaimed for females, they will please arise in their places, and the head Marshal will deliver to each her premium and certificate of *honorable testimony*. The instant the name of the successful candidate was announced, the eyes of an exhilarated audience were flying in every direction, impelled by the strongest curiosity, to see the fortunate blushing female, with downcast eye, raising both her hands, as the Marshal approached with one to receive her premium, and the other her certificate. The effect cannot be described; it must be seen to be realized. I sincerely hope that the time is not remote, when these patriotic and laudable exhibitions, so well calculated to promote improvement in agriculture and domestic manufactures, will be familiar to every part of the Union. They must not be confined to Berkshire, as their extension cannot fail to prove of immense national utility."

The extracts which follow from a letter of Chanceller Livingston, dated 29th June, 1810, and another of Gen. Humphreys, October 6, 1812, exhibit some intresting facts relative to the introduction of the Merino sheep, and on the general subject of wool growing.

"I think with you, that the high price will introduce Merinos as long as the port of Lisbon remains open and the British armies are on the frontier of Spain. It is probable too, that numbers will be inferior sheep, that may rather tend to discredit than improve our stock. Some good ones, however, will be introduced, and so far the country will be benefited. I believe also, that sheep will now be brought from all parts of the world, and perhaps useful races be obtained. The papers mention the arrival of a Cashmerean at Boston. The Cashmerean wool is reported to be very fine, and it may possibly make a valuable cross with the Merino.

"I am with much esteem, dear Sir, yours,

"Robert R. Livingston.

"Elkanah Watson, Esq."

"It affords me vast pleasure to learn that you are to have so elegant a display of fine animals and superfine cloths, and my regret in not having the opportunity of witnessing and appreciating them is the more sensible, from the sudden and flattering manner in which these objects have been improved and augmented in your county, and the contiguous parts of the State. The pleasure and admiration are the further increased in contemplating and reperusing the correspondence with yourself and a Mr. Danforth, with which I was honored some years ago. I judge it will not be unamusing or unprofitable to publish some parts of them with my answers, when I shall bring together, and submit to the public eye, some views of the introduction of the fine wooled breed of sheep into this country, and the subsequent influence of this measure on the agriculture and manufactures of the country. I have within a few days past received some very interesting communications from Europe, on subjects connected with that of this letter. The greatest exertions are now making in the United Kingdom of Great Britain to improve and extend the Merino breed of sheep, from a full conviction that *every country must hereafter look to its own resources for a supply of fine wool.* This and many other important facts are demonstrated, by the second report of the Merino Society of Great Britain, as well as in a private letter from its President, Sir Joseph Banks, who in his character of President of the Royal Society has given me much instruction and valuable information. His letter was dated a few days

before it was known in England that war had been declared by this country

"I am very respectfully, your obd't serv't,

"D. HUMPHREYS.

"E. WATSON, ESQ."

The correspondence of Mr. Watson at this period with Chancellor Livingston and Col. Humphreys, was very voluminous, and related chiefly to the introduction of Merino sheep their treatment and advantages, and the probable national results of the measure. These letters are in my possession. The bundle which contains them has this endorsement in my father's writing: "From Chancellor Livingston and Col. Humphreys—an interesting correspondence on the subject of Merino sheep, is worthy the attentive examination of the curious in future times." I will only here extract one passage, as illustrative of the character of this correspondence, from a letter of Chancellor Livingston, dated 13th November, 1808:

"The samples you have sent me of your cloth, are full and satisfactory proofs of our ability to manufacture as good cloth as we shall wish to wear; as well as the great importance of cultivating the Merino breed, in preference to any other. With a few more disciples as zealous as you, I doubt not that my object will be accomplished, and I shall have the satisfaction of thinking that my old age and retirement are not wholly useless to the community. My introduction of this breed of sheep under a shape and size that does not present them disagreeably at first sight—and my illustration of their advantages by plain and undeniable facts and calculations, have had a wonderful effect, and I find have spread further than I expected, among the intelligent farmers of the neighboring States. I am glad to find you are pursuing the same course; your statement is clear and convincing. I have now made up the account of profit and loss of this year of my flock, consisting of one hundred and forty-five Merinos of different grades, together with forty two common ones, making the whole flock one hundred and eighty seven. And the result, after the payment of all expenses, including four hundred and nine dollars on three rams hired out, one of them only three quarter blood, is a clear profit on rams, lambs, and wool, of $2,696, being $14½ per head. I doubt not from the improved blood of my present flock, and my having a greater number of Merino rams

and but twenty-nine picked common sheep, that they will next year, if I am fortunate in the lambs, bring me $4,000."

Although Mr. Watson was a Republican in the highest and most emphatic acceptation of the term, he had rarely mingled in the strife of mere party conflicts—he was never shackled to the car of any political sect. Regarding, however, the policy of England as an aggression and outrage upon the rights and character of the Republic, he earnestly sustained the measures which resulted in the war of 1812, and yielded to the support of that issue all the patriotic ardor and energy of his character. The following letters of Mr. Adams, to which I have already adverted, exhibit, in an interesting and elevated aspect, the views and sentiments of that single-minded and ardent patriot on this momentous subject, at the period of its imminent crisis:

"QUINCY, 6*th July*, 1812.

"DEAR SIR:—I am favored with your letter of the 28th ult. It has revived the recollections of our former acquaintance in France, England, and Holland, as well as in several parts of our country. I think, with you, that it is the duty of every considerate man to support the national authorities in whoseever hands they may be. To your allusion to the war, I have nothing to say. But it is with surprise I hear it pronounced, not only by newspapers, but by persons in authority, ecclesiastical and civil, political and military, that it is an unjust and an unnecessary war, and that the declaration of it was altogether unexpected, &c. How is it possible that a rational, a social, or a moral creature can say that the war is *unjust*, is to me utterly incomprehensible. How it can be said to be unnecessary is very mysterious. I have thought it both just and necessary for five or six years. How it can be said to be unexpected is another wonder. I have expected it more than five and twenty years, and have had great reason to be thankful that it has been postponed so long. I saw such a spirit in the British Islands, when I resided in France, in Holland, and in England itself, that I expected another war much sooner than it has happened. I was so impressed with the idea, that I expressed to Lord Landsdowne (formerly Lord Shelburne,) an apprehension that his lordship would live long enough to be obliged to make, and that I should live long enough to see another peace made between Great Britain and America. His lordship did not live long enough to make the peace, and I shall not probably live long enough to see it; but I have lived to

see the war that must be followed by a peace, if the war is not eternal.

"Our Agricultural Societies may not be so much regarded, but the great interests of agriculture will not be diminished by the war. Manufactures also will be promoted.

"Your sincere friend,

"JOHN ADAMS.

"ELKANAH WATSON, ESQ.,

"*President Berkshire Agricul. Society.*"

The ensuing extract is selected from a long letter, a part of which has been inserted in preceding pages, and another portion I do not feel at liberty to publish.

"QUINCY, *July 15th*, 1812.

"DEAR SIR:—In answer to your letter of the 9th, I have only to say, you may do as you please with my letter of the 6th. But if you expect that any opinion of mine will have any influence, you will find yourself mistaken." * * * * * *

I regret not to find copies of the letters of Mr. Watson in connection with the correspondence of Mr. Adams, which follows, as they doubtless would elucidate many of the allusions and positions of the latter.

"QUINCY, *Aug.* 10, 1812.

"DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 19th July is yet unacknowledged. The first page compels me to say that the real cause of the rancorous virulence with which I have been treated by all parties—French and English—democratical and aristocratical—and I might add Presbyterian and anti-Presbyterian—has been that I never was, and never could be, a passive tool of any party—demagogue or pedagogue. While I was swimming in the full tide of popularity, and had more business at the bar in Boston than any lawyer there, whig or tory, I engaged in favor of Capt. Preston and his soldiers, in March, 1770. The whigs were shocked and enraged, yet they could not give me up.

"They conquered their disgust and resentment so far as to choose me representative of Boston, in May. I got the trial postponed to the next fall, that the raging flames might not consume all truth, honor, law, equity, and humanity. At the trial in the fall, I labored like what?—like what? Shall I say like a dray-horse—like a plantation slave—or a coal-heaver, for fourteen days, and obtained verdicts that God and man will approve. What was the consequence?

Curses and denunciations in every street in Boston, with the loss of more than half my business at the bar! From that time to this I have been the butt, the target for wanton libellers. All parties have thought themselves safe in belching out any nauseous billingsgate against me.

"My motive for inquiring into your conversation at Birmingham is this. I have reason to believe that Governor Hutchinson, Chief Justice Oliver, all the judges and ministerial people who were in the secret, imputed to me the impeachment of the judges. They thought me the original suggester, the principal supporter, and the most efficient conductor of that process. When you told me that "they feared me more than any or all other men as the author of the Revolution," I suspect that they meant and considered me as the author of that impeachment, and that impeachment as the *pivot* on which the Revolution turned. I wished to know whether that impeachment was mentioned or recollected in any of your conversation at Birmingham.

"It has pleased God to prolong my life to such an age, that I can review all parties and recollect all distinguished characters, from 1755 to 1812. I can compare Hutchinson with Washington, Sewall and Oliver with Marshall and Parsons, Hancock with nobody—he never had his equal in generosity—but in political stability with Dickinson, James Otis and Sam. Adams, with Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, &c., &c., &c.

"As nothing promotes party politics, spiritual and temporal, so much as pilgrimages, it would not be very astonishing if pilgrimages to Mount Vernon should become as fashionable and as necessary to worldly promotion, if not to eternal salvation, as those to Mecca, Loretto, or Saint Jago of Compostella—I scarcely dare hint at the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem and the Crusades. The sordid panegyrics increase almost as fast as the sordid philippics. Adulation is as base and as ill applied as vilification and reproach, thus confounding all degrees and distinctions of virtue and vice, and opening the gates to corruption of the deepest and darkest dye.

"As President of the old Massachusetts Agricultural Society, I have laid before our trustees your representations to me in quality of President of the Berkshire Agricultural Society. I am sorry to be obliged to say that those gentlemen are clearly of opinion they could not comply with your request consistently with the design of the institution, or the letter and spirit of our charter.

"I am respectfully and affectionately your friend,

"John Adams.

"Elkanah Watson, *Pittsfield.*"

"Quincy, *Aug.* 11*th*, 1812.

"Respected Sir:—Our country is in a high fever—so is all Europe—so are the four quarters of the globe. Who first contracted

or generated the disease? Montreal was no sooner surrendered in 1759, than the conqueror of Canada was discarded from the English Cabinet, a simple maniac ascended the throne, and a Machiavelian maniac who had been his preceptor, became his prime minister. The design was conceived of enslaving these Colonies they pretended to favor. The Colonies resisted and France assisted, as the vain, pedantic, delirious Scot might have foreseen, if he had possessed common sense.

"France, by assisting America, was taught some confused notions of liberty, and became delirious in her turn, and her delirium deranged all Europe and all the globe. What can cure this epidemic? Dr. Rush says nothing but copious phlebotomy can cure the yellow fever, and almost all the physicians are now converts to his opinion. Who is to blame? Is not Britain the great disturber? and has not France acted on the defensive throughout the whole squabble? These are bold questions, which neither you nor I dare answer.

"The pretty, little, innocent, amiable singing-bird could pour out his notes like a Bob-o'-Lincoln, and charm the chorus of the forest, while he dogmatized on subjects which he understood not. But with all my childish vanity, I confess myself wholly unable to comprehend this vast system of Providence, in which I have been employed as a feeble instrument for more than fifty years. As far as my feeble short-sighted faculties can reach, Great Britain appears to me to have been the principal aggressor, and the original disturber of the human race for the last half century.

"Two great ameliorations of terrestrial existence have already resulted—the freedom of religion and the emancipation of the Africans. What ulterior blessings are in store, I leave to the Father of Mercies. If greater calamities, I bow to the chastising rod.

"Siberian wheat, my brother farmer, is a very small object to follow subjects that comprehend the whole globe and all our species. It is worthy attention, however, and investigation, and fair experiment. During the Revolutionary war, when you were in Europe, Siberian wheat was much in vogue in this town. Mr. Josiah Quincy, the grandfather of the present member of Congress, procured and sowed a few bushels of it. He succeeded very well, had a fine crop which suffered nothing from the Hessian fly, mildew, blasting, or weavil. Enthusiasm was excited in the neighborhood; all he could spare was purchased at a high price for sowing. My wife purchased some bushels—others more. Quincy himself sowed the greatest part of all he had. Expectations were high that it would become the staple of New-England. The next year we all failed, every plant of it blasted, and seed, labor and all were totally lost. Notwithstanding all this, I have no doubt that wheat may be raised in Massachusetts as well as anywhere else, but the land must be under proper cultivation, particularly manured abundantly—the seed sowed so early that it may be forward and vigorous enough to bear the win-

ter, and start early enough in the spring to shoot the grain and ear forward before the season of insects. But this process which I know has succeeded and will succeed, is expensive, and the wheat will not procure a price equal to the labor. What is the reason of this? Here lies the mystery. No Russian seed will retrieve this.

"We say and we say truly, that agriculture and commerce are sisters, and their interests mutual and consistent; but the misfortune is that individuals and masses of both orders of men do not always understand the existence of both interests, and instead of endeavoring to reconcile them, employ all their policy and influence to counteract each other. The merchants in all the seaports have always discouraged the growth of wheat in the provinces of the State. Why? Because they supply us with flour from New-York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, &c., and this article constitutes an important link in the chain of their commerce. There is nothing the farmer can raise except barley and English hay that can pay our labor—even Indian corn costs us more than would buy it. Since my memory the country prevailed to carry a law in the Legislature, granting a small bounty upon wheat. The effect in two or three years was an abundance of wheat at market as good as ever was raised. The bounties demanded of the treasury amounted to so large a sum that the seaport towns alarmed set up a popular clamor against the expense, and got the law repealed. The cry about barberry bushes, sea air, and even of the judgment of Heaven for persecuting the Quakers, have all, I have no doubt, arisen from the same source. You will never get Siberian wheat or any other wheat to grow in New-England in quantities to constitute a steady staple, without an expensive cultivation, and that expense will never be repaid while wheat, rye, and corn have such a formidable rival in commerce.

"New-York has a great advantage over us in her soil and climate. The pure breed of Merino sheep I hope will be cherished to the utmost extent, and the mixture of them, but I hope our old breed will not be neglected. Superfine cloths are consumed in this country in much less quantities than fine cloths, you may depend on it. I could say much more in elucidation, but perhaps I should say too much. I could say something about hemp, flax, mulberries, silk-worms, silk, silk-stockings, Tim. Ruggles and Hartwich Fairs. Agricultural patriotism is one thing and mercantile patriotism another in our dearly beloved Massachusetts. Both equally sincere—both equally bona fide.

"Your Berkshire Agricultural Society and our Massachusetts Society for promoting agriculture will assuredly quarrel and go to war, as naturally as England and the United States—as England and France—unless both are managed with great prudence, delicacy, caution and circumspection.

"Sat verbum! How is it that agriculture and commerce are rivals in France, England, Holland, and what tremendous consequences have resulted from these rivalries? The history of mankind might

show, and a history of this rivalry would be worth more than Thucidides, Tacitus, Hume and Gibbon.

"I am, sir, with usual esteem and regard, your friend,

"JOHN ADAMS.

"ELKANAH WATSON, ESQ."

"QUINCY, 16*th Sept.*, 1812.

"DEAR SIR:—*Inter arma silent leges*, is what we call an old saying. I hope that *scientiæ* will not be added. Full fifty-five years have I observed, inquired, read, and tried experiments to raise wheat in New-England. The result is total despair. Let me tell you, my friend, there are no fanatics in religion—no visionaries in philosophy—no heroes in an army—no, nor any misses in dancing and music—more enthusiastic than the devotees of agriculture and horticulture. They are more harmless and more innocent, to be sure. You will get no aid from Boston. Commerce, literature, science, theology, are against you—nay, medicine, history, and University, and universal politics might be added. I cannot—I will not be more explicit.

"The fall of Hull may have thunderstruck all, but it was clearly foreseen and confidently predicted by some, to my knowledge. Not an ant-hill, not a single atom of Arnoldism was in the business; but sheer ignorance, inconsideration and incapacity enough, both in administration and execution. If one grain of common sense had been used, nothing would have been attempted without a commanding force upon all the lakes. As to illuminations and rejoicings at Montreal, I should not wonder if they should threaten to march to Boston, New-York and Philadelphia, and conquer the United States, from Mississippi to St. Croix, as confidently as Hull threatened to overwhelm Upper Canada. Now the tomahawk will compel the southern States to be warlike, or to do justice to the northern by consenting to a navy.

"Your friend, &c.,

"JOHN ADAMS.

"ELKANAH WATSON, ESQ."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Gen. Hull—Letters from him—Letter from Robert Fulton—Patriotic Extract—Jewish Phylactery—Letter to Dr. Williamson—Return to Albany—Testimonials of Respect—Tariff Policy—Destiny of New-England—Address before Berkshire Society—Agricultural Labors in New-York—Otsego County Society—Gov. Clinton—Report on Agriculture—Correspondence—Organization of County Societies—Foreign Circular—Introduction of Seeds—Letters from Richard Peters.

THE reference in the letter of Mr. Adams to the campaign of Gen. Hull, appropriately introduces a brief note of the latter, addressed to Mr. Watson a few weeks before the close of his disastrous expedition. Cordial and intimate relations of friendship had subsisted between them for many years. The chivalric courage and marked ability which had distinguished the services of Gen. Hull in the war of the Revolution, had led Mr. Watson in common with the mass of the nation, to form the highest anticipation of a brilliant and successful issue to his campaign. Under the excitement of these exhilarating emotions, Mr. Watson gave expression to them at a political festival on July 4th, 1812, in the following toast, which, from the events of a few weeks, subjected him to numerous *paper pellets* and pasquinades from the anti-war presses:—"Gen. Hull and his gallant army of farmers and veterans, have opened the ball in the west; may they conquer the British *allies* by kindness, and lead down the dance along the northern shores of the lakes and St. Lawrence, joining other partners in their progress—together foot it up to Quebec to the tune of YANKEE DOODLE."

I present the letter without comment, believing that it contains a revelation of views and sentiments which exerted a powerful influence in producing the fatal occurrences that soon after transpired.

"*Camp Meigs, on Mad River, near Dayton, 31st May*, 1812.

"My Dear Friend:—The enclosed papers will show you my situation. I am in good health, in a tent, and laying on the ground. To-morrow I march to St. Mary's, a branch of Miama of Lake Erie, in the midst of Indian villages. There I shall wait for Boyd's regiment and some regulars from Pittsburgh, which will join me in a few days. I shall from thence commence my march through the wilderness to Detroit. I have on hand a difficult and responsible command. I hope to be able to do good to my country. The Indians at present appear very hostile; if I can conquer them by kindness and justice I shall be very happy—if not, the other mode must be practised. God bless you, your dear wife and charming family.

"In haste, sincerely and affectionately,

"W. Hull.

"Elkanah Watson, Esq."

The following extract from a letter of Gen. Hull, dated Detroit, 30th November, 1807, presents an interesting detail of his valuable Indian negotiation, and the attitude of public affairs in that department.

"I had received a commission from the President to hold a treaty with the Indians northwest of the Ohio, and had every reason to suppose it would have been concluded in June, or July at farthest. By the state of public affairs, and indeed by circumstances which I could not control, it was not finished until the 17th inst. I was obliged to advance the money for the expense, and could not draw with propriety until the business was accomplished. I am happy to inform you that it is now finished to my satisfaction, and I have forwarded the bills to Mr. Ramsey. By this treaty for the consideration of $50,000, I have purchased from the Indians more than five million of acres, extending from Fort Defiance on the Miami, about two hundred and sixty miles upon that river, Lake Erie, the river Detroit, Lake St. Clair, the river St. Clair, and Lake Huron, comprehending all the rivers which fall into these waters, with all the islands in the same. The land is of an excellent quality and well situated for improvement. It is perhaps the most advantageous purchase the United States have ever made. Every Chief has signed the treaty who has been requested, and all appear perfectly satisfied. I had many difficulties, but fortunately surmounted them. The influence of the British, the Prophet, the settlers on the land without any title, persons who had purchased from the Indians unlawfully and without right large tracts of the territory, all opposed it. We have built a stockade and block-houses around the town, and are obliged to be vigilant.

"I have no information by which I can determine whether we are to have peace or war with England. Every effort of the British has been exerted to render the Indians hostile to us, every exertion on my part has been used to keep them quiet. I hope and pray God that I may be successful."

In a feeling letter of subsequent date Gen. Hull gives utterance to what were doubtless his honest and sincere convictions of his own integrity, and that he had been pursued by unjust reproach and opprobrium.

"ALBANY, 13*th Jan.*, 1814.

"DEAR SIR—I have this moment read your letter of the 3d inst. I shall make no other reply to the circumstances to which you allude than to make this sincere declaration, that I never could have believed my old friend Watson could have presumed that I had been guilty of a dishonorable action by which I had in any degree forfeited his friendship, until it was proven, or that his warm and candid heart would have presumed anything but innocence and honor, until the contrary was made to appear by stronger evidence than popular clamour and prejudice. My old friends are dear to me, and deservedly to lose them, would be among the greatest evils I could be called upon to endure. It is my happiness that I now have an opportunity to vindicate my character and conduct.

"That part of your letter which refers to Mrs. Watson, has most sensibly affected me. My friendship to her will only end with my life. She is an ornament of her sex, and has the warmest wish of my heart for her happiness here and hereafter.

"A consciousness of having served my country with fidelity and honor affords consolation, which nothing can deprive me of. Whatever events may take place, with respect to myself, you, your excellent wife and amiable children, have my best wishes.

"I am without any change, most sincerely your friend,

"W. HULL.

"E. WATSON, ESQ."

The letter subjoined from Robert Fulton, in reference to a torpedo experiment upon the British ship in Lynnhaven bay, will be read with interest.

"NEW-YORK, *August 14th*, 1813.

"MR. WATSON:

"SIR:—Mr. Mix who made the experiment against the Plantagenet 74 in Lynnhaven bay, is one of my captains. The engine was within ten feet of blowing her to atoms, and proving to the world a new art in war of immense importance to our much insulted and injured country. His failure was only a small error in practice, no fault of principle. It has given useful experience, and he is still persevering in high spirits and confident of success. As government does not allow any fund for this kind of enterprize, I have been at the whole expense for three months in sending out various parties, who in some instances have been prevented from acting by our own citizens. Governor Haslet of Delaware would not let my men attack a "seventy four" near Lewis, after their outfit had cost me $2,000. I have now expended $4,000, and find that prudence will not allow me to go on under such heavy expenses; hence for want of funds to persevere to success, a most glorious discovery may lay dormant and useless to our country for ages. You say you can raise funds. If you can and will, it will be a most praise-worthy, patriotic and honorable act in you and all who give their aid; and as the reward from government is case of success is ample, I can only say that for every hundred dollars paid, I will return three hundred if we succeeded when government pays, that is, the capital with two hundred per cent. This, in fact, is better than privateering, and encouraging to subscribers. Hence, sir, collect any amount, not exceeding for the present $5,000, for that, I believe, will be sufficient. Lend any sum on this condition, if not more than $500.

"I am, Sir, respectfully, your most obd't,

"ROBERT FULTON.

"ELKANAH WATSON, ESQ.

"Please let me hear from you as soon as possible."

It is known that circumstances arrested the pursuit of these measures by Mr. Fulton. It is just and proper I should state, that in making these overtures to Mr. Fulton, my father was actuated by no pecuniary motive, as might be inferred from the reply. These considerations were intended to be addressed to others, but I know he was impelled solely by his deep abhorrence of the sanguinary atrocities committed on our coast

by the enemy, and by an earnest desire for the expulsion of their ships from our waters. The fervor and enthusiasm of this feeling will appear from the following patriotic effusion, embraced in an address before the Berkshire Society in October, 1814, which drew upon him the severe animadversion of some presses of the "peace party." The salutary admonitions, breathed in this ardent language, and addressed to a former generation, may be listened to with profit at the present day.

"It is proper at this time to glance at the aspect of the times, at least in reference to their bearing upon our manufactures. On a former occasion I expressed to you strong apprehensions of the fatal effects which would result from our party divisions, 'that they would eventually open a dangerous inlet, to admit sooner or later the hungry wolves of Europe to fatten upon our follies.' Threatening clouds were then evidently gathering in our political horizon—the storm has gradually approached our borders—heavy clouds and thick darkness now rest upon us—and our country, so dear to us all, is bleeding at every vein. Freemen are at length goaded into action, hand in hand and heart in heart; they have aroused from their fatal lethargy, in the majesty of their strength, for the defence of that liberty—of that Independence, Washington defended. We invoke his departed spirit to witness, that Americans will never consign over their descendants to become debased colonists, bound in chains and fetters.

* * * * * * *

"The old revolutionary motto, '*United we stand, divided we fall,*' applies strongly to the present times. Yes, my countrymen, if we continue united, we shall stand like a rock amid the dashing elements, and hold in derision the angry waves that spend themselves at our feet. This digression may appear to some, foreign to the peaceful walks of our Society. Professing as we do, and it being also enjoined by our charter, to be the patrons of American manufactures, we must constantly keep in view the aspect of the times and the necessity of relying on ourselves exclusively for these supplies, so essential to our

wants, and the support of the vast armies now called into the field to protect our rights and to avenge our wrongs.

"Our country is invaded at various points. Our capitol is burnt by *modern Goths and Vandals*—a deep stain is stamped on the page of our history—it must, it will be effaced. The cry 'to arms, to arms,' resounds on every side—in cities, in villages, in valleys, on our hill-tops—all is motion and military array. One hundred and twenty thousand freemen are now in arms, and half-a-million in reserve. Our roads are alive with young men seeking our enemies, while the aged and exempts are forming into military associations. What have we to fear? It is impossible that freeborn Americans can be doomed like East Indians, to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to the lordly sycophants of Europe. Rather than surrender an iota of a national right, far better for us to see our cities wrapped in flames, and our fields drenched with blood, if the remnant who live can say, we have a second time saved our liberties and have confirmed our Independence. A deadly blow, conceived by profligate men in the chambers of darkness and infamy, is leveled at the vitals of our union and Independence.

"Blessed be God, this is the last generation of Englishmen who will dare to assail the rights of Americans. The time is rapidly approaching when our population will far exceed theirs. Here also is the last asylum of liberty, exiled from the corrupted countries of guilty Europe; let us cherish and embrace the fair fugitive in this land of hope and promise, that the whole human family may eventually be blessed by our freedom.

"Our enemies knew not—they never knew the true character of this people, although bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. They had known our kindred vices but not our national virtues. The present crisis is unfolding them to their view.

"It is time to repel from our shores, and sweep from our territory, the unblushing allies of savages, who, after the lapse of a third of a century, again pollute our soil, by their detesta-

ble footsteps. They come from the opposite shores of the Atlantic, their hands reeking in blood—familiar with carnage and death, to plunge their infernal weapons into the bosoms of unoffending freemen. * * * *

"Their hostile fleets are spreading their wings along our coast, and their predatory crafts are carrying destruction into our very rivers and harbors."

During the residence of Mr. Watson in Pittsfield, an incident occurred of considerable archæological interest, which at the time excited much discussion among theologists, and awakened the vigilant researches of antiquarians. The speculations it tended to confirm, and the evidences it afforded, were elaborately discussed in various publications, some of which emanated from distinguished sources. The facts are presented in the following letter of Mr. Watson, in reply to some inquiries addressed to him on the subject, by Doct. Williamson. The hypothesis advanced by Mr. Watson are strengthened by the following circumstances, to which he does not allude, but which appear in several other productions, that the incident called forth.

The eminence upon which the phylactery was discovered, was known at an early period as *Indian Hill,* and, as it is stated upon the authority of a late aged divine of Berkshire, "an old Indian had informed him, that his father had long been in possession of a *book*, which was preserved until it had been at length deposited in the grave of an Indian Chief."

"PITTSFIELD, *November* 10*th*, 1815.

"TO HUGH WILLIAMSON:

"DEAR SIR:—In conformity with your request to ascertain all the facts in relation to the interesting discovery of a Jewish phylactery, in this village, in June last, I reply. It was ploughed up in the yard of Mr. Joseph Merrick, a respectable inhabitant who resides on the borders of the village, in the midst of rubbish, and lying some inches below the surface.

"Immediately on hearing the rumor of the discovery I repaired to the house of Mr. Merrick, where I found several clergymen, whose curiosity was greatly excited by the strange incident, and who believed with me that the article must have found its way into this re-

cent wilderness, by the agency of some of the descendants of Israel.

"Having previously read with intense interest on the subject, and being impressed with the belief that the Indians of America were descended from the lost tribes of Israel; and that they had been directed by the same Almighty hand, which had brought them out of the land of Egypt, to continue their journeyings in a northeasterly course, probably for many ages, and finally to reach this continent at Behring's Strait; yet retaining some knowledge of the arts and sciences, and always adhering to the rites of the Jewish religion. After reaching this continent, and the lapse of many years, and probably ages, some portions inclined to rest in the northern region, but most pursued a southern course, spreading in all directions, even to the southern extremity of South America, and north to the polar regions; and thus peopling the whole surface of both Americas, more or less densely, according to the varied climates. Those in the extreme north and south, becoming the most savage, as in the milder regions they have been found the most civilized, and in possession of arts and sciences, especially in the City of Mexico and Peru.

"It is not my purpose to write a treatise on this important subject, but merely to skim the surface, in the view of accounting in some measure for this very interesting discovery. I think it must have originated from these sources. It is well known, even from Sacred Writ, that the Jews held their phylacteries, with the precious scroll enclosed, in religious reverence. This discovery forms another link in the evidence by which our Indians are identified with the ancient Jews, who were scattered upon the face of the globe, and to this day remain a living monument, to verify and establish the eternal truths of Scripture.

"On comparing this phylactery with those described in the Old Testament, I found an exact conformity. I will explain it in my own way. They are described in Scripture as composed of five folds of raw hide or leather, sewed compactly together by the entrails of animals. In order to understand the appearance of this discovery, imagine five pieces of leather or rawhide, or some composition similar to India rubber, and capable of resisting the ravages of time and exposure, cut into squares of two inches, sewed together with entrails. Suppose, also, a hole in the centre, half an inch in diameter, made to admit a tube two and a half inches long, with islet-holes at the corners to receive strings—and you will have an idea of the article.

"This tube, as described by Mr. Merrick, was of such a hard spongy substance that it was with great difficulty he could gain an opening at one of the sloping ends, and seemed absolutely impervious to moisture, for although the surface was incrusted in a manner to evince its having been probably exposed for many ages, yet I drew out from the tube three or four scrolls of parchment, which it contain-

ed when found, and inscribed with texts of Scripture, written in Hebrew, in an elegant manner, and the ink of a beautiful jet black. The parchment, writing, and ink, were all perfectly fresh."

"Very respectfully,

"E. WATSON."

In February, 1816, Mr. Watson returned to his former residence in Albany. Thus abandoning, he says—"All those rural scenes which had delighted me—all my flocks and herds, which I had reared with infinite care for nearly nine years. In the midst of promoting agricultural improvements and domestic industry, I returned to resume the dull and monotonous scenes of a city life."

On his departure from the theatre of the labors and services I have briefly glanced at, he received numerous testimonials of social kindness and regard; among these the action of the Agricultural Society exhibits the appreciation, by its members, of his zeal and exertions in the promotion of these great interests.

Extract from the Proceedings, at a Meeting of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, held on the 8th January, 1816:—

"Whereas, it has come to the knowledge of the Berkshire Agricultural Society that our late President, Elkanah Watson, Esq., is about moving from this county—

"*Voted,* That the President be instructed to convey to him the sentiments of regret of the Society, and the high sense it entertains of the important services he has rendered, by his patriotic efforts to promote Agriculture and Manufactures, and by his perseverance in the establishment of this interesting Institution.

"*Voted,* That in order to perpetuate our gratitude to the founder of this Society, there shall be a premium offered annually for the best blooded Merino Buck, produced at the Pittsfield Cattle Show and Fair, of $12, to be called the 'Watson Cup,' and it shall be so inscribed thereon."

The following is an extract from the letter of Thomas Mel-

ville, Esq., President of the Society, communicating the preceding Resolutions:—"The Berkshire Agricultural Society, alike impressed with the conviction that to your persevering efforts is due the creation of this valuable Institution, and that your presence among us would invigorate its measures, were deeply affected on being acquainted at their meeting yesterday, that you were about to remove from this county.

"As highly gratifying as it is to be the organ of this 'Honorable Testimony,' so it is equally painful to me to bid adieu, as a resident member, of the father of this Institution; to whose experience and advice I have been so much indebted since I have had the honor of being chosen to the place by him vacated."

The policy which was calculated to foster and promote the manufacturing interests of the country, was at all times regarded by Mr. Watson of the highest national importance, dictated by wise considerations of political economy, and indispensable to the essential and practical independence of the republic. From the organization of the government to the close of his life he was without change, the ardent and zealous advocate of a tariff system, which should cherish and sustain the feeble and precarious infancy of American manufactures. The subjoined extract from an article written by him at Norton, Massachusetts, in 1789, and published in the Boston papers, urges this sentiment with much emphasis and remarkable forecast, portraying with almost historic fidelity the true interest and the approaching destiny of New-England:—

"The spirit of manufacturing has taken root in New-England. We find the effort sustained by the enterprise of a few gentlemen, struggling against the opposition of importing merchants in our seaports, and the powerful artillery of the busy agents, and the irresistible capital of the English manufacturers, determined to assail and strangle the scheme in its very cradle. It is impossible that the feeble capital of country gentlemen, however ardent and patriotic they may be, can sustain the conflict against such fearful odds, unless Congress shall protect and sustain them by heavy duties. Yet I have

been delighted to witness at Taunton in this vicinity, manufactories in iron on a respectable scale. Indeed, I think that pleasant place bids fair in time to become the Sheffield of America.

"At Norwich they have stocking looms established and looms for weaving duck by water—the invention of a native genius. At Hartford, woolen and glass factories have been erected, and I am sorry to add, that these are in a sickly condition. It will far exceed my present limits to enter upon details on that head. As a general remark I will venture to predict, however improbable under existing circumstances it may appear—that New-England is destined at some future day to become a serious competitor with Old England; and when that event takes place to a great extent, it will be the first prominent admonition to proclaim the downfall of the latter. The face of the country, the soil and climate, the genius and enterprise of the people, are all analogous. We want nothing but age, capital, and a dense population. All the elements of a great manufacturing community, in a healthy country, abounding with waterfalls, insure such an ultimate result. The southern States will then receive our goods in exchange for their prominent raw material—cotton. Ten years ago I little thought of seeing in my time the evidences I already witness—the germ of rising manufactories. In the reign of Elizabeth most of the wool grown in England was sent to Holland and Flanders, to be manufactured for the use of the English. At this time the English supply half the human race with woolen cloths, and are insensibly undermining the wealth and population of the very countries which formerly supplied them with these fabrics. In fact, woolens constitute the main basis of the wealth and glory of Old England; as an emblem of which, her lord Chancellor is seated on a woolsack. To aid in supplanting the English in this their favorite element, I mean as far as in me lies to preach to the people of New-England, and to urge them to open their eyes and their ears on this great object, which will in my opinion form the main pillar of their future prosperity and strength. Every information on the subject should be

collected and transmitted to the Congress acting under the new Constitution—they have the power to afford protecting duties. A merchant of Providence assured me that cotton cards, made in this State and shipped from thence to England, were sold at a handsome profit, after paying freight, &c., and that they were of a superior quality to those made in England. This seems to me the prelude to further triumphs, which will turn the scales and astonish our former masters."

The succeeding autumn Mr. Watson attended by request the Berkshire Fair, and delivered an address, from which I make the following extract, for the patriotic emotions it breathes, and the lessons of practical admonitions it inculcates, which will be read with interest and profit from their adaptation to all times and places where the institutions of freedom exist.

"My only object in addressing to you a *few words* is, again to express my undiminished zeal for your prosperity and happiness, and to endeavor to impress on your minds the vast importance of continuing your labors.

"Your measures, my friends, (with whom I have been so long accustomed to act in this pleasing and useful employment,) are considered by the American nation, not as localized, or identified with the immediate interests of Pittsfield, or Berkshire, or Massachusetts. No, gentlemen, I can say with pride and pleasure, the eyes of America are fixed on your patriotic course. For some weeks past we find the public papers, from Maine to Georgia—from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, all teeming in the praises of your society, and holding it up to view as worthy of general imitation.

"Several agricultural societies are recently organized, others are in contemplation, and all avowedly on your model. It will be peculiarly grateful to every member of this Society to know that the mother Society in this State is at length aroused from her lethargy, cautiously treading in your footsteps. The week ensuing, they will exhibit their first cattle-show at Brighton. They are blessed with respectable funds, which have been for years accumulating, but of no practical use to the community

thus far. They will now excite a laudable spirit of emulation in the vicinity of the capital, and from their powerful example extensive benefits will doubtless spread in every direction. Your exemplary measures are considered national, since their influence is extending into every section of this great republic. With this truth in view, and in a full knowledge how far this immediate community has been benefited by the visible and increasing effects resulting from a general excitement, every farmer in this country must be *dead* to his own interests, *dead* to the honor of Berkshire, not to contribute his mite to a general fund, on which alone must depend the existence of this Society. Since practical experiments and keeping alive that excitement are the essential points in view, the more simple your future course, the greater will be public confidence. The only effectual measure to keep your wheels in motion is to *oil* them—oil them by an exact punctuality in your voluntary engagements. A few annual drops of this oil from each farmer will eventually *overspread* this country with wealth and happiness.

"The present distressed situation of America is full of evidence that we must fall back on our native resources to a certain point. Although the shelves of our merchants and the stores of our custom houses are loaded with foreign manufactures, estimated at the frightful sum of two hundred millions of dollars, and selling off at half their intrinsic value, on the insidious calculation of destroying our manufactories—although we are standing on the verge of a precipice which threatens universal desolation to the mercantile and manufacturing portions of the nation—yet it is grateful to the patriot's eye to see so large a proportion of this respectable assemblage clad in homespun, on the increase of which, keeping pace in all probability with the increase of agricultural societies, will be found one of the main pillars in support of our *substantial independence*. In a word, my friends, we must practice the salutary lessons of economy, we must retrace the humble footsteps of our ancestors, *or be enslaved to our creditors at home and abroad.**

* Every subsequent year has realized the truth of this prediction, arising principally from excessive importations of foreign fabrics, also from habits of ex-

"The only pride of our females in these gloomy times, (and much depends on their example,) should be to be attired in the work of their own hands, and to see their fathers, their husbands, their brothers, nay, their lovers marching by their side, clothed in homespun also of their own making.

"We must buy less—make more; holding *credit* as the bane and curse of this community; thus also holding the lawyers and sheriffs at defiance. Every freeman would then rest in peace under his own vine, and walk erect with a firm and manly step, truly the lords of the creation."

Mr. Watson had scarcely become settled in the repose and quiet of his new residence, when applications were addressed to him from various sections of the country, soliciting his aid and advice in the organization of agricultural societies upon the Berkshire model. In the autumn of the next year, he visited Otsego county, and efficiently co-operated in the formation in that county of the first society established in New-York, upon the new system. At the fair he delivered an address and proclaimed the premiums. Governor Clinton in his inaugural to the Legislature at the session of 1818, urged with great force the establishment of a State Agricultural Society, of a Board of Agriculture, and as a necessary relation, the institution of county societies. A joint committee on the subject of both houses submitted an elaborate report, sustaining and enforcing the suggestion of the Executive, and pressing the initiation of a system of state patronage to its vast and expanding agricultural interests. The report comprehended an ample and detailed exhibition of the progress of agricultural improvements, the benefits of the application of science to husbandry, and the importance of developing the capabilities and resources of the State. This production was chiefly from the pen of Mr. Watson.

Party spirit infused its malignant influence into the consideration of this subject,—impeded and eventually arrested all

travagance and dissipation. The evil is now at its height; the whole community in city and country feel its dreadful effects. Although a severe, yet I trust it will prove a salutary lesson. March, 1820.

legislative action. The zeal and energetic efforts of Mr. Watson at this crisis, subjected him to unworthy suspicions and the most illiberal denunciations. He was openly assailed in the Legislature, his patriotic labors were ascribed to selfish and personal ambition, and to the lust of office.

I shall be pardoned for the declaration that the ardent and protracted exertions of my father in the promotion of the varied projects of public and local improvement, which he agitated, could never have been actuated by any purpose of official emolument or for the attainment of position or influence. While he disbursed in the prosecution of these objects large sums from his own estate, and by his devotion to public interterests deeply impaired his private fortune, he in no instance, although often solicited to do so, occupied any official position that conferred emoluments, and never received one dollar for remuneration of any of these services from the public treasury.

Mr. Watson devoted several succeeding years almost exclusively to an extensive and most voluminous correspondence spreading throughout the Union and to Europe, in advancing the general cause of agriculture, in diffusing the results of his own experience and observation, and in aiding the organization of agricultural societies.

In addition to these labors, he personally assisted in the formation of county societies in Oneida, Schoharie, Montgomery, Rensselaer, New-York, and other counties, attended their Fairs, and delivered at each formal addresses. His position, and it was ascribed to him by numerous correspondents, was that of an Agricultural Missionary.

In the absence of a Board of Agriculture, Mr. Watson virtually assumed its laborious and expansive duties, and discharged many of its appropriate functions. Thus in 1818, he issued a personal circular to the American Consuls in various countries, urging them to aid in the introduction of improved animals, seeds and implements.

In numerous instances these appeals received liberal and patriotic responses in the transmission of valuable varieties of foreign seeds. These he widely disseminated by the medium of county societies and other effective agencies. Several

of the varieties of grain introduced by this instrumentality, proved of the highest value, and became the predominant staples in some districts in the State.

As a type of the agricultural intercourse to which I have referred, and suggestive of its character and value, I introduce the following letter from Judge Peters, eminent as a jurist, and highly conspicuous as an agricultural economist and writer. It derives value from the practical suggestions and philosophical views of the writer.

"BELMONT, 21*st August*, 1819.

"DEAR SIR:—In answer to your letter, I shall at all times cheerfully co-operate with you in the good cause in which you take so much interest. It is high time that some younger champion should substitute himself and suffer you to be at rest. You are an itinerant missionary gathering your own congregation. You have hearers, whereas I have been for some fifty years a stationary preacher, and until lately have delivered discourses to empty benches.

Magna est veritas et prevalebit.

"I am rejoiced at the present agricultural zeal. What a garden would our country have been, if one-half the spirit now exhibited had shown itself half a century ago. I shall send you some salt pamphlets. I am desirous you should receive them, because you will find developed the means of renovating the sandy land of your friends at Plymouth, and other places on the sea-board. They must make themselves masters of the subject by experiments on the quantities of sea sand or salt applicable to their lands per acre. In New-Jersey, on some parts of the coast, the farmers apply sea sand to the most barren and unpromising sandy soils with great effect, and yet with little judgment or care. If some principles, and some regard to circumstances, both as to quantity applied, time of application and mode of preparation, were established, how much more would be made of this powerful auxiliary of their husbandry. Sand applied to sand is contrary to all known principles. The magic power lies in the salt and not the mixture of soil. Sand with loom and (better) clay is known to be efficacious. The salt of the sea sand must alone be the cause of the fertility.

"You ask me, what I think of plaster on the sea-coast or on salted grounds, with sedge, sea-weed and other products of th shores or marshes on coasts. My reply is, that I should prefer the salt sand, salt or salt grass, and without the plaster. I am certain

the great balance of facts has been unfavorable to grounds plastered on sea-coast, or with salted manures. Sea sand, or salt, should be ploughed in in the autumn, to prevent evaporating, unless used as a top dressing. The clay burning manure is hobby-horsical with me. I am apt to set other people at doing what I am too old to do myself.

"Yours, very truly,

"Richard Peters.

"Elkanah Watson."

A second letter from Judge Peters, of a later date, and on a different subject, possesses intrinsic interest, and singularly exhibits the expansion of Mr. Watson's zeal in promoting the success of all objects of public improvement.

"Belmont, 18*th April*, 1824.

"Dear Sir:—I have been waiting before I answered your letter on the subject of your usually zealous propensity to encourage agricultural prosperity, and in relation to our Schuylkill and Susquehanna communications, for some indisputable proofs that Mr. Wright, for whom we all entertain much respect, had spoken unadvisedly and contrary to his usual caution on the latter subject. I separated the parts of your letter, and sent extracts of the agricultural part to our Agricultural Society in Philadelphia, where it was received with the estimation due to it. I have requested some of the members to enquire for and send you some of the wheat you desire, if it be now practicable. I have also given the information respecting the wheat which resists the fly, to an old society I formed in my neighborhood thirty-seven or thirty-eight years ago, styled the Blockly and Merion Society for Promoting Agricultural and Rural Economy. I have no doubt proper advantage will be taken of your kind information.

"As to the gloomy forebodings of 'the total failure' of our canal and lock navigation, coming from so respectable a judge of such matters as is Mr. Wright, I was made very uneasy. I have no shares in the stock, and am only interested as are all the community who will profit by public improvement. I cautiously communicated this part of your letter to one or two gentlemen from whom I knew I could obtain candid information. The result is, that I am persuaded Mr. Wright's prophecy is by no means justifiable. He has taken facts too much on trust, for it so turns out that he has never seen a foot of the ground or viewed any of the works on the river. I have a letter from a disinterested and intelligent friend who had a con-

versation with Mr. Wright on the subject. He thought, and perhaps very justly, that the Navigation Company were wasting the water, which ought to be exclusively devoted to the canals, leading from their dams to water-power for mills and machinery; and that such erections should be placed on the sides of the Schuylkill, opposite the canals. I have always myself been of this opinion. It will probably be found so on experience, and can be changed at pleasure so as to avoid 'a total loss,' and very little even of a partial one. I have never been a friend to damming rivers for internal navigation. I agree with Brinsley that for such purposes 'rivers are only to be used for filling canals.' The canal from the Schuylkill to the waters of the Susquehanna has progressed successfully thirty-five miles towards its ultimate object, and will be completed this year, and this is an important link in the chain of communication with the lakes. Mr. Wright never saw any part of this, so that his infidelity is under the description of that of faith in the good Book, which is said to be the 'evidence of things not seen.' The most difficult of the whole of this canal is finished to the satisfaction of the managers, who are intelligent men, and confident of success in the remaining part of the communication. Indeed a great proportion of what is called the river navigation consists of canals. It so happens too that the managers have anticipated your well intentioned recommendation, and the work is under the direction of pupils of Mr. Wright, who have no control in their opinions, and possess the confidence of the managers. Every thing therefore, is agreeable to your own views of the subject. I knew your object was merely to do a service to an undertaking falling in with your long indulged and meritorious propensities. Mr. Wright, I fondly hope and believe, is mistaken, but nobody imputes to him unworthy motives. Even if those who are elated with the highly honorable success of the stupendous New-York Canals, had pronounced the fate of ours, we should not have imputed it to anything but the consciousness of superiority and not to invidious reflections. 'The eagle suffers little birds to sing.' If we cannot equal your great work, we are endevoring to arrive at the same point by a passage comparatively inferior, but to us all-important. I hope I may be mistaken in my objections to river navigation, by dams, and I should be very glad of being found in error, even if alone; but I should be kept from being ashamed of an erroneous opinion, when Mr. Wright bore me company.

"Accept sincere assurance of my being very truly yours,

"Richard Peters.

"Elkanah Watson."

The correspondence of Mr. Watson with the Agricultural Society of Hartford County, Connecticut, which occurred in the year 1818, presents him in a different attitude in his rela-

tion to agricultural movements of that period, and shows the nature of the services in that cause which he was habitually called upon to discharge.

He refers in his journal to this Society, in the following language:—"Although my labors for the promotion of agriculture and manufactures have been generally ardent, and engaged, levying heavy contributions on my feeble purse, with the exception of my favorite Berkshire I know of no place where I have labored with more effect than in Hartford, Connecticut, by stimulating their measures on the Berkshire plan."

"These efforts have contributed essentially to diffuse the system through that enlightened State, and subsequently by the influence of emigrants, into various counties in Ohio. In this view I trust the subjoined correspondence, which led to such results, will be deemed worthy of preservation.

Extract from a Letter to HENRY L. ELLSWORTH, *Corresponding Secretary of the Hartford Agricultural Society:—*

"ALBANY, *2d Jan.*, 1818.

"SIR—I have received a letter from David Porter, Esq., Chairman of the Viewing Committee of your patriotic Society, requesting explanation of the Two Furrow Plough, mentioned in my Address to the Otsego County Agricultural Society, on the 14th Oct. last, enclosing also your By-Laws, and requesting my remarks on the former.

"I owe to Mr. Porter a respectful reply, through you, as the organ of your Society, as I feel a deep interest in your success, so important in its ultimate effects upon the respectable State of Connecticut. In respect to the plough the enclosed will furnish an answer; but I cannot resist the impulse to observe, in native frankness, that a people so intelligent and so highly advanced as those of Connecticut, should be so singularly ignorant of the science of agriculture in its first practical principles, surprises me; above all, that ——— should have been uninformed as to the existence of the Two Furrow Plough in England.

"You have a glorious field spread out before you. Your foundations are firmly established, resting upon men of eminence—you have much to do, aside from the general interest of your immediate community—you will derive infinite pleasure in your progress, from the conscious pride of patriotism, that you are promoting the welfare and happiness of thousands at every step.

"But, rely upon it, that your success will depend upon the

steady and active efforts of three or four efficient men of business habits, who will devote themselves to details.

"In respect to the By-Laws, I had already sent for them, and candidly admit that they are an improvement on those of Berkshire, although founded on that basis. I regret, however, that you have not added premiums on household manufactures, so essential and so intimately identified with the cause of agriculture; besides, the pleasure you will all derive (as we have done) from enlisting the female portion of the community in your pursuits, in all that relate to domestic manufactures, rest assured, by adding their presence, you will soon call forth all their energies. Permit me, therefore, most earnestly to recommend the addition to your first section, after the words 'Rural Economy,' the words 'and Household Manufactures.'

"I am wholly ignorant of your course, your means, or immediate views; but I am delighted to find that you have already adopted town committees, and a Viewing Committee of Agriculture, on the Berkshire model. In answer to Mr. P ——, as to the Viewing Committee, I beg leave to refer him to my Address before the Otsego Society. Again, you ought, in the course of this month, to publish your list of premiums, and fix on your place of Exhibition next fall.

"I doubt not your salutary example will produce great and extensive effects, particularly, should you be induced to assign one-third of your premiums exclusively to females, not less than $400, chiefly in spoons and tea apparatus, in solid silver. This will doubtless require extra means. Fifty gentlemen, subscribing each $10, will do the business, and I shall be proud to open the ball as one.

"The stake is great, the first impulse all-important, and you should, as we did in Berkshire, proclaim liberal premiums, with an empty treasury, and rely on a good Providence for relief. We were never disappointed; every year our efforts were crowned with a glorious success.

"Permit me further to advise you to fix the attention of the farmer to the Viewing Committee, and to commence preparatory measures, even this winter, as respects compost manures, preparing for their fences and repairing their buildings. Also to request all the intended candidates for premiums to notify you by June, their objects, residences, &c., preliminary to the grand review in July next. Lest I weary your patience, I will close by a tender of my best services, in every way in my power, and shall be highly gratified should it be possible to assist you in person at your first essay, which is so essential to your future success and glory.

"I am, very cordially, &c.,

"E. Watson."

Letter from Henry L. Ellsworth, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the Hartford Agricultural Society:—

"WINDSOR, *Conn.*, 26th *March*, 1818.

"SIR:—In compliance with the request of the Hartford Agricultural Society, held at Hartford on the 24th inst., I have the honor to inform you that you were duly elected an honorary member of the same. At the same time I was directed to offer you their unanimous thanks for the interesting letter addressed to the Corresponding Secretary, and the deep solicitude you therein express for our success. In pursuance of your advice the Society have determined to include in their premiums 'Domestic Manufactures,' with those on Agriculture, of which I inform you with great pleasure.

"With the respects and thanks of the Society, please to accept the assurance of my highest personal respect and esteem.

"HENRY L. ELLSWORTH."

"ELKANAH WATSON, Esq.,
"*Late President of Berkshire Agrl. So.*"

"ALBANY, 8*th April*, 1818.

"TO HENRY L. ELLSWORTH, ESQ., *Coresponding Secretary.*

"SIR:—I am honored with your favor of 26th ult., notifying me of an election as honorary member of your interesting society. For this permit me to express my gratitude.

"I feel safe in hazarding a prediction that great results, even to future ages, will grow out of your patriotic efforts. They will tend to arrest the tide of emigration which constantly flows from your State, robbing it of its legitimate energies.

"Contemplating your Society in these views, I am proud in becoming one of its members, and since America is my country, I know of no local prepossessions, and shall contribute to your prosperity by every means in my power.

"I have had it in contemplation to attend your exhibition, 14th October next, but as I have recently received and accepted invitations to attend those of Jefferson in September, at Oneida, the week following, and at Otsego, the week after, and having also been requested by many of the counties in this and the neighboring States to give personal aid in their incipient stages, and take part in these glorious days, I find myself a man of business, sustaining all these personal efforts at my own expense, and which in truth bear heavily upon me. However arduous the voluntary task, I feel grateful to Almighty God that he has endowed me with an inclination of mind and a heart disposed to be useful to my country. I trust my descendants will not find cause to reproach me that I have lived in vain.

"I must, however, at the close of this wonderful agricultural campaign, withdraw from the line, and leave younger men to follow my example in these matters.

"I feel grateful for the respect you have paid my former advice, which I find published at large in the Hartford papers, with gratification. [Here follows practical suggestions to guide their measures.]

"Yours, &c,

"ELKANAH WATSON.'

CHAPTER XXX.

Agricultural Law—National Board of Agriculture—Correspondence with Thomas Jefferson—Letter from James Madison—Letter from Dr. Mitchell—Pattern Farm—Tour to Detroit—Canal Boat—Incident—Syracuse—Progress of Improvement—Auburn—Cayuga Agricultural Society—Letter from Col. Mynderse—Geneva—Canandaigua—Batavia—Causeway—Holland Purchase—Pennsylvania Wagons—Buffalo Harbor—Black Rock—Gen. Porter—Steamboat—Niagara—Ferry—Battle of Chippewa—Rapid Falls—Battle of Bridgewater—Gen. Riall—Anecdote—Fort Erie—Attack.

Upon the opening of the session of the Legislature in 1819, Gov. Clinton reiterated, with augmented force and earnestness, his previous views upon the agricultural affairs of the State. Notwithstanding the powerful influence of these suggestions, sustained by the zealous and energetic exertions of the friends of the measure, among whom Mr. Watson was conspicuous, it was only in the very last days of the session that an act was passed by which an annual appropriation for a limited period, of $10,000, was made to the societies of the different counties for the promotion of agriculture and manufactures. The remaining features of the original plan, the institution of a Pattern Farm and a Board of Agriculture, were not adopted.

A national Board of Agriculture had been for many years a cherished object with Mr. Watson, which he had urged with great ardor and enthusiasm, In 1816 he prepared a memorial to Congress on the subject, which was assumed by the Berkshire Society, and presented at their solicitation by the Hon. John W. Hurlburt, then representative from that district. Although favorably reported on by him, as chairman of a select committee, and sustained by him and others with ability, the project was overwhelmed in the house by the constitutional scruples of some, by the views of expediency of others, and

by the cold and chilling absence of all appreciation of the magnitude and importance of this vital interest.

The following correspondence of Mr. Watson with Mr Jefferson and Mr. Madison, presents interesting views entertained on this subject by these illustrious statesmen, and the opinion of the latter on the constitutional question, and evinces the zeal and unyielding efforts of Mr. Watson, in the promotion of his great purpose. These letters are only exponents of an extensive correspondence, by which he endeavored to enlist the sympathies and to evoke in aid of his designs, the influence of the eminent and controlling minds of the nation.

"ALBANY, *April 24th.*

"SIR:—Accept, sir, my apology for intruding on your time, which I am well aware is sufficiently occupied by an extensive correspondence. But as you have expressed your favorable opinion of the measures of the Berkshire Society and my devotion to the cause of agriculture, I am induced to do it. The object of this letter has a direct reference to the institution of a national board of agriculture, to be located at Washington. It would be superfluous for me to dwell a moment with you on the vast importance of such an institution in a national point of view. On this ground alone I wish to invoke your powerful patronage. Should Mr. Monroe add his weight to the scale, it appears to me the plan would not fail of success, more especially as Washington in his inaugural recommended the measure. That is the only instance I can trace of a public notice, in any shape, with the single exception of a petition to Congress, which emanated from the Berkshire Agricultural Society. This astonishes me, as it must be known to every intelligent farmer in America what numerous advantages have been derived in Europe, especially in France and England, from similar institutions.

"I have held a communication with Mr. Madison on the subject, and while he highly approves the plan, he expresses, I regret to say, some constitutional difficulties. If this is truly the case, then the object is worthy of an effort to obtain an amendment of the constitution to remove the barrier.

"I greatly fear that the objection is too well-founded; for Mr. Hurlburt, who sustained the petition on the floor of the house, assured me that he was met with sneers and ridicule, particularly from southern members, for urging the subject.

"Our mutual friend, the worthy Gen. Mason of Georgetown, who attended our cattle show in 1814, enters warmly into my views of this primary measure, and has promised me to bring his influence to

bear in promoting the object; and I greatly rejoice to learn also that you intend to sustain it with zeal, and to furnish the public with your views on the subject.

"Respectfully and cordially,

"E. WATSON.

"To THOMAS JEFFERSON."

"MONTICELLO, 8*th May*, 1817.

"SIR:—I have duly received your favor of April 24th, and had long remarked the course and labors of the Berkshire Society, of which you were President. We have been indebted to them for much useful information, and for the example they have set of zeal in the most important of all human arts—Agriculture.

"About a dozen years ago an effort was made at Washington, for the establishment there of a General Board of Agriculture, to which were proposed to be affiliated a secondary Board, in each State, and to this again subordinate Boards in each county. The person most active in producing this institution was Isaac Briggs, who was Secretary, and Mr. Madison, while Secretary of State, was its President. He still, I believe, possesses the skeleton of the organization; but whether they ever published anything or not, I do not know.

"With respect to myself, you have been misinformed as to my having any intention to take part in any periodical publication, agricultural or of any other character. I know, with the preacher, 'there is a time for all things; a time to labor, as well as cease to labor;' and that this last time has fallen on me; daily and hourly admonitions, physical and moral, warn me to leave to other and younger citizens the management of what are to be their own concerns, and to be contented with the share I have had with those of my own day.

"I submit to these monitions the more willingly, as they favor that rest and quiet, which the increasing debility of age calls for, and have therefore to offer only my prayers for success to the efforts of others, and praise to those engaged in them, among whom I distinguished yourself, and to whom I particularly address the assurance of my great respect.

"TH. JEFFERSON.

"Mr. ELKANAH WATSON."

"MONTPELIER, *March* 18.

"DEAR SIR:—I have received your letter of the 8th inst., accompanied by your communications to Mr. Skinner, on the subject of a National Board of Agriculture.

"I have never taken into particular consideration the expediency, or the best plan of such an institution; being among those who do

not view it as within the powers vested in the General Government.* If the power existed, Mr. Skinner is probably right in supposing the public mind is not yet prepared for the exercise of it. The experiments making in several of the States will doubtless throw light on the utility of Agricultural Boards, instituted and endowed by public authority, and it is to be wished that the experiment will be fully and sufficiently made.

"Though not concurring in the opinion you entertain, I do full justice to the patriotic zeal of which you give such steady proofs in behalf of the art, which, more than any other, is the basis of individual comfort and national prosperity.

"I thank you for the Neapolitan Cabbage Seed, kindly spared from your small stock. Proper use will be made of it, with a view both to its preservation and diffusion.

"Be pleased to accept my thanks and friendly respects,

"JAMES MADISON.

"Mr. WATSON."

The annexed letter from Dr. Mitchell, characteristic of his eccentric but philosophical mind, I select from a large number of similar tributes from eminent men, to the patriotic services of Mr. Watson, received at the period when his efforts were peculiarly devoted to the organization of Agricultural Societies, and the advancement of the general agricultural interests of the State.

"NEW-YORK, *April* 28th, 1819.

"ELKANAH WATSON, ESQ.:

"My Dear Sir:—During my last visit to Albany, as a solicitor of an endowment for the benefit of the Deaf and Dumb from the Legislature, I had the pleasure of spending an evening with you at the Mayor's. I hailed you as 'Grand Agricola;' I also said to you that as Robert R. Livingston, my late invaluable friend, and a benefactor of the human race, had been called by our Supreme Master from labor to rest, the wheaten crown, which he had so honorably and so usefully worn, had devolved to you; at the same time I raised my hands over your head, and seemed, as it were, to perform the ceremonial of decorating your temples with the wreath of Ceres. As this ceremony was performed unnoticed by you, you could not observe as well as I did the effect this coronation had upon the ladies. They sympathized, and well they might, in this land of Democracy and Christianity, truly the woman's paradise.

* Mr. Jefferson, in referring to Mr. Madison, was either mistaken in the fact, or more probably the institution to which he alludes, was a private organization.—[EDITOR.

"I write this note for the purpose of acknowledging the receipt of your Spanish Wheat,* and of the copy of your letter to G. W. Jeffreys, Esq., of North Carolina, on the history of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, an excellent model for all similar institutions to work by. My numerous occupations since my return home have prevented me from taking any steps to form a Society for this county, for claiming the $650, appropriated to it by the law. As far as I can discover, the citizens who have any feeling or concern about it are very few, and even they seem to think the conditions too hard. Some further excitement is wanted, and I know not who among us shall give it. Some monitor like yourself, perhaps, may correct the existing error, and instil better notions.

"Accept the assurances of my respect.

"SAML. L. MITCHELL."

I have already remarked that the scheme of a "Pattern Farm" was among the favorite projects embraced in the conceptions of Mr. Watson, for the promotion of the agricultural interests of the State. His views are embodied in the following exposition of his plan on that subject, and will be read, I think, with interest by the large and intelligent class of citizens, who now are enlisted in the same patriotic cause. The design still lingers in the minds and purposes of the friends of agricultural science, but has not received that consummation he so earnestly anticipated.

"We will suppose a farm, containing from one hundred to two hundred acres of land, in the vicinity of Albany, to belong to the State, under the direction of a Board of Agriculture, and containing a variety of soil, and a permanent flowing stream of water. On this farm we will suppose erected suitable buildings to accommodate one hundred persons, and several work-shops, for the construction of farming utensils. Place this establishment under the superintendence of a Professor of Agriculture, with suitable assistants; here to be deposited plants, shrubs, grain, trees, &c., to undergo experiments to establish their congeniality to our soil and climate. Here, also, the best improved implements of husbandry will be introduced

* This was a specimen of the wheat received from Spain, in response to my Circular, from O. Rich, Esq., American Consul at Valencia.—[*Mem. E. Watson's Letter.*

and made: new inventions will be tested, and models of such as shall deserve a preference will be sent to the County Societies. Also the best plans for rural architects; the best season for sowing crops tested by experiments,—the most approved fences, and the best kind of domestic animals, will all come within the duties of this important institution; as well as experiments on manures, the best method of creating and preserving them. In a word, all that relates to practical husbandry, in connection with chemistry, horticulture, botany, and mineralogy. The most useful part of the system will be the education of twenty young men at the expense of the Agricultural Fund. The selection to be made on the recommendation of the Presidents of the County Agricultural Societies, from the four great political divisions of the State. These students to be formed into classes, and taught agriculture, in all its branches, as well in theory as in practice. They must, however, severally engage to labor on said farm as practical farmers, at least three hours in each day, when so required by the professor, and to conform, in all respects, to the rules and ordinances of said Institution. Let it be made the duty of these students to be attached the ensuing year to some respectable academy or school, in their respective districts, under the superintendence of the county societies. In these subordinate schools let the youth be furnished with some cheap books on the first elements of agriculture and chemistry, adapted to their capacities, and taught as a branch of their education.

"However desirable the institution of a Pattern Farm, on a scale commensurate with the importance of the object, yet it is evident the period of its establishment is remote. Probably it will not be attempted till the grand canals shall pour into the lap of our treasury overflowing means to support it. Besides, our agricultural societies are yet in their infancy. They must gradually approach a sufficient state of maturity, to give a tone, and carry conviction home to the public mind, that such a system will be an important auxiliary in perfecting the science of agriculture, in co-operation with the county societies. When our descendants shall reach that important era, every

reflecting mind will readily perceive the incalculable benefits of such an institution; especially should the State be divided into ten agricultural districts, and a branch be established in each, under the superintendence of men who shall have been educated at least for one or two years at the primary institution. In the process of time, under the operation of this benign system, (and I hazard nothing in venturing a prophecy that it will take place,) the great mass of our citizens will become scientific farmers."

At this epoch the more public and active agency of Mr. Watson in the organization of these Societies, and in the promulgation of agricultural science, terminated, although his deep solicitude for the successful development of the great interests of agriculture was never diminished. A devotion to other objects of public improvement, excited the feelings and occupied the attention of his closing years.

In the year 1818 he made a Western Tour, which extended into the then remote territory of Michigan, to gratify his curiosity by a personal inspection of the character and resources of the new regions which were washed by the waters of Lake Erie, and to shed a tear upon the recent grave of a beloved daughter. This journey at that period was arduous, and surrounded by exposures and trial.

I compile from his very copious Journal a brief summary of the incidents and observations he records. In a preliminary notice, attached to a transcript of his original manuscript of this Journal, he remarks:—"The last and most interesting of all my journals of travels, through a period of forty-one years, and this made at the age of threescore. I commenced the habit of journalizing in 1777, when nineteen, and have preserved the practice habitually up to the present day. I was prompted to the relation of scenes of adventure and ludicrous incident, from the impression made on my mind when a boy by reading Roderic Random, the inimitable production of Smollet.

"*June* 3*d*, 1818.—It had rained incessantly for several weeks previous to my departure from Albany, on my journey to

Detroit. After a long and dreary winter, all nature was still enshrouded in mourning. This morning the rain ceased, the dove has gone forth, and the earth appears once more glowing beneath the genial rays of grateful sunbeams.

"On the 7th June I left the village of Manlius, as well for the purpose of viewing the canal as to accept an invitation to an excursion upon the first packet-boat on her preliminary trip. I found lads and lasses, old and young, pouring in from all quarters, to profit by the same invitation. It began to rain as I arrived, and we all pressed into the long narrow cabin, packed to its greatest capacity. In a short time, however, the shower abated, the artillery of heaven ceased its incessant and terrific peals, the vivid flashes of lightning disappeared. Who, in the contemplation of such a scene, can restrain a solemn and dread reverence for the Almighty power that wields and directs this terrific agency. Although philosophy assures us it results from natural causes, well known and fully developed, yet there is nothing so deeply calculated to make poor, proud, insignificant, pigmy man feel his nothingness and impotency, as when assailed by the thunderbolts of Heaven.

"As soon as the rain ceased, the cabin began to disgorge its load. The gallant swains handed up their lasses and spread the deck with chairs and benches, which were filled by a happy, joyous crowd, full of life and hilarity. I had observed some distance in advance a bridge that seemed unusually low, and watched our rapid approach to it with some anxiety, although relieved from apprehension by the feeling that the officers of the boat knew and would discharge their duty in watching the safety of the passengers. My alarm and agitation increased to the utmost intensity when I perceived that we were only two or three rods from the bridge, that no notice was taken of the danger, and that inevitable destruction was impending over the whole happy and unsuspicious mass. I cried out in the highest pitch of my voice—"Down! down—off the deck!" Fortunately the boat had a considerable space between the cabin and the gunwale, and into these gangways the greatest proportion precipitated themselves, while the rest tumbled into

promiscuous heaps in the narrow spaces at the bow and stern. In another instant the chairs and benches were crushed into atoms with a tremendous crash, the fragments flying in every direction. To the astonishment of us all, upon regaining our feet, after the passage of the bridge, we found that not a person had been injured. It turned out that the captain was engaged in administering at his bar, and that the helmsman was an ignorant novice.

"At Syracuse I resumed my carriage. It was impossible for me to contemplate Syracuse, Salina and Liverpool, all thriving villages situated in the vicinity of Onondaga Lake, and devoted to the manufacture of salt, of which they produce nearly a million of bushels annually, and not recur to my expedition by water, thirty-seven years ago, to this same lake. What a transition! The country was then in its primeval condition, roamed over by savage tribes, and only occupied here and there by scattered white inhabitants. No roads existed, and not even a gristmill west of the German Flats. Behold now, as it were, an old country, possessed by a vigorous and intelligent population, fine turnpike roads, prosperous villages and large and beautiful towns, numerous stage-coaches all plying in every direction in the midst of elegant and commodious farm-houses, excellent and highly cultivated farms, matured orchards, and above all, the Erie canal in active progression, with fifteen hundred men at work in its construction within sixty miles of this place, and splendid packet-boats already building for the transportation of passengers from Lake Erie to the Hudson. Inexhaustible beds of gypsum are revealed here, which will tend to stimulate the advancing improvements in agriculture.

"I was detained at Auburn a day or two by urgent solicitation, to aid in the formation of the Cayuga Agricultural Society, and delivered an address on the subject. When I was at this place in 1802, it contained four or five dwellings and a sawmill. It now embraces two thousand five hundred inhabitants, several spacious churches and other public edifices.

"While sojourning at Seneca Falls, under the hospitable roof

of my noble friend, Col. Mynderse, noble in person, in heart and mind, I was peculiarly fortunate in witnessing the transit of the first canal boat, which passed the canal and locks at this place just completed by private enterprise. Col. Mynderse has resided at this place since 1792, and erected here the first flouring mill in the western country. As no person can furnish more correct and intelligent information of the progress and existing condition of this interesting and salient region since that period, and especially of the effects of the canals, constructed under the act of 1792, I solicited him to furnish me a statement on these subjects. The letter below which he addressed to me, I received while on my western tour.

"SENECA FALLS, 17*th June*, 1818.

"MY DEAR SIR:—In pursuance of my promise, I now transmit to you the following authentic statement of facts. Previous to the construction of the canals and locks on the Mohawk river and Wood Creek, transportation was done in bateaux from one to two tons burthen. These required four hands to navigate them. The price of transportation at that time was from seventy-five to one hundred dollars per ton from Schenectady to this place, a distance of two hundred and twelve miles. Since the completion of the aforesaid canals, boats of a different construction have been introduced, capable of carrying fifteen or sixteen tons, and requiring but one additional hand to work them. The charges for transportation have been greatly reduced, notwithstanding the high tolls charged on passing the canals and locks, viz: about four dollars on each boat, and five dollars a ton on cargo, being about seventeen dollars per ton from this to Schenectady, and nearly that sum from thence here. Although these valuable improvements in the navigation of the Mohawk river and Wood Creek have been vastly beneficial to this part of the State, yet it is believed that proportionably greater advantages will yet result, on the completion of the middle section of the grand canal now constructing between the Seneca and Mohawk rivers. I think it may be safely estimated that the transportation will undergo a second reduction of 40 per cent.

"I am, with great esteem, your sincere friend,

"WILHELMUS MYNDERSE.

"ELKANAH WATSON."

"I arrived on the 17th inst. at the refined and delighted village of Geneva. In '91 I found here a few log huts scattered along the slope of a hill, inhabited by a gang of lawless adven-

turers, who were prostrated by the fever and ague. The place was then notoriously unhealthy, from the proximity of an extensive marsh. It is now not only an elegant but a salubrious village, and distinguished for the refinement and elevated character of its society.

"Canandaigua is a considerable village, containing many splendid residences, and a wealthy and genteel population. Here resides Gideon Granger, the late Post-Master General, and eminent for his lofty and diversified intellectual endowments. The territory between Geneva and Canandaigua is well-settled and the soil superior, but upon the whole I was disappointed in the general appearance and progress of the far-famed county of Ontario.

"We forded for a short distance the north end of Canandaigua Lake, and travelled on its beach. This lake is distinguished for its choice fish. The public hotel was bad, the house full, and myself, at the age of sixty, compelled to lie upon a buffalo robe in the third story, in place of a bed.

"The Genesee Flats were nearly impassable from the late rains. Batavia is a considerable town situated upon the Tonewanda Creek. At this place resides the agent of the Holland Land Company. What a mistaken policy in the government of New-York, to yield so many millions of acres, embracing an area sufficient to constitute a sovereign State, of the choicest land on the continent, to Massachusetts, to compromise an ambiguous claim, which rested alone on an antiquated charter, which stretched to the South Sea, or Heaven knows where.

"Massachusetts sold to Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, and he transferred his title to Sir William Poultney and other speculators in Holland and England. Thus has this false measure entailed upon the inhabitants of a vast domain a tributary vassalage to foreign proprietors.

"I was greatly impeded on my way, in being obliged to traverse a long and rough causeway, three miles in length, and in a wretched condition. To add to the annoyance and vexation, several six-horse teams were ahead of us, travelling

at a snail's pace. We were unable from the narrowness of the track to pass for three hours, and I had no alternative but patience and submission. Oh for the completion of the canals, when these terrible Pennsylvanian wagons will disappear.*

"On the 21st I reached Buffalo. About a mile distant from the village, on ascending the summit of a hill, my eyes were greeted for the first time with the glorious sight of Lake Erie, spreading like an ocean before me, and Buffalo in full view. This forms one of the links in the great chain of lakes and inland seas, compared with which nothing, as a water communication, on the surface of the globe, deserves to be mentioned. The works of nature in America were arranged at creation, by the Grand Architect of the universe, on a scale of grandeur and magnificence worthy His omnipotence.

"The first view of Buffalo, spreading over an extended area, is highly imposing. I remained some days in this village. Its commerce at this juncture appears in a depressed state, and in course, the merchants are languishing and tottering. The creek on which Buffalo stands is bold, but its outlet is too shallow to admit vessels of heavy burthen. Previous to the erection of

* These nondescript instruments of commerce of a past age are almost forgotten, and will scarcely be recalled in the traditions of another generation. Before the construction of the Erie canal, they formed nearly the exclusive mode of transportation between Buffalo and the Hudson. The exception was chiefly the limited communication by the Mohawk. I recollect them as they now appear in the memory of my boyhood, as huge machines with almost the capacity of a small canal boat, of great length, and formed with elevated sides, arched over by a lofty canvass top, heavily built and of great strength. They rested upon large and ponderous wheels, with tires six or eight inches wide. These wagons were drawn by teams of three or four spans of powerful Pennsylvanian horses, whose harnesses were often surmounted by little towers bearing small bells. The driver, always happy, gay, and light-hearted, sometimes occupied a lofty seat, but usually rode upon one of the horses, guiding his team by the voice and a single rein. They made regular trips to Buffalo, or upon some fixed intermediate route. Their rendezvous in Albany was at the innumerable little taverns which were established in Washington street for their peculiar benefit, and where these vehicles were often collected in great numbers. These wagons asserted and usually maintained the road against all other vehicles. If the Camel may be described as "the ship of the desert," these wagons might have been regarded as the ships of our inland commerce.—[Editor.

the double pier which was subsequently constructed, all large vessels were compelled to lay off, exposed to the open lake at anchor, and there in the most unprotected and inconvenient manner receive and discharge their cargoes.

"On the morning of the 22d June I started with a young English traveller to visit Niagara Falls. From my earliest recollections as a traveller, I have indulged the hope of being able to gratify my ardent desire of seeing this stupendous display of nature. In this latter day the wilderness has been opened, and I am unexpectedly allowed the privilege. We reached, after a ride of three miles, the residence of my friend Gen. Porter, at Black Rock, who was highly distinguished on this immediate theatre during the last war, valiantly fighting in almost the literal defence of his own altar and fireside. His residence, a few stores and houses, and a new steamboat now building to ply the next season on Lake Erie, are the only prominent features of Black Rock, the proposed rival of Buffalo. Here we crossed the Niagara in a small flat scow. The stream hastening towards the great cataract runs with a rapid current. I entered Canada for the first time, and after a lapse of thirty-four years, again stood on British ground. The roads running parallel to the river were excellent and pleasant, the soil good, but in wretched cultivation, with poor dwellings, barns, and out-buildings.

"Two miles west of Chippewa we stopped to contemplate the battle ground of the 5th July, 1814. At the entrance of the Chippewa plain, my guide pointed out a ditch in which the bones of the American and British are promiscuously mingling with their mother earth, in close affinity. It is considered by military men that this was an ably-conducted and hard-fought battle. Our terrific riflemen greatly annoyed the British from a small hamlet on our left. On descending from our wagon, to walk over the field of Chippewa, I distinctly heard the roar of Niagara, and saw a mist rising in a thick white exhalation, indicating the position of the cascade. We crossed a bridge over Chippewa River, and on the opposite side passed through the remains of an entrenchment, which favored the retreat of

Riall, and checked Brown's pursuit. A few miles beyond this, my feelings were strongly excited to find that we had reached the very edge of a turbulent rapid, the river in violent agitation, and rushing madly forward to its frightful leap. With the purpose of examining the rapid, itself an impressive object, to more advantage, we sent the wagon on, supposing from the appearance that this point was only a short distance from the Falls. It was a great disappointment, however, when too late, to ascertain that a deep curve in the river, which we were obliged to follow, and then a long walk to Forsith's, made a distance of three miles. We floundered through in deep mud and darkness, overwhelmed by fatigue.

"The ensuing morning we were enveloped in a dense fog. The roaring of the tremendous cataract had been in our ears all night, and at an early hour we stood upon Table Rock, gazing at the wonderful and awful scene—an astounding display of Almighty power.

"The Falls have been so often delineated by the poet, the painter, and the pen of eloquence, that I shrink from an attempt at a description. My mind had been wrought up to such a point in anticipation, that I confess myself disappointed in the magnificence and grandeur of the spectacle. Fatigue and indisposition from the exposure of last night possibly had an influence upon my feelings.

"We proceeded the next morning, guided by Forsith, to examine the scene of the battle of Bridgewater. It commenced in the immediate vicinity of his house, which was riddled by the cannon balls. What a theatre for a mighty battle-field! What a scene for man to exhibit his passions and conflicts,—upon the threshold of such a demonstration of the wonderful and almighty works of God!

"After passing a piece of woodland the country is open, and here the murderous and unprofitable night conflict occurred. The American army was commanded by the self-taught, half-Quaker soldier, the gallant Brown; the British by Riall, and at the conclusion of the battle by Drummond, both experienced and accomplished commanders.

"Accident commenced the work of death; each party was reinforced in succession, after the manner of the battle of Stillwater, in 1777; neither would yield the palm, and hence a most sanguinary carnage, in one of the severest and most closely-contested conflicts in the annals of war.

"I was conducted to all the interesting points of attack and defence. From the fatal summit of Lundy's Lane the British artillery poured a destructive fire upon the American troops, and here the gallant Miller, always in the hottest of the fight, charged, and secured their guns. I contemplated the whole field from this elevation. The shattered trees everywhere tell the woful tale. I picked up on the surface fragments of muskets, bullets, &c., and was shown the calcined bones of Americans, whose bodies had been barbarously burnt in a pile, formed by a layer of rails, and then the corpses of officers and soldiers in succession. My blood chilled at the horrid sight, and I could not restrain my indignant feelings in the presence of several Englishmen, who justified the act on the score of retaliation, alleging that the Americans had given the example. The correctness of the assertion I doubted, and could never ascertain the existence of such a fact.

"Gen. Riall was severely wounded by a ball through his shoulder at Bridgewater, and was taken prisoner. He was conducted to Pittsfield a prisoner of war, and there I became intimately acquainted with him. He was an Irishman by birth, and a soldier of distinguished courage. Gen. Riall often conversed with me freely on the subject of this battle, and communicated the following anecdote to me. He said that after being wounded he withdrew to the rear, in great anguish, as he supposed to a place of safety; but, to his great astonishment, he was captured by a troop of American horse, who had boldly gained his rear by a circuitous march. Inquiring the name of his captor, the reply was, Capt. Ketchum. 'Well named, well named, Captain,' was Riall's response; 'for you have truly catch'em—the British commanding general.' We proceeded, on our return to Buffalo, by the way of Fort Erie. England will long remember the fatal night tragedy at this for-

tress, where, in an unsuccessful assault, they lost from six to eight hundred men; while, strange as it appears, the killed of the garrison did not exceed twenty-six. Two long ditches were pointed out to me by an American officer, who was in the engagement, in which the severest of the British loss occurred. Here the merciless Col. Drummond was killed, while shouting to his men, "Give the d——d Yankees no quarter!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Voyage up Lake Erie—Discomforts—Land at Erie—Harbour—Perry's Fleet—Hulks—His Victory—Influence and Nature of it—Anecdote of Ship Lawrence—Constitution and Java—Gen. Hyslop's Testimony—Plan for Improving the Harbor—Old French Fort—Gen. Wayne—Grand River—Cleaveland—Harbor—Storm—Archipelago of the West—Put-in-Bay—Detroit River—Detroit, 4th July—View of Lake Erie—Anticipated Progress—Description of Detroit—River and Islands—Wretched Agriculture—Face of the Country—Explorations—Wolves—Old Orchard—Indians—Disgusting Scenes—Hull's Surrender—Return Voyage—Reflections and Anticipations on Michigan.

"On the 23d we made our arrangements for a passage on board the schooner Franklin, for Detroit. She was lying at anchor abreast of the town, in the open lake. With a select party of friends I had secured the little cabin, and had the assurance of the captain that he would provide us with an ample supply of sea stores. I observed boat after boat, during the evening, conveying passengers to the vessel, and on reaching her in the dark, and excessive heat, I saw to my consternation, that our cabin was filled by a promiscuous crowd. My first impulse was to return to the shore, but the darkness and the increasing wind, and the vessel in the act of starting, induced me to submit to my destiny.

"We weighed anchor, the wind dead ahead, and rising. Our vessel soon began to tumble and toss, beating against a head sea, the children squalling and cascading in concert with their mothers, and all involved in Egyptian darkness, sullen and seasick. Thus passed the first comfortless night, and three succeeding days and nights. Sometimes a calm, and our sails flapping against the masts, then light squalls, and again stiff breezes, always ahead. Our fare was horrible after the second

day, consisting wholly of yellow Ohio pork and hard peas,* as soft as boiled shot.

"On the fourth morning we dropped anchor just without the bar of Erie, in the open road, and exposed to the rake of the sea. These last three days have been the most trying and disagreeable I have encountered in all my travels. We were put ashore, and reached the town about nine o'clock. I never enjoyed so fully the comforts of a good tavern, an excellent breakfast, a shaven face, and clean linen. We looked like so many Robinson Crusoes, as we traversed the streets of Erie, dirty, haggard, half-starved, and with beards of a startling length. This transition soon made us forget our troubles, like other sailors, and we spent the day in viewing the town, its vicinity, Perry's fleet, and the vanquished British ships in the outer harbor.

"Erie is pleasantly situated, ninety miles south-west from Buffalo, on a plain two hundred feet above the lake, and commands an extensive view. The streets cross at right angles, and are elevated in the centre. It contains about one hundred dwelling-houses, some of which are elegant, a court-house, and about five hundred population within the borough. The harbor is spacious and will hold a large fleet, but unfortunately it is obstructed by a sand bar, which crosses the entrance obliquely, upon which there is only six or seven feet of water.

"At this place was built Perry's immortal flotilla. The British having the command of the lake, might have destroyed it in the cradle, but for the intervention of that bar. Perry floated his

* In the winter preceding this tour Mr. Watson formed and prepared a plan of a harbor at Buffalo, from an inspection of a map of the place, without having personally seen it. This plan, through the agency of a friend, he submitted to a committee of citizens, and which it is believed was essentially embraced in the improvement that was ultimately adopted. This project was matured during his visit, and the Journal of Mr. Watson contains a detail and explanation of the plan, with maps and diagrams illustrative of it. As I possess no other explicit information of the extent to which his views were adopted, I have refrained from introducing that portion of the Journal into this work.—[Editor.

ships over it, by means of machines, and conveyed to them on the outside their guns and stores. The British should have annihilated them, in this helpless condition. An officer of the navy conducted Capt. Baker of the army, his wife and myself, in a barge of the Niagara, rowed by expert Yankee sailors, to the fleets. They are sunk to their quarter decks in the outer harbor, side by side.

"The captured ships Detroit and Queen Charlotte lay near each other, and the American ship Lawrence, as the officer said, in a raking position, a little astern of them. We were rowed around the vessels in every position, examined their battered sides under water, and noticed many wounds and shots in their lower spars. We visited the Niagara, the only ship afloat, and were politely received by the commanding officer on the station, who conducted us into every part of the fortunate vessel: into Perry's cabin, in which the glorious missive was written, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

"I conversed with several petty officers and sailors, who were in the memorable battle. After taking our leave of the Niagara, we proceeded to the shore to visit the arsenal, and were much gratified by the inspection of the shattered spars and cannon of both fleets. I can recall no event of my life more fraught with the luxury of national pride, in which purest and loftiest patriotism could so widely expatiate, as when I contemplated in the scene the rising glory of the Republic, and indulged the grateful and proud conviction, that the ships, or rather decaying hulks under my eyes, had done more to humble the arrogance of Britain than all the navies of France and Spain, through the long annals of naval warfare. We had often beaten her before, ship to ship, but the battle of Erie was our first trial in naval tactics, fleet against fleet.

"I boldly challenge the history of England to unfold a nobler display of skill, decision and bravery, than was evinced by Perry, a comparative boy of Rhode Island, and his officers and tars in every stage of this well-fought battle. The father of Perry I knew well in the Revolutionary war. He com

manded a packet between Newport and Providence, and was called, I think, Kit Perry.

"What incident in history is more noble and chivalric than that momentous and decisive crisis when Perry left his almost conquered and disabled ship, the Lawrence, in an open boat, exposed to the fire of the British fleet, and passed to the Niagara, a ship fresh and uninjured, thus deciding the fortunes of the day, and capturing every vessel of a superior enemy.

"We were rowed back to town across the harbor, and inspected the public store-house, the spot where Perry built his ships, and the identical boat in which he passed to the Niagara, which was lying on the beach in good preservation.

"The officer who conducted us in the yawl, a true son of Neptune, not only declared, but swore to the fact, that the Lawrence had been sunk three times alongside the Queen Charlotte, that she could not be kept there, having each time fell off in the raking position in which we saw her, in spite of them. He appeared perfectly serious in the belief, that this was a preternatural affair.

"In the year 1814 and during the late war, I had frequent familiar and unreserved conversations with a British officer high in rank and character, upon the subject of our successful naval encounters with British ships. He freely conceded the fact, and in elucidation, remarked, that he met his friend Gen. Hyslop in London after the capture of the frigate Java, who, with many officers and soldiers, was a passenger in her, en route to the East Indies; that he inquired of Gen. Hyslop, how it happened, that the Java was captured by the Constitution, when it was admitted, that she was of about equal force, of superior equipment, and almost doubly manned. That Gen. Hyslop replied to him, "they expected on falling in with the Constitution to make a short job of her capture." He remained, he said, on the quarter-deck of the Java, through the engagement, and was astonished to see the superior gunnery of the Constitution, she discharging during the battle three broadsides to two of her antagonist, which added in effect one third to her weight of fire; and to this circumstance he

imputed the victory of Bainbridge. My friend added, that Gen. Hyslop said to him, from his subsequent observation and inquiry he was convinced the American sailors were far more active and elastic in their habits and motions than the British. The same result which signalized the combat between the Constitution and Java, characterized the numerous battles in the Revolution, between American and British privateers, and still more marked and decisively those of the late war.

"Capt. Butler and myself took a boat and rowed in all directions about the harbor, sounded the water at various points, and sketched a plan by which we considered the harbors might be made accessible to vessels of ten or fifteen feet draft, over the bar. A sketch of this plan is embraced in my original journals.

"Towards evening, I was escorted by a citizen of the town to view the remains of an old French fort situated on a commanding position upon the brow of a hill, descending towards the lake. A French garrison was here surprised and massacred in 1755. A light-house is to be erected on this eminence, which will be seen at a great distance up and down the lake. A little removed from this point, my companion pointed out two block-houses, erected to protect Perry's fleet, while building. Near one of these, the celebrated Gen. Wayne, the hero of Stoney Point, and the conqueror, near Fort Meigs, in 1791, of the combined Indian tribes, was buried. His body, on being exhumed a few years since, was found, it is said, in a remarkable state of preservation.

"In the evening, I took a boat to return to the schooner, lying in the offing. The wind was blowing a gale off shore, and I soon preceived that I had two drunken sailors at the oars. It was intensely dark, and we almost missed our gripe of the vessel as we were rushing by her side, when we must have been driven into the open lake in our frail boat, with little power of returning against the gale.

"The vessel was soon under sail, with close reefs, and we were able for two hours, and the first time, to lay our course along the shore. The next day the wind was again ahead,

and we continued to beat against a pounding and chopping sea, the cabin full of emigrants and all sick. The ensuing day we beat into the mouth of Grand river, and to our mutual satisfaction landed a part of our passengers. Remained here the 29th; a favorable land breeze sprung up, which lasted two hours, and we were contending with an adverse stiff gale all night.

"June 30th, we dropped anchor in a gale at northwest, off Cleaveland, in an open exposed road. In the afternoon the wind abated, and we landed at the town, a half a mile within our anchorage. We sounded seven and a half feet water on the bar, at the outlet of the harbor.

"Cleaveland is a considerable village, inhabited by an enterprising race of full-blooded Yankees from Connecticut. We spent the residue of the day in viewing the town and its vicinity. At the hotel, I was gratified to meet several gentlemen of cultivated minds, men of the world, polished and refined. Cleaveland is situated on the Cuyahoga river, has a bank in good credit, and is highly flourishing in its commerce and trade. A company has been formed to open the mouth of the river and to remove the bar. I saw a superior article of grindstones and stones for building at the landing, which I was informed had been brought down the river from the interior.

"Early in the evening our captain apprised us that a storm was gathering, and that all hands must at once go on board. When we reached the wharf the gale was so severe, and the sea rolling in so heavily, that it was impracticable to get to the schooner, which we could see pitching bowsprit under water. Here we remained all night in great anxiety, from the violence of the gale, for our vessel, and more especially for our fellow passengers, Capt. Baker and his delicate and charming wife, who had been left on board, with only one old French sailor.

"At dawn we were alongside the schooner, with a fair fresh wind for the first time up the lake. We found poor Baker and his wife in a woful plight, as they had expected for several hours that the vessel would founder at her anchorage,

the sea often making a clean breach over her. Our beds and baggage were drenched with water.

"A fair wind revived our drooping spirits, and we were soon under way, with a bright sun to dry off our clothing and cheer our hearts. The archipelago of the west soon made their appearance, a cluster of beautiful islands situated near the upper end of Lake Erie, which will be forever celebrated in the annals of America, as near them Perry gained his great victory. In the afternoon we passed through them, and saw Put-in-bay, from whence Perry sailed to meet his advancing enemy.

"*Sunday, July 2d.*—As the curtain of this blessed morning began to rise, we found ourselves at the spacious entrance of the Detroit river, sailing north in the direction of the city. We took the channel on the east side of Gross Island, pressing close into the British shore. I have never seen a nobler river, and I was truly astonished to observe the evidences of an old country on its margin upon each shore. I was pleased to notice old orchards and farms on both shores as we approached Detroit, which presented itself in about the distance of three miles. It appeared from its imposing position like a considerable city, and very similar to Philadelphia as you approach by the Delaware. The wind failing, we dropped anchor and landed on the Canadian shore. We were obliged to walk two miles and then be ferried over to the city.

"The memorable 4th was celebrated in a field, in the rear of the residence of Gov. Cass, where I dined with a large collection of gentlemen and officers of the army. The occasion could not be resisted, although I had no desire for society. My heart and mind were hovering about the grave of my departed child.

"Here I am at the age of sixty in Detroit, seven hundred miles west of Albany. I little dreamed thirty years ago, that I should ever tread upon this territory. It is now time that I should pause and review the ground I have passed over in a journey of exactly one month's duration, and contemplate this wonderful country, and to plunge into the arcana of futurity.

"Erie may be considered the only harbor formed by nature on this important lake, and that is materially obstructed by a sand-bar at its entrance. Measures are now in progress to construct a harbor at Dunkirk. The mouths of all the rivers are choked by an accumulation of sand. These are all susceptible of removal. The events of the late war have brought Lake Erie into prominence before the public mind. The want of harbors upon one of the most boisterous lakes on the globe was severely felt in our recent naval operations. This fact and the rapid progress of population in Ohio and Michigan, must demonstrate to the nation the paramount public policy which demands the construction of artificial harbors. This necessity will be vastly enhanced when the completion of the New-York canals shall have opened a new avenue for the outpouring of the illimitable resources of Erie, and the vast world which envelopes the upper lakes. The importance of these improvements will be enforced with still greater emphasis, when steamboats shall the next year appear upon these waters. Within ten years I confidently predict that the obstructions referred to will be removed, and that appropriate light-houses will illuminate this lake.

"When these results are consummated a new era will dawn upon the West, and a fresh impulse be extended to every department of enterprize and industry. Canals will be extended laterally, and tributary streams be opened, which will pour into this great reservoir the diversified products of these broad and fertile regions, which before the close of the present century will be overspread by a dense population of independent, intelligent, and industrious freemen.

"The distance by these facilities will be practically reduced ten-fold, on all the great arteries leading from the Atlantic to the West. Lake Erie is remarkably exempt from shoals, but is still the most shallow of all the lakes. This peculiarity produces here waves of a different character, and more dangerous than upon the other lakes, which are more assimilated to those of the ocean, whilst upon Erie they are short and broken, in nautical language, chopping seas.

"The northern shore of Lake Erie is equally destitute of safe harbors. Within Point Ebino, about fifty miles from Buffalo, a deep bay running west, called Prince Edwards', affords a fine shelter from westerly storms. Secure harbors may be constructed at Buffalo, Erie, Dunkirk, Grand River, Cleveland and Sandusky.

"The location of Detroit is eminently pleasant, being somewhat elevated, and boldly fronting its beautiful river. The old town has been burnt, which was a cluster of miserable structures picketed in and occupied by the descendants of Frenchmen, who pitched their tents here early in the seventeenth century in prosecution of the fur trade.

"The city is now laid out upon a large scale, the streets spacious, and crossing at right angles. The main street is called Jefferson Avenue, and stretches the whole length of the city. Detroit must always be the emporium of a vast and fertile interior.

"By the existing estimation of the value of real estate here, it has, I think, been greatly overrated. Commerce is languishing, and agriculture at its lowest degradation. In proof of this, I saw at the Grand Marie, four miles north of the city, a large, clumsy, wooden plow, such as doubtless were in use in France, at the period of the emigration from that country of the ancestors of this people. It was drawn by two yoke of oxen and two horses, and was conducted by three men, who were making as much noise as if they were moving a barn.

"The most attractive object I have seen on this beautiful river are its innumerable and lovely islands, most of which are cultivated. The dense forest approaches in close proximity to the city, and spreads over a level surface quite into the interior. From the highest point of elevation I could attain, I discerned no uplands, all was a dead plain. The land belongs to the government, and is of the richest quality, but has hitherto been represented as unhealthy. The territory of Michigan has not been adequately explored; but while I was at Detroit, several parties of enterprizing and energetic young men penetrated into the woods with packs on their shoulders to investi-

gate, and returned with the most glowing and flattering accounts of a country of the choicest land, generally undulating, and requiring nothing but the vigorous arm of industry to convert it into the granary of America.

"The near approach of the wilderness to Detroit, brings the howling wolves within a short distance of the city, and I was frequently called on to listen to their shrill cries in the calm, hot nights. The numerous and large old orchards of the finest apples, originally imported from France, and the extensive fisheries of white fish in the vicinity, greatly augment the wealth and comfort of the people. Although possessing the most fertile soil, such is the wretched character of their agriculture, that the inhabitants are mainly dependent upon the young and thriving State of Ohio, for their supplies of pork, beef, breadstuffs, and even of potatoes.

"I daily notice squaws fighting in the streets like wild-cats, and in conditions too revolting to describe. They lay about the city like swine, begging for cats and dogs, which they devour at the river side half-cooked. The most disgusting and loathsome sight I ever witnessed, was that of a coarse, fat, half naked Indian, as filthy as a beast, under a tree immediately in front of my son's residence, filling his mouth with whiskey until his cheeks were completely distended, and then two or three squaws in succession sucking it out of the corners. I called my daughter-in-law to see the revolting sight, but she assured me it was nothing unusual, and that the practice was common with this tribe of Indians. I often visited the fort that my old friend Hull so fatally and ignominiously surrendered. Col. Myers, who was in the command of Fort George at its capture, informed me while a prisoner in Pittsfield, that one half of Brock's army, at the surrender of Detroit, were Canadian militia dressed in British red coats.

"Having completed all the purposes of my journey, I took passage on board of a British ship, commanded by Captain McIntosh, an excellent sailor and gentlemanly companion. We dropped down to Sandwich the 21st of July. This is a considerable village on the British shore. I landed here,

viewed the town, and remained until morning. The wind being fair, we early weighed anchor and were soon in rapid motion down Lake Erie, having our kites all spread and sailing most pleasantly; our affairs presenting a strong contrast in all respects to our miserable condition in ascending the lake. The vessel was neat and clean, the sailors, all dressed in uniform, were active and alert. The wind continuing fair and strong, we dropped anchor at noon, on the third day after our departure, opposite Fort Erie.

It is impossible for an old traveller to look upon the existing condition of Michigan, and not be impressed with a conviction of the great and rapid changes which await the territory. It is destined soon to emerge from its present social and agricultural depression, into a great State, rich, populous and progressive, and enjoying all the refinements and elegancies of civilized society. Detroit will rank among the great cities of America. Agriculture, the basis of all public prosperity, is now lamentably debased in general, scarcely advanced from the point it occupied centuries ago. The depression of agriculture necessarily bears down the interests of commerce, for in a country like this, where is commerce without agriculture?

"Blessed with a luxuriant soil and with the highest conveniences of water intercourse, and occupying a central attitude upon the most extensive internal navigation by inland seas on earth, what may not Michigan aspire to become? Agricultural societies would shed a most powerful and benign influence upon the progress and development of this region. The presence of a new and different class of farmers, more enlightened, more industrious and progressive, would at once give to it a new aspect.

"I found my confident anticipations of the future and immediate advance of this territory, in addition to its inherent elements of prosperity, upon the following considerations:

"*First,* The sale of the public lands, now first about to be opened. This measure will give new wings to the progress and population of the country.

"*Second*, The introduction of steamboats the ensuing year on Lake Erie, with Detroit the ultimate point of destination.

"*Third*, The erection of light-houses to facilitate the navigation.

"*Fourth*, The construction of harbors now in contemplation at various points.

"*Fifth*, and above all these, the rapid advance of the Erie Canal towards Buffalo.

These great facilities to commerce and trade will not only reduce immensely the expenses of transportation, but will virtually lessen the distance, by the economy in time they will effect between Detroit and the eastern markets. Soon the decks of steamers will be thronged by passengers of a new character, attracted by curiosity and purposes of business to this remote region, who will scatter their funds with a lavish hand. The future of Michigan seems to be certain, defined, full of promise and expansion.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Correspondence with Mr. Adams—Letters from Him—Letter from John Quincy Adams—Tour into Canada—St. John's—La Prairie—St. Lawrence—Montreal—Lachine Canal—Account of Works—Prospects and Effects of Canadian Canals—American Tourists—Speculative View of the Future.

The correspondence between Mr. Adams and Mr. Watson was maintained, sometimes at long intervals, until within a few months of the death of the former, even after he was obliged, in conducting it, to employ an amanuensis. The last of his letters was in March, 1825, in reference to the election to the Presidency of his son. This, however, is unfortunately lost. Several written during the latter part of his life, have been already interspersed in preceding sections of this work, in their appropriate relations, while others I feel constrained to withhold from the public eye. The following cordial interchange of opinions and sentiments, terminates an intercourse of nearly half a century.

From Mr. Watson *to* Mr. Adams.

"Albany, 2d *Nov.* 1818.

"Dear Sir:

"It is now thirty-seven years since I had the honor of receiving your first letter at Ancenis. It was a paternal letter, containing salutary advice to a young American, on the point of entering the busy theatre of the European world. It has been very useful to me on many occasions. You then said you must talk to me as an old man. I am now fifteen years older than you were at that time, and yet I cannot realize the idea of being an old man—consigned to the chimney-corner—in my night-gown and night-cap, smoking my pipe. I am determined to fight off the old man as long as I can walk erect, with a firm and manly step, as my friends are pleased to say I do. The moment a man well-stricken in years is willing to resign himself to the old man, he will soon find himself in the dry dock in good earnest.

"You have frequently expressed a wish that I would detail to you the conversation I had with my Tory relations in exile at Birmingham, in 1782, in reference to you, especially with Chief Justice Oliver. Looking over my old Journals I find the following memorandum, Oct. 12th, 1782:—'In a long conversation this morning with Judge Oliver, in company with my cousin Elisha Hutchinson, son of the Governor, Doct. Oliver, and several other royalists, principally on American affairs, in which I did not in any manner disguise my rebellious sentiments; it turned mostly on my respected friend, John Adams.

"Although the Judge admitted his firmness and virtue, yet he sid he always 'dreaded him more than any man in America.' I will endeavor to amuse you with a little anecdote, which took place the Sunday preceding. (Here follows the account of an incident already mentioned.) I then began, for the first time, to feel their position, and to pity the poor exiled, cast-off tories—never more to see the face of their native land, for which they sigh, as did the Jews for their beloved country. If consistent with propriety you will gratify me, by an explanation of the paragraph in your letter of the 16th April, 1812, which sunk deep into my heart at that time—to be denounced in such a tremendous manner, as it then appeared to me. Respectfully,

"Elkanah Watson.

"John Adams, late President U. States."

"Quincy, *Nov. 7th*, 1817.

"Dear Sir:

"I thank you for your favor of the 2d inst. If thirty-seven years ago I wrote you in the character of an old man, I must now write in that of a superannuated one.

"When Chief Justice Oliver said to you in 1782, he 'dreaded me more than any man in America,' he did not explain his reasons. I will not pretend at present to conjecture more than one. He knew that I was the first projector of the impeachment of the Judges, and he believed that measure to be the critical event on which the Revolution turned.

"Enthusiasm for agriculture I have felt to my cost in my own breast, and I daily see it in my amiable neighbors, Pomeroy and Quincy, and many others.

"Far from reproaching or regretting it, I rejoice in it, because it does good. Yours in particular has been very useful. When I said, in my letter of the 16th April, 1812, that 'so many interesting and respectable Societies were against you,' I meant at that time an Anglo-manian and anti-Gallican enthusiasm was prevalent and triumphant in this quarter, and that you, as well as I, had given offence by an approbation of the war against England.

"Morever, I was against advancing your Agricultural Society any

money, because I thought we had no right to do it, and because I thought as soon as our finances would allow, we ought to institute Cattle Shows on your plan, and Exhibitions of Manufactures of our own.

"I am sorry you are not to return to Massachusetts, because you have been a meritorious citizen, and possess much of the esteem of your friend,

"JOHN ADAMS.

"ELKANAH WATSON, Esq., Albany."

MR. WATSON *to* MR. ADAMS.

"ALBANY, 4th *Dec.*, 1822.

"DEAR SIR:

"I rejoice to notice by the public papers that you are not only alive, but that it is evident, from your interesting letter to A. Coffin, that Providence continues to bless you with an unimpaired intellect.

"I also rejoice, sir, to find a new motive to address you once more. We have corresponded upwards of forty years on various subjects.

"The object of the present letter is to enclose to you a letter from Mr. Vanderkempt, which appeared in this day's daily paper, in defence of your just claims on the gratitude of posterity. I attended the meeting on the subject of the brave Greeks, to which he alludes, and verbally explained the error committed by the orator, but was too unwell to address the audience. Most of the facts stated by Mr. Vanderkempt were familiar to me, especially as I was indebted to you for an introduction to America's earliest advocate, Mons. Dumas, our steady, valuable, and efficient friend, in June, 1784, while travelling in Holland, as well as for letters of introduction to that bright lamp of science, the unfortunate Luzar of Leyden,* and Van Stopherst, the great banker at Amsterdam, all firm and useful friends to America, in the eventful crisis of our Revolution. I shall be happy to hear from you once more, and am cordially and affectionately yours,

"ELKANAH WATSON.

"JOHN ADAMS, late President
United States, Montezillo, Mass."

* Mons. Luzar was blown up in an explosion of gunpowder, belonging to the French, in 1784, upon the canal opposite his own house.

REPLY.

"MONTEZILLO, *Dec.* 10*th*, 1822.

"DEAR WATSON:—I thank you for your kind letter of the 4th inst. I wish that time may bring forth as able a vindicator of your useful life, as Mr. Vanderkempt has proved, in defence of my reputation, with posterity, for some little usefulness in Holland.

"This testimony of Vanderkempt was as unexpected to me as if Lusac, De Geislaer, Van Berkel, Father Dumas, Cersier or Vandercopellen, had risen from the grave and published such a narration. It is written however 'avec connaissance de cause.' I recollect with pleasure the agreeable hours I have passed with you in France, Holland, England and America, and our correspondence for forty years, and regret that we have not lived nearer together..

"I will thank you to send me a copy of Col. Troup's pamphlet on the canals.

"I hope you received the Old Colony Memorial, a newspaper instituted at Plymouth, and edited by William Thomas, Esq. A paper which deserves to be read and encouraged by all America.

"I am sir, both rationally and affectionately your friend,

"JOHN ADAMS.

"E. WATSON, ESQ."

Extract of a Letter from MR. WATSON *to* MR. ADAMS.

"ALBANY, 17*th Dec.*, 1812.

"DEAR SIR:—I received your friendly favor of the 10th inst. I took the liberty of showing it to Secretary Yates, and permitted him to take a copy to transmit to your friend, Mynheer Vanderkempt. I hope I have not done amiss. * * * * * * *

"When I was in Philadelphia, and had the honor to dine with you solus in 1792, you observed to me, 'My friend, I perceive the mania of canals, banks, and general improvement has seized fast hold of you, and that your mind is absorbed in these objects. However useful to the public, rely on it, the pursuit will create you many enemies. Let me advise you to moderate your zeal, and let your primary object be, to secure an *independence* for old age, and make provision for your rising family.'

"This sage and paternal advice sunk deep into my mind at the time, and yet blindfold as it were, I continued to pursue my destiny.

"Had I observed your advice and devoted my time with equal zeal exclusively to selfish pursuits, I should have been worth probably at this moment a half million dollars—and my sons would most probably have become drones in the American hive."

The following memorandum is inscribed on the draft of the annexed letter to Mr. Adams.

"After an eventful and protracted struggle, which has convulsed the nation to the very centre, the long agony is over. On the 9th of February, 1825, John Q. Adams, the son of my old friend President Adams, who still lives, was proclaimed President of these United States. In consequence, I wrote the father the subjoined, my last letter to him:

"ALBANY, 15*th Feb.*, 1825.

"MY VENERAALE FRIEND.

"Holding a correspondence with you on various subjects for upwards of forty-five years, it is peculiarly proper, and I desire to bless God, that I have it in the evening of your useful days to offer to you my sincere and hearty congratulations, on the recent elevation of your son to the first office in the gift of a republican nation.

"I am the more gratified that this great State has contributed to his elevation, in every stage of the mighty controversy. I am now treading fast on the heels of an old man, and God has permitted you to reach to four-score and ten. Farewell my great and good friend. May we meet in regions of bliss.

"E. WATSON.

"JOHN ADAMS."

After the death of Mr. Adams numerous applications were made to Mr. Watson by politicians and students of history, as well from Europe, as Americans, soliciting the perusal of his correspondence with Mr. Adams, and by some, that they might be entrusted with their publication.

Under these circumstances Mr. Watson addressed a communication to John Q. Adams, for the purpose of obtaining an expression of his views and feelings on that subject. The reply of the son is subjoined. While the lapse of more than another quarter of a century since the date of that answer has removed many of the grounds upon which Mr. Adams rested his implied hesitation, and although the subsequent publication of the most private and confidential correspondence of John Adams, by the act of the common representative of

both the father and the son, relieves me from all restraint, still I have endeavored, in deciding the question presented to my judgment and discretion, and in my selection from the correspondence, to regard with the utmost delicacy and circumspection the spirit of Mr. Adams' communication.

In obedience to that design I have suppressed much relative to Mr. Adams, that would have increased the interest and value of this work, and I trust have revealed nothing to the public eye, which will not tend to elevate the popular appreciation of the character of the elder Adams, his patriotism and services.

"ELKANAH WATSON, Esq., *Albany, New-York.*

"WASHINGTON, 16*th March*, 1827.

"SIR—I have duly received your letters, and in the sincerity of acknowledgment, that they ought each of them to have been directly and successively answered, I ask credit only for the assurance that the delay to perform that duty has been attributable to any cause other than personal disrespect to you, or indifference to the favor of your correspondence. Besides my friendly recollections of your person, which, if I mistake not, travels back to the summer of 1784, at the Hague, I cannot be insensible to the service which the cause of internal improvements is indebted to you, and in the friend and correspondent of my father, I shall ever take a grateful satisfaction in recognizing my own. With respect to the question which you have had the goodness to refer to my consideration, concerning the confidential letters, which in a long series of years you received from my father, I think you have judged rightly in refusing to give copies of them. From the frankness of his nature, the warmth of his feelings and the confiding sincerity of his disposition, his letters often contained expressions of opinions, which he neither expected, nor would have consented, should have been made public. Since his decease there may be less reason for withholding them from the public.

"Sensible to that delicacy of sentiment with which you have referred this question to me, I shall, however, cheerfully acquiesce in any determination which you may ultimately take concerning it, and remain with respectful regards,

"Your friend and fellow-citizen,

"JOHN QUINCY ADAMS."

It is proper that I should add, that several of the letters of John Adams to my father, were published during the lifetime of the former, with his knowledge and approbation.

In the year 1826, Mr. Watson made a short tour from Lake

Champlain into Canada. His notes of it possess, from the facts and speculations they embrace, unusual interest.

"In the month of August, 1826, I entered Lower Canada, for the first time, at St. John's, and travelled by stage to La Prairie, on the St. Lawrence, a distance of eighteen miles. St. John's appears to be in a decaying condition, and the country through which I passed in a low state of cultivation, with, it is said, a depressed population, although the land seems susceptible of great improvement and productiveness. I examined, with much gratification, a little above St. John's, the ruins of the old fortress, which capitulated, in 1775, to the gallant Montgomery. From La Prairie we ascended in a small steamer to Montreal, pitching adown the rapids, in the midst of rocks. Although thousands had made the passage before me in safety, I could not overcome the most serious apprehensions. It seemed inevitable, in any derangement of the machinery, that the little vessel must be dashed to atoms among the jutting rocks. When I considered the relative position of St. John's and Montreal, with a level country intervening, I could not resist the idea how soon these places, and the waters upon which they are situated, would be artificially connected, were Canada attached to the American Republic. I remained a night at La Prairie—and seemed to be restored to one of the little fishing towns on the coast of France. It appears more active and commercial than St. John's.

"Montreal exceeds altogether my expectations. It must become an important city, and before the lapse of half a century will be embraced in the family of American cities, our old friend John Bull to the contrary notwithstanding. The houses of Montreal are generally built of stone, and many of them are elegant structures. I visited all the Convents, attended mass at the old church, and felt as if transported once more to gay and beautiful France. The Episcopalian Church is distinguished for some elegance. They strained a cord, it is said, to excel the old Roman Catholic Cathedral; but the excited Catholics (between whom and the English no small animosity prevails) have determined to put in requisition all their re-

sources, to erect a church of greater magnitude and splendor than any other in the Western Hemisphere. The foundation of this edifice is laid, and I examined its several parts with astonishment; for it appeared, in the mazes of its subterranean recesses and arches, like the outline of a vast castle. It will cost, it is estimated, half a million of dollars.

"Montreal may be regarded as the grand emporium of both the Canadas. It is a place of much commerce and wealth. Its importance is attested by the great efforts we made in the last war for its capture. The attempt cost us many millions of dollars, and thousands of lives, but we gained neither city nor laurels—only reaping a bountiful harvest of disgrace and national humiliation. The La Chine Canal was nearly completed, and the Board of Commissioners had appropriated an elegant boat, to enable them to inspect the canal and locks. It being understood that I was in the city, a formal card was addressed to me, inviting my attendance on the excursion.

"I repaired, in conformity to the invitation, to the boat, in the suburbs of the city, about six o'clock, A. M., where I met a respectable body of Commissioners, to whom I was a stranger. They were principally Scotch merchants, of wealth and re-respectability, by whom I was received with much politeness. The compliment was enhanced by the fact, that I was the only invited guest.

"The morning was peculiarly serene and pleasant. The boat was well calculated for a packet, having a high quarter-deck, with seats each side, and a cabin below. The Commissioners were all highly exhilarated with the opening scene, from its novelty in Canada, and the anticipated influence of the enterprise upon the prosperity of the provinces, and especially of Montreal. As a traveller and citizen of the world, I entered warmly into their feelings and views, and yet they little imagined the workings of my mind at that moment, as I was contemplating all these measures, as destined to contribute eventually to the prosperity and strength of my own country. Without jealousy or envy I indulged myself in viewing this canal, in connection with those proposed on the Ottowa, and the ship

navigation between Erie and Ontario, as constituting a system that will prove a fearful rival to the Hudson and Erie Canal.

"These splendid improvements, when completed, will at least create and stimulate a spirit of competition and excite mutual emulation. I am aware this opinion of the effects of the Canadian canals will be scouted by the high-toned canal men of New-York, but still I must indulge in the speculation. This canal was commenced five years ago, and when completed will cost about half a million of dollars. It is twenty-three feet at the bottom, forty-eight wide at the top, contains three feet depth of water, and is connected by eight superb locks, built in the most substantial manner. They are twenty feet wide, one hundred long, and six feet lift. The execution exceeds by far the best of the New-York locks. When they do not rest on the rock, the bottoms on the inside are substantially connected with the body of the lock by hewn stone, deposited upon three-inch oak plank forming a partial inverted arch, the sides of the locks form the segment of a large circle. The bridges over the canals are constructed in the firmest manner of cedar, elevated nine feet above the level of the canal, and resting on hewn stone abutments laid in water cement, the whole fabric being bound together by large ship-knees of seasoned oak, and the wood-work handsomely painted.

"These works bear a very favorable contrast to the New-York locks and bridges. The latter are remarkably slender, and so low as to have caused the death of several persons, and are always exposing unsuspecting passengers to great danger. They fortunately will last not longer than seven years, and I hope we shall take pattern when they are renewed from this canal.

"This noble work, although on a small scale when compared with the grand canal of New-York, considered as the offspring of private effort, reflects great credit on the enterprizing adventurers. The heaviest part of the labor was the excavation of three miles through a solid limestone rock at the upper end of the canal.

"This improvement will effectually obviate the most danger-

ous rapids on the St. Lawrence of nine miles in length, from La Chine to Montreal, which averages a fall of five feet to the mile in the midst of rocks.

"In approaching the little village of La Chine, at the foot of Lake St. Louis, we discovered a steamboat descending the lake with great rapidity, directing its course at the point at which we aimed. Both reached the landing at nearly the same moment. The steamer was crowded with passengers, citizens of the United States, on the grand fashionable tour from the upper lakes to Montreal and Quebec. This is a rational, healthy, and interesting recreation in the sickly season, especially to inhabitants of the south. The Canadians perceive with pleasure this intercourse augmenting from year to year as we increase in wealth and population, and well they may, as these travellers spend their money with a liberal spirit. The immediate effect of this intercourse is to accelerate the progress of improvement in the comforts of travelling in the country, which otherwise would remain nearly stationary for many years from the nature of its resources and the character of its people. But what is the present intercourse to that which will exist at the close of this century, when our population will have reached one hundred millions! Who can reasonably doubt that within half that period, in the irresistible march of events, the two Canadas and all the possessions of Great Britain in North America, will have become bright stars in the constellation of American States.

"What spectacle on the globe will compare with the grandeur and sublimity of the scene which will then be exhibited to the admiration of our own descendants and of all nations. What a commotion, what an animated intercourse in a country abounding with a dense, active, intelligent and enterprizing population of freemen will then be seen in every direction, in our cities, upon our rivers and canals, and above all, on our inland oceans and the great leading avenues which will rivet them to the Atlantic, by the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Chesapeake and the Mississippi.

"In reference to the competition which will hereafter exist

between Montreal and Albany, for the trade of the upper lakes, I think little question remains but that a powerful diversion will be effected from the Erie canal, when the works on the Ottowa river and the canals of the Canadian side of the Niagara are finished.

"The Ottowa debouches directly north of La Chine, from thence the water proceeds in a north-west course to Little river, thence along that river in a south-west direction to a point within ten miles of Lake Nepissing, in latitude 46 deg. 30 min., thence on that lake and French river to Lake Huron, and thence on the north shore of that lake to the Falls of St. Mary, at the outlet of Lake Superior. The whole distance from St. Mary's to Montreal by this route is estimated to be one half less than from the same point to Albany by the Erie canal."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Removal to Port Kent—Aids Public Improvements—Crooked Lake Canal—Letter of Gen. McClure—Letter of W. W. McKay—Conception of Crooked Lake Canal—Retirement—Project of connecting Boston and the St. Lawrence—Rail Road—Convention at Montpelier—Speech—Comments of the Press—Labours—Au Sable Valley Rail Road—Temperance Reform—Address—Cholera—Last Visit to Berkshire—Address to the Society—Testimonials of Respect—Theory of Future Population—Mr. Clay—Mr. Seward and Mr. Van Buren—Incident—Tribute to Henry Coleman—Letter from him—Sickness—Ruling Passion—Reflections—Death—Epitaph.

Mr. Watson continued to reside in Albany until 1828, when he finally left that city, and removed to Port Kent on Lake Champlain, a village chiefly founded by himself, and which became the depot of the vast manufacturing products of the valley of the Au Sable river. This village occupies one of the most commanding and lovely positions upon that lake of unsurpassed beauty. Its name was derived from the amiable and distinguished Chancellor, and was a heartfelt tribute from the proprietors of respect for his eminent virtues and talents.

During several years preceding this event, Mr. Watson was occupied in the promotion of various local and public improvements, in an extensive foreign and domestic correspondence connected with these objects, in the introduction and dissemination of seeds, and other elements of agricultural science and progress.

The benefit of his experience and observation was solicited from different parts of the country, not only in the organization of agricultural societies and the promulgation of practical science, but his advice and guidance were continually appealed to on questions affecting internal navigation and commerce. A voluminous correspondence on a multiplicity of subjects of this character is in my possession. Mr. Watson professed no

practical knowledge or scientific attainments in civil engineering, yet long observation, an accurate eye, and a ready apprehension, enabled him to judge with striking accuracy of the practicability of proposed works. The felicity of his conclusions and estimates on these subjects was often singularly corroborated by the results of subsequent and elaborate surveys. He was frequently invited in this connection by local associations and public meetings, to make a reconnoissance of various localities, and to present his views on the expediency and feasible nature of contemplated measures.

I select the subjoined correspondence in reference to the Crooked Lake Canal, as illustrative of the extent and nature of these services, and interesting as it perpetuates a fact in the history of the internal improvement of the State. The first communication is from Geo. McClure, somewhat prominent in the events of the war of 1812, and the second is a generous tribute from the pen of a highly esteemed citizen of Steuben, who is recently deceased.

"BATH, 15*th June*, 1822.

"DEAR SIR:—I have the satisfaction to say to you, that at the meeting of the citizens of this town, which was convened yesterday for the purpose of deliberating upon the practicability and utility of connecting the Crooked Lake with Seneca by means of a canal, a resolution of thanks was unanimously adopted by the meeting, for the politeness and promptitude with which you attended at their request, and for the useful suggestion and enlightened views which you were pleased to submit on the occasion—which resolution I was requested to communicate to you. Be assured, sir, we all felt a high veneration for your services and foresight, particularly as conected with the general canal policy of the State. Permit me therefore to add individually, the expression of a hope, that the evening of your days may be as serene and as happy, as their meridian has been brilliant and useful.

"I am, dear sir, with perfect regard, your obt' serv't,

"GEO. MCCLURE, *Chairman.*

"ELKANAH WATSON."

"BATH, 17*th Sep.*, 1829.

"DEAR SIR:—You may recollect that when you were on a visit to this country in 1822, that you suggested to some of our prominent citizens, the practicability of a canal communication from the Seneca Lake at Dresden, to the Crooked Lake at Penyan, and also from the head of the lake to this place, thereby opening to our country a direct water communication with the grand Erie Canal. Your suggestions I well remember were listened to at the time, much in the same manner as we would now regard an eloquent representation of beautiful countries in the moon, coming from some well favored old gentleman, who should profess having been there. But from your earnest recommendation, a small meeting was convened, at which some *irresolute* resolutions were passed, such as for exploring, corresponding, &c., and you probably left the meeting and the county under a pretty full conviction in your own mind, that would be the last of it. The sequel, however, proves that your suggestions have never been lost sight of, and we have now the satisfaction to believe that the next season will witness the full completion of a canal, between the two lakes, and that at no very distant day the lake communication will be extended to the village of Bath.

"That your life may be spared to witness the full accomplishment of this important work, in originating which the credit is certainly to be ascribed to you, is the sincere wish, dear sir, of your obd't serv't,

"W. W. MC CAY.

"ELKANAH WATSON, ESQ., *Port Kent.*"

This brief comment is attached by Mr. Watson to the above correspondence, explanatory of the event.

"I embarked in the enterprize of projecting the canal alluded to, while incidentally waiting for Gen. Haight at a Mr. Townsend's four miles from Bath. My attention had been aroused to the subject by my observation while traveling parallel to Crooked Lake—which itself may be considered a great natural canal."

Mr. Watson resided at Port Kent, from his removal there in 1828 to his decease. The embellishment of his grounds, horticulture and agriculture principally occupied his time. He conducted numerous careful and valuable experiments in agricultural science. His mental ardor and activity were unabated, and the employment of his pen, in the discussion of subjects of general and sectional interests, and in a widely

extended correspondence, was unyielding, and persevered in to almost the close of his life.

He embarked, during this period, with characteristic energy and zeal, in aiding in the development of the vast and unrevealed resources of Northern New-York, in promoting its industrial pursuits, and in the advancement of various schemes of local and public improvement. By his individual efforts chiefly, which he persevered in for several years, amid the most perplexing difficulties and embarrassments, an appropriation was obtained from the State for the construction of a road from Port Kent to Hopkinton in St. Lawrence county. This work was successfully accomplished, and has formed the important and effective avenue by which an immense and secluded region of wilderness has been rendered accessible to emigration and enterprize.

The last project of an expanded public character which enlisted the mind and the exertions of Mr. Watson, was a plan of connecting Boston with Champlain and the St. Lawrence, by an artificial communication. This vast and magnificent conception was first, I believe, enunciated, in a correspondence between John L. Sullivan, Esq., an eminent civil engineer, and Mr. Watson, in the year 1827. This correspondence, which elaborately discussed and reviewed all the topics necessarily involved in the consideration of so important a subject, was widely published and commented upon by the public press.

Mr. Watson, during several years, devoted all his efforts, with the enthusiasm and determination of earlier life, to the advancement of this great object. A project of a former period, the construction of a canal from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, which he had suggested, and to which he had devoted much labor and consideration, proposed to traverse the same territory now contemplated for the route of a railroad. By his agency, the line had been examined by a careful reconnoissance. These labors had rendered him intimately familiar with the question of the scheme, and had enabled him to amass an ample knowledge of the statistics and

capabilities of the region. All these were exposed to the public mind, in the progress of this correspondence.

The pen of Mr. Watson was actively employed in discussing and urging the purpose, while his personal labors were indefatigable in promoting explorations and surveys of the country. The general idea has since been achieved, by a route, however different from that which he had advocated. The plan which he sustained, contemplated a terminus at Burlington, the transit of the lake, by a ferry, thence passing up the Au Sable valley, and penetrating the barrier of mountains, by one of the ravines, which intercept them, to traverse the plateau through the heart of the northern wilderness, and descend to the St. Lawrence along the course of one of its affluents. The design proposed in embracing this route, was to secure, while it augmented the business of the iron manufacturing district it would traverse, to develope and make tributary to the road the vast forest tracts it would open, and to afford to the government an avenue for military purposes, removed and protected from the assaults of a foreign enemy.

The disclosures and experience of each year seem to demonstrate the wisdom and sagacity of those views, not alone as to the feasibility of the plan, but in reference to its influence on the financial interests of the State, and the success and prosperity of the enterprize itself.

Mr. Watson, as one of the representatives of Essex county, attended a large and highly respectable Convention, assembled for the purpose of considering the subject of this road. The Convention was held at Montpelier, Vermont, in October, 1830, and was composed of delegates from four different States. The Hon. Luther Bradish of New-York presided. Mr. Watson exercised a prominent participation in the proceedings of this body, and delivered a speech in a general exposition of the plan and vindication of the policy of the project.

This speech was reported and published generally by the New-England journals. The facts and anticipations it pre-

sented, exerted, it was said at that period, a strong influence in directing the public mind to the subject.*

This magnificent conception, to the advancement of which Mr. Watson devoted the closing years of his life with the ardour of usual zeal, was regarded by most minds to be wild and utopian. I have before me in various newspaper extracts, evidences of that ridicule and distrust with which he was so often assailed, while promoting objects of great and valuable public improvement.

The reports, addresses, memorials and other productions on the subject of this road, from the pen of Mr. Watson, would form a volume. The enunciation of the original idea, of connecting Boston with the St. Lawrence, by a railroad, may with probable justice be ascribed to Mr. Sullivan, but the united voice of the press, which at that day spoke on the subject, imputed to the zeal and efforts of Mr. Watson a paramount influence in enforcing the plan and sustaining the feeble infancy of the enterprize.

In connection with this project, and as a corollary to it, a charter was obtained from the Legislature of New-York principally through the exertions of Mr. Watson, for a railroad through the Au Sable Valley. Under this act a company was organized and the stock subscribed, but circumstances, over which he had no control, prevented the construction of the road.

Subsequent to his return from Europe, Mr. Watson became an earnest and open advocate of a reform in our national habits in the use of intoxicating drinks. The great and

* The following note is appended to the publication of this speech, by the Massachusetts Journal and Tribune: "We have heard high encomiums passed upon the venerable Mr. Watson for his public spirit and active benevolence. He is the father of American Agricultural societies.

"Mr. Watson was born in Plymouth, Mass., and is descended from Gov. Winslow in the seventh generation. It is worthy of remark, that Winslow was the first to introduce neat cattle into the Colonies in 1623. His descendant was the first to introduce a comprehensive plan for improving them. Mr. Watson is warmly attached to his native State, and formed the first American Agricultural Society in it at Pittsfield about twenty years ago."

favorable contrast in the customs of France, which he had observed in that country, excited a deep solicitude for a change in the habits of our own people. His journals contain constant allusions to this topic, and he frequently urged its consideration upon the public mind in various publications. By his suggestion, the Berkshire Society at an early day assumed a decided attitude on this subject, and exerted its influence to arrest the use of ardent spirits as a beverage. The Society offered premiums to promote the culture of orchards, and the brewing of malt liquors, under the conviction that the habitual use of these articles would diminish the consumption of more deleterious drinks. However equivocal that measure may be regarded, viewed in the progress and light of the present day, it was considered at that time an important progressive step in the advance of temperance reformation.

Among other productions on the subject, Mr. Watson delivered an address at Keeseville, in the year 1833. This performance attracted much attention from the venerable age of its author, the ardor in which he engaged in the cause, from his wide and discriminating observation, and the earnest and emphatic testimony he offered to the sacredness and importance of the temperance measures then in agitation. The address was elaborate, and discussed numerous views of the subject. I present a few extracts, believing them appropriate to the issues of this hour, and that they still possess value and may exert an influence after even the progress and experiments of nearly a quarter of a century.

After referring to his intimate acquaintance, in every grade, with both the society of Europe and America, he says: "It is with no less pain than humiliation, that I must in candor and truth bear my testimony to the world that, until recently our country has been disgraced by its character for intemperance. We have been, though unjustly, stigmatized as 'a nation of drunkards.' We all know the injustice of this foul aspersion to that extent, and have cause to be thankful, and with reverence and adoring hearts to our common Benefactor, the Great and Eternal God, that he has been pleased in so great a degree to

arrest this foul stain, as it were by a miracle far beyond our comprehension. All good and pious men in the virtuous days of the Revolution, firmly believed that the Almighty was our Guide and Shield, that he would conduct us to liberty and glory, and render us a lamp and example to the human race. In the eye of philosophy and in solemn reverence, may we not rationally believe that blessed as we are above all nations, that he will not permit us to be cast into a deep shade by being an intemperate community.

"In my travels in Europe, I found the northern nations much addicted to intemperance, but the southern almost exempt from the fatal vice. In evidence of this truth it is said by the laws of Spain, no man can give testimony who has been once detected in liquor.

"My respected old friend, John Adams, once truly said, that there were more drunkards in North America than in any other country of equal population." Mr. Watson attempts to trace the national habit of intemperance to our origin as colonies, and thus continues: "I can truly say, and say with great pleasure, that during a residence of five years in France, I saw but two men disguised in liquor, and these in the very dregs of society. No decent man could be thus exposed without being banished from all female society, with the indelible marks of disgrace. Contrast this happy state of morality, as to temperance, with a disgusting drunken frolic of our revolutionary epoch. Many such have passed in review under my own eyes. Behold men otherwise respectful, at their first meeting, in mutual polite civilities; the accursed bottle is introduced; by degrees their voices swell into vociferous confusion—all talkers but no hearers; they are all seized with a species of madness and delirium—the door is locked by a universal shout of approbation, that no man should pass that threshold sober. Suffice it to say, that a sober Indian would blush to witness the sickening sequel—man piled upon man cascading in concert.

"It is now upwards of twenty years since the first agricultural society was organized in Massachusetts upon the modern

plan. They assailed in an open and public manner the vice of intemperance, both by precept and example. The most efficient course adopted was by granting liberal premiums on the extension of orchards and the brewing of malt liquor, as a substitute for ardent spirits."

Mr. Watson proceeds to indicate the progress of the temperance societies, the effect of Dr. Beecher's publications, and the necessity of prompt and decisive self-control. He thus narrates his own experience:—"In the year 1791 my destiny carried me by water from Schenectady to Seneca Lake. It was then like a voyage to the East Indies; few had made it except Indian traders. I went in an open bateau to spy out the wilderness, and exploring as to the practicability of canals to connect the great western waters with the Atlantic Ocean; being exposed to the use of impure water, to constant example, and having for six weeks no covering but the blue vault of heaven and its spangled stars, except an occasional shelter. Under these circumstances I first contracted the habit of grog-drinking; fortunately, for me and mine, it was but temporary. On my return to my family I regularly took my four o'clock grog; then four and six o'clock, and soon four, six and eight o'clock. When I reached this point my best friend, justly alarmed, gave me a gentle rap over the knuckles. I instantly put my foot down, determined that the love of liquor should never be my master. It is in this way, by indulgence in the habit, that drunkards are coined." After enforcing these views by further illustrations, he continues—"It does appear to me that the subject of intemperance has been sufficiently probed, dissected and discussed, in the abstract, in every section of the Union, with all its attendant evils; and that in consequence well-disposed, good citizens have taken their stand, determined on their course of action. Thus, then, let it be pronounced in the profoundest humility, and due reverence before God and man, that public opinion is established. I repeat from the house-tops, in a loud voice—public opinion is established; and will unceasingly act in unison, with vigor and effect, which cannot be resisted, to strike at the root of this infernal malady, and

thus, by various measures, prostrate all its votaries to the earth.

"Having reached this result, let your future measures be more practicable, less theoretical, and of a more decisive cast; to lead with a silken cord when expedient, to coerce where there is hope, to abandon the incorrigible to their fate and the house of correction. These lines of demarcation will enable the whole army of reformers to bring their artillery to bear on the most assailable points, with sure aim and certain effect. Let there be asylums provided in every county or district in the State, under the sanction of the laws, there to confine the incorrigible without any respect to persons; the bottle to be absolutely and unreservedly withheld from their touch; to be thus confined until a complete reformation shall be pronounced,—on the first violation to be returned to their cells for the short remnant of their worthless lives." . . . . .

"Let all tavern-keepers be amply rewarded by the patriotic and the just, I may say the pious, portion of the community, who as travellers, and from other causes, find themselves in public houses." . . . . . "The true cause should be to induce innholders to withdraw their parade of bottles of liquid poison from their bars, which may justly be regarded as the impure altar, at which, if I may so say, one half of the drunkards have been initiated. Let them confine themselves to hot coffee, cider, malt liquor, sweet milk, and lemonade—the usual price to be doubled on the former, and for every glass of the latter, and even pure water, the unadulterated liquor of nature, let individuals, stimulated by public sentiment, and in a spirit of liberality, pay the price of grog, and so call it, if he thinks best." . . . . .

Mr. Watson then discusses, at considerable length, the question of temperance, in reference to its effect upon the claims and privileges of the vendors of liquors. He thus continues: "Suppose, then, for a moment, that the revised laws of this glorious State had interdicted ardent spirits from all public houses, and that landlords were confined to the provisions I have just detailed, I ask would not the present number be re-

duced one-half? and would not that half be adequate to public convenience, instead of offending the eye of patriotism by an excess of loathsome bar-rooms, everywhere to engender habits in our youth, which they never otherwise would have imbibed, and thus also save the character of the nation from pollution. And why, I repeat, why should a class of men be thus patronized and encouraged, at such an awful expense to the nation—and yet more, to millions on millions of posterity?"

Mr. Watson adverts to the history and devastation of the cholera in Asia and Europe, and exhibits the historic fact, that its most fatal ravages had fallen upon the vicious and intemperate. He then applies the coincidence—"Have we not deep cause to apprehend, from our perpetual intercourse with England, that the destroying angel will direct his course across the Atlantic? Should that be our terrible destiny, is it not probable that the cholera will sweep from the face of our soil all the individuals whom Temperance Societies shall fail to reclaim."* He closes his address by solemn admonitions and blessings upon the efforts of the Society, "in the capacity of an old man, four years beyond the full term of human life, and on the verge of eternity."

Mr. Watson was frequently called from his retirement at Port Kent, to participate in the festivals of various Agricultural Societies, and by particular solicitation he attended in

* "In six short weeks my apprehensions as to the cholera were most fatally verified. It appeared at Quebec, advanced to Montreal, where its ravages were appalling. Thence it proceeded South and West, and spread rapidly, even to Chicago, fastening upon Plattsburgh, Burlington, and Whitehall; in its southern course it burst upon New-York, Albany, and most of the towns and villages on the Hudson, and from thence to Long-Island and Connecticut: It raged an awful scourge throughout the land. Most of the steamboats were stopped on the lake, commerce totally at a stand. At this moment, 8th August, a universal gloom pervades the nation. All seem to feel that they are trembling upon the brink of the tomb, with uplifted hands, crying to the great Jehovah for protection and relief. Fasts are held everywhere, and it seems in some places as if the judgment of Heaven was stayed suddenly, and in almost a miraculous manner; but often, after leaving a city, it would return, and again burst forth with redoubled violence. Amen! God's will be done."—*Manuscript Note attached to a Printed Copy of the Address of Mr Watson.*

October, 1837, the Twenty-Seventh Anniversary of the Berkshire Society.

The occasion was one of deep interest and connected with the most gratifying incidents. The public and private exhibition of respect and kind recollections he received, were most satisfactory to his feelings, and attested the ample appreciation by that community, of his labors and services as the founder of their institution. Mr. Watson delivered on this occasion his last address before the society. It was his valedictory to all these associations, and here appropriately terminated his public course. His address closed with this paragraph—

"Permit me, gentlemen, bending under the weight of years, once more to bid you an affectionate—a final adieu. That the Eternal may continue to shower his benedictions on your heads, and inspire your hearts and those of your descendants in process of time, to uphold and sustain the society in all its original purity, through many generations, is my earnest prayer—once more, a long, long farewell."

I shall, I trust, be pardoned, for introducing the very marked expression conveyed in the following action of this society. My father cherished and preserved it as one of the most grateful and consoling tributes of approbation he had received and garnered up from his long and active labors.

"*Berkshire Agricultural Society.*

"PITTSFIELD, *Oct. 5th,* 1837.

[Extracts from the record of the Annual Meeting.]

"On motion of Henry H. Childs, *Resolved,* That the Society be instructed to address a letter to the Hon. Elkanah Watson, whose name is so honorably associated with the early history of this Society, and to assure him on behalf of the Society of the high gratification they have experienced at meeting him once more upon this its Twenty-seventh Anniversary, and to return him their thanks for the very interesting remarks with which he has this day favored the Society, and the audience assembled." A true copy of the record.

JULIUS ROCKWELL, *Secr'y.*

"RESPECTED SIR:

"It is with great pleasure that I comply with the instructions of the above *Resolve*, which was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted by the Society.

"With high respect your obedient servant,

"JULIUS ROCKWELL, *Secretary*.

"HON. ELKANAH WATSON."

The following interesting speculations in reference to the progress of American population were written in the year 1815. The original is on file among the papers of Mr. Watson. The approximation of these calculations to the actual result has been strikingly exemplified by each succeeding census, and I have deemed the document worthy of preservation for future reference.

A View of the Progress of the Population in the United States, written in 1815.

In 1810 it was 7,239,903. The increase from 1790, the first census under the constitution, has been about one-third at each census: admitting it shall continue to increase in the same ratio, the result will be as follows,

In 1820	9,625,734	the actual result was 9,638,151
" 1830	12,833,645	12,866,020
" 1840	17,116,526	17,062,566
" 1850	23,185,368*	
" 1860	31,753,824	
" 1870	42,328,432	
" 1880	56,450,241	
" 1890	77,266,989	
" 1900	100,355,985	

It is barely possible that I may live to witness the census of 1850; if so, I shall fill up that blank and leave the rest to my descendants.

* The results of the three censuses succeeding this estimate was added in a note by Mr. Watson. The actual result of the census of 1850 was 23,191,876.

"It will be almost presumptuous to stretch our minds through the ensuing century, and yet taking as a basis one hundred millions at the close of this century, and in consideration of dense population, intestine and foreign wars, a possible subdivision in consequence into several republics, we will suppose the increase will be one third in each twenty years, for forty years, one third the next thirty, and one fifth for the next forty years. It will stand thus:

For 1930, 133,000,000, in round numbers.
" 1940, 177,000,000, " "
" 1970, 236,000,000, " "
" 2000, 283,000,000, probably 300,000,000,

equal to the population of China.

"Such a deep plunge into the hidden mysteries of futurity, through the confines of six generations, ought to have a salutary influence upon all the busy actors on the theatre of the present and succeeding ages.

"The probability is that, not a single mortal now at the age of manhood will see the close of this century, although many now in infancy may live to witness that proud era of American glory. What a solemn responsibility therefore devolves on the conspicuous actors of the present day. The virtues, the vices, the morals and corruptions of this generation will descend in their influences to those remote periods, and form the basis on which will be grounded the national character, manners and habits of one hundred millions of Americans at the close of this century.

CA-IRA.

"The result up to the census of 1840, commencing with that of 1820, was thus:

	OVER.	UNDER.
In 1820,	12,151,	—
" 1830,	32,375,	—
" 1840,	——	165,983
	44,526	
		44,526
Short of my estimate in 25 years,		121,457.

I have already remarked that Mr. Watson seldom associated himself in partizan zeal with any political sect. He uniformly voted, but with no guidance but his own convictions, and with no party restraints. His sentiments were catholic, embracing in his affections the whole Union, and extending his confidence to political men whom he esteemed patriotic and honest, without regard to mere party names. Agreeable and gratifying incidents which occurred in the political campaign of 1839, preparatory to the great contest of '40, exhibit these traits. On an evening in August of the former year, Gov. Seward arrived at Mr. Watson's residence by the southern boat, and within an hour afterwards Mr. Clay reached there from the north. The first was a former acquaintance of Mr. Watson, the latter a personal stranger. The partizans of these whig luminaries assembled in crowds to receive them, and for this purpose the house of Mr. Watson was freely opened and illuminated, and his saloons converted into reception rooms for the levee of his guests.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Van Buren arrived at the mansion of Mr. Watson, which was again luminous and spread open to a new cloud of votaries, and thronged by the Democratic masses. It was the homage of an aged and departing republican—not to the leaders of party, but to his country—to the eminence of prominent and distinguisbed men of a new generation.

The journal of Mr. Watson, in which he was accustomed to review, in the form of a summary, the events of the preceding year, upon each anniversary of his birth, was continued to January 22d, 1842, which was the year of his decease. The last letter attached to the pages of this work, was one from the eminent agricultural writer, the late Henry Coleman; and by a happy and apt coincidence, the final paragraph of his journal recorded the following tribute to the character and services of Mr. Coleman:

"In the month of September of this year I received the annexed letter from the Rev. Henry Coleman, one of the

most successful agriculturists of the age. He was formerly, I believe, a Professor at Harvard, a preacher of the Unitarian doctrines which predominate at that venerable institution. Mr. Coleman has for several years devoted his talents to the promotion and improvement of agriculture as a science—for the last six he has been employed by the noble State of Massachusetts, in visiting all the towns of the interior counties, and most of the prominent farmers personally, for the distinct purpose of investigating the condition and resources of agriculture and for the dissemination of practical knowledge in husbandry. This is a broad field of high and responsible duty. Few individuals have been more useful in exciting a powerful and wide-spread influence upon agriculture. Fortunately for me he was engaged at the time of my visit in 1837, in his tour of Berkshire, and was seated at my left hand at the dinner table, where he delivered a most excellent address.

'BURLINGTON, VT. *Sept.* 21, 1841.

"HON. ELKANAH WATSON:

"Dear Sir,—I am much obliged by your several pamphlets and letters, all of which I have carefully read. I will forward you some agricultural pamphlets soon after my return to Boston, which will be by the middle of next month. I shall value the engraving which you have politely sent me, as that of an individual whose public-spirited, enlightened, and disinterested exertions and sacrifices to advance the cause of an improved agriculture and that of public internal improvements generally, have not been surpassed by any citizen in the country.

"The public, throughout the county of Berkshire in particular, and in the State of New-York and the country at large, are now enjoying the valuable fruits of your labors. This is your reward, and not a small one to a patriot and philanthropist.

"I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

"HENRY COLEMAN."

Physical infirmities, attended with severe suffering, were now rapidly and surely prostrating the frame of Mr. Watson. He saw and realized the admonition, and prepared in calmness and resignation for his departure. He had attained to a great age; he felt that his destiny had been accomplished; and in the language of Dr. Franklin addressed to himself half a

century before, and to which he often referred, "that it was time for him to leave the stage to others."

His intellectual powers remained unimpaired and his mental industry unabated. His pen continued to be his constant occupation and solace. His last thoughts clung to those themes to which his mind and life had been consecrated. Amid the final throes of nature, when the curtains of earth had closed about him, and the consciousness of external objects shut out, "the ruling passion strong in death" still animated and lightened his mind. Enquiring for a member of his family who then stood over his bed, he added, "ah yes, I know—he has gone to Plattsburgh after that Railroad Act;" and then raising himself from his bed, he exclaimed, in the delirium of approaching death, with the strongest emphasis and most earnest gesticulation, "Yonder is the track of the road, and at this point it must terminate." These were the last words he uttered.

Few citizens have yielded to the advancement of the great interests of their country more ardent enthusiasm and self-sacrificing zeal. The fact that a devotion to public concerns impaired the private fortune of Mr. Watson, attests the purity and disinterestedness of his motives. Some of the projects he advocated were perhaps visionary and extravagant, while many, which at their initiation found little favor or response in public sentiment, have proved in their results the sagacity and forecast of his theories. Impatient at the listless and calculating spirit of doubt and scepticism that often crossed his path and fettered his enthusiasm, he sometimes resisted it with an impetuous zeal rather than by conciliatory moderation, and thus often animated hostility when he might have disarmed opposition.

He wrote with great fluency and with a rapid hand, in a nervous and elevated style, wanting often, however, the polish and precision which is formed by finished education. He was not learned in science or accomplished in literature. Men and nature were the books he studied, and from the enlarged views formed by travel and close and vigilant observation in a long and variegated career, he had accumulated no ordinary fund of interesting facts and valuable information.

Mr. Watson died at Port Kent, December 5th, 1842, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. A plain and simple obelisk is erected over his grave, bearing this inscription:

HERE LIES THE REMAINS
OF
ELKANAH WATSON,
THE FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT
OF
THE BERKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.
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TO LOVE THEIR COUNTRY!

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